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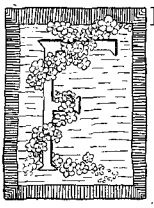
SPEED IN OCEAN STEAMERS.

By A. E. Seaton.



FROM the earliest days the question of the speed of ships has been one of interest to those associated with nautical matters, both from its commercial value, its value in times of emergency, and its forming the chief attraction of a pastime common to all maritime nations. There is no doubt that the emulation excited by the yacht race of to-day does not exceed that of the ancients in their galley races. The skill of the naval architect is always more or less directed to getting the best possible speed permitted by the other conditions imposed upon him in the designing of ships of all classes, and his reputation has been, and is to-day, perhaps, more dependent on this than on any other subject connected with his profession. To-day he is faced with a competition that did not exist in the past, and his ears are constantly assailed by the cry for higher speed; and whereas a few years ago it was a common impression that the maximum limit had been reached, we have witnessed, during the past three or four years, performances by ships, both large and small, of speeds then undreamed of. It is quite true that there has existed in the minds of visionaries, whose chief occupation is to add to the receipts of the patent-offices, speeds even beyond those now attained, and although it is possible that some of their predictions may be verified, it is at the same time certain that success will not be achieved by the means suggested by these gentlemen. It is common experience with shipowners and shipbuilders to have propounded to them means whereby even thirty knots per hour may be realized, and these backed up by very elaborate calculations as proof, but which, when investigated, are found, like those of a well-known writer of scientific romance, to be wanting in some little detail, insignificant at first sight, but absolutely essential to complete the proof. So far no great departure from the existing form of ship, nor from the method of propulsion, has resulted in obtaining a higher speed than is common with ordinary ships of the same dimensions; and in nearly every case such departures have mortified the inventors as well as disappointed the public by turning out absolute failures; and there is no good reason to suppose that further successes than have already been attained will be achieved in any other way than by improving the conditions that now obtain, both as regards form of ship and method of propulsion, inasmuch as the physical causes which combine to retard the motion of a vessel, and the physical forces which are employed in overcoming that resistance, remain to-day as they ever were, and are—in fact, Nature's immutable laws. The commercial question is also one that presses very hardly at all times and must continue to do so more and more, as will be seen later on. The Atlantic greyhound of to-day is, in immersed form, substantially that of the viking's

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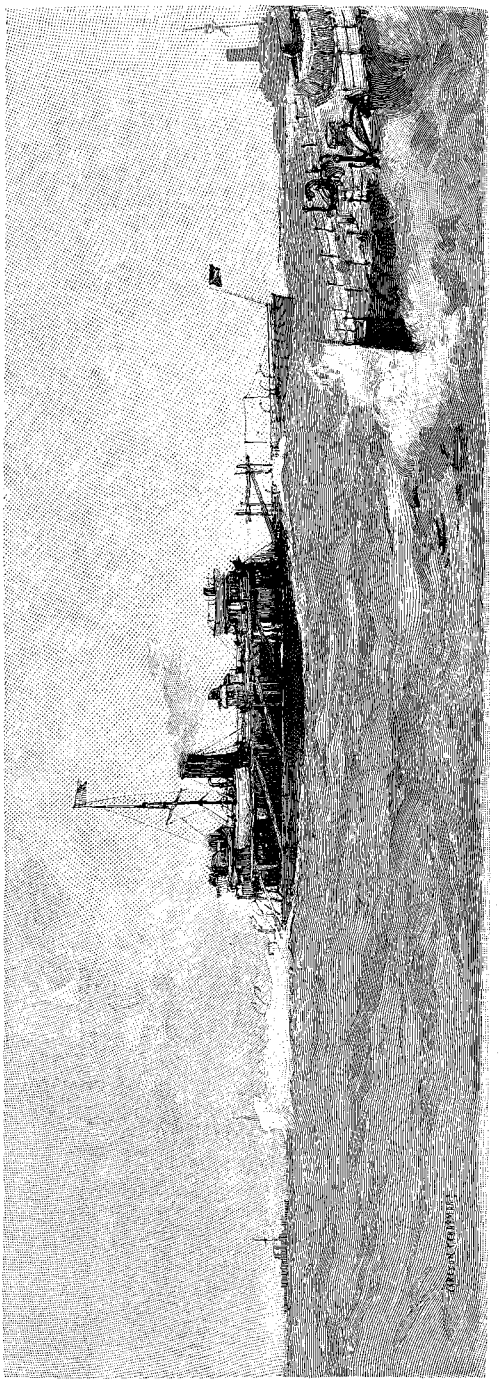

H. B. M. S. Polyphemus at Full Speed—18¾ knots.

craft of more than a thousand years ago. And if we look to Nature for our study we shall find that the swiftest fish are not unlike in general form to the submerged part of a ship; and the comparison is the more easily accepted when it is remembered that the fish is wholly submerged while the ship is only partially so. The one has to contend with waves and other surface disturbances, and must perforce keep above the water, while the other is free from such disturbing elements and conditions, and pursues its course in practically smooth water. H. B. M. S. Polyphemus is the nearest approach to the fish conditions in a sea-going ship that has proved successful.

In order to produce motion at all, the *inertia* of the ship, or that quality which every concrete body possesses of remaining at rest until disturbed, has to be overcome, and when the ship is in motion through the water there is resistance of a twofold kind—that due to the disturbance of the water, and that due to the frictional resistance of the immersed surface. If a thin sheet of metal is moved edgewise through water it offers a decided resistance, even if its surface be smooth and bright; it will also be noted that this resistance increases very rapidly as the speed is increased, and that the larger the area the greater is the resistance. If this sheet of metal is moved in a direction at right angles to its surface the resistance is of course great; in fact, it is very great compared with that of the previous experiment, and the disturbance of the water is considerable. If a log of timber is to be towed from one place to another, it is a common observation that an experienced boatman causes it to move with its big end first, because he finds it easier work that way than with the smaller end first; in the latter case he has the same section of timber offering resistance to the log's passage, but owing to its wedge-like form the pressure on its long sides is greater than when towed the other way, and the friction of the water past these sides—which are gen-

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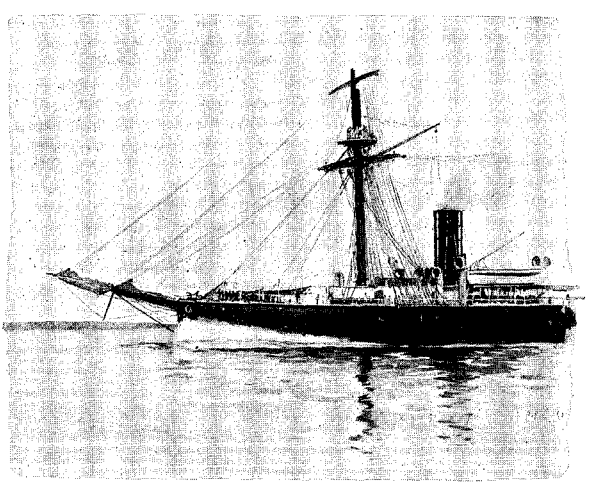
erally more or less rough—causes very great resistance ; no doubt, for the same reason, those forms of ships adopted for centuries by some European nations, and known to mariners as "cod's-head and mackerel-tail" shape, were such good sailers ; and if to-day we were content with the maximum speed attained by such vessels, it is possible we might copy their form with advantage. If, however, we attempted to move them, either by sail or mechanical power, at a higher rate, we should find the increase in speed to be of no account, but the increase in wave disturbance would be great ; in other words, the greater portion of the additional power would be used up in producing this water disturbance, or waves, instead of propelling the ship.

When the propeller of a steamer is first set in motion it does little else than project a stream of water in the direction opposite to that in which it is desired to move the vessel ; it is presently seen that the latter begins to move, indicating that the inertia of the ship has been overcome by the reaction of that stream of water from the propeller ; the propeller still continues to project the stream, the ship in the meanwhile increasing in speed, or, as sailors term it, "gathering way," showing that the power expended is still in excess of the resistance of the ship, inasmuch as something is producing an augmentation of speed ; it is afterward noticed that the ship continues to move at a uniform rate, and that the stream of water is still projected by the propeller, but at a lower velocity compared with the surrounding still water than was the case when the vessel was at rest. This means that the power and the resistance are evenly balanced, and that the work done by the ship in moving forward is exactly equal to that of the water moving in the opposite direction through the surrounding water. The vessel has now stored up in herself what is called *energy*, which is the power developed in overcoming the *inertia*, so that if the engine stops she still progresses forward and does not come to a standstill until the whole of that stored-up power is expended. If the vessel is a large and heavy one, its speed will be, when under way, virtually uniform, in spite of casual changes of resistance due to wind and waves ; and this is one of the reasons for large ships being a necessity for successful passages on stations like the North Atlantic, and it is likewise one of the reasons why light craft like torpedo-boats show such a poor performance in stormy weather.

The primary condition for high speed is fineness of form, so that the water at the bow of the vessel may be separated and thrown to one side, and brought to rest again at the stern and behind the vessel with the least possible disturbance, and the measure of efficiency of form for the maximum speed intended is inversely as the height of the waves of disturbance. A ship that has been designed to attain a speed of 15 knots will, when moving at 12 knots, show a very slight disturbance indeed, and in one designed for 18 knots, when moving at this lower speed, it will be scarcely observable ; but however fine the lines of a ship may be, she must at every speed produce some disturbance, although it may be very slight, as the water displaced by her must be raised above the normal level and replaced at the normal level ; hence, at or near the bow of a ship there is always the crest of a wave, and at or near the stern the



H. B. M. S. Impérieuse at Full Speed—17¼ knots.

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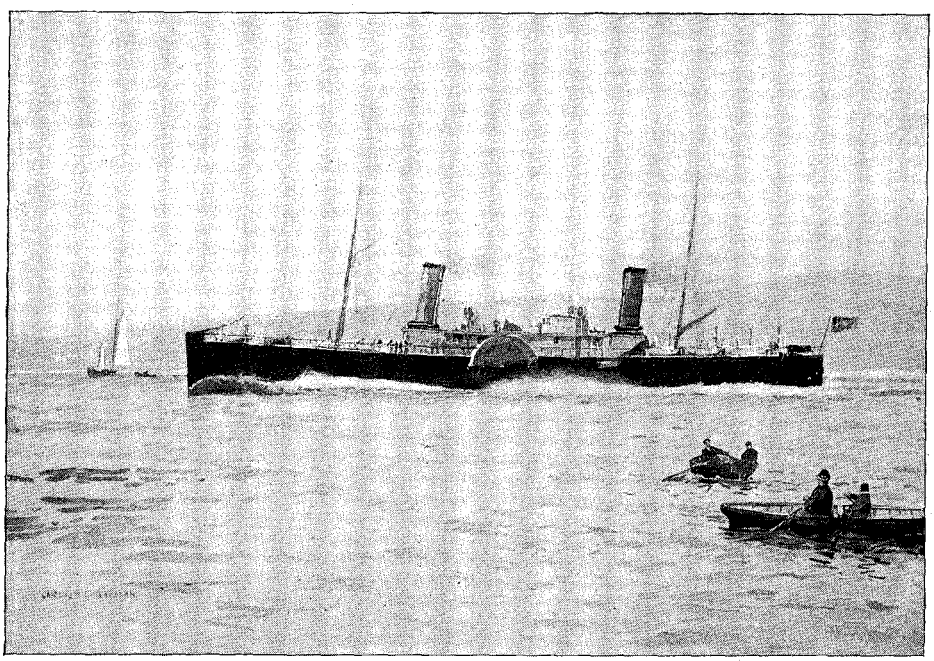
hollow of one. When a vessel is going at its maximum speed, and is properly designed for that speed, the wave should not be very high, nor should it extend beyond the immediate neighborhood of the bow; likewise the wave of replacement should be the same at or near the stern of a ship, and the "wake," or disturbance of water left behind in the track of the ship, should be narrow.

Among naval architects and others it is usual to judge of the forms of ships by the relation they bear to rectangular blocks of the same dimensions; that is to say, a ship whose dimensions are—length, 100 feet; breadth, 20 feet, and draft of water, 10 feet, and whose displacement is 12,000 cubic feet, would be said to have a coefficient of fineness of 0.6, or that her fineness was sixty per cent., inasmuch as that of a rectangular block* of the same dimensions would be 20,000 cubic feet.

Modern experience has shown that for speeds not exceeding 9 knots, and with ships of the tonnage now common for general ocean work, the bow may be very bluff and the stern only sufficiently fine to allow free access of water to the propeller, so that the coefficient of such vessels is frequently 0.78, whereas that of our fastest warships is only 0.5, and of our large modern passenger steamers 0.55. As already stated, in the ship whose coefficient is 0.78 any increase of power produces very little gain in speed, and if such a ship were fitted with engines and boilers of the same size and developing the same power as those of a 20-knot Atlantic greyhound, the increase in speed would be very insignificant, but the disturbance in its immediate neighborhood would be very great; in fact, if any vessel is driven beyond a speed for which her form is suitable, she produces waves† both nu-



Passenger Steamer Princesse Henriette at Full Speed—24½ miles per hour.
(Built by William Denny & Co., Dumbarton.)

* This, however, is not an absolute test of the fineness of the *water-lines* of a vessel, and it can only be used as such on the assumption that the midship sections of ships are of similar form. The best test of the fineness of water-lines is made by taking the displacement as a percentage of the prism whose length is that of the ship and whose section is the same as the midship section of a ship; assuming, however, that the midship section of all ships is approximately that found in general practice today, in speaking of coefficients it will mean the percentage of the rectangular block above named.

† More than thirty years ago this matter had been observed by the officers of the British navy, and experiments were ordered to be tried with H. B. M. S. Flying Fish, a 1,100-ton cruiser, her length being 200 feet, breadth 30 feet 4 inches, and her draft of water 10 feet 6

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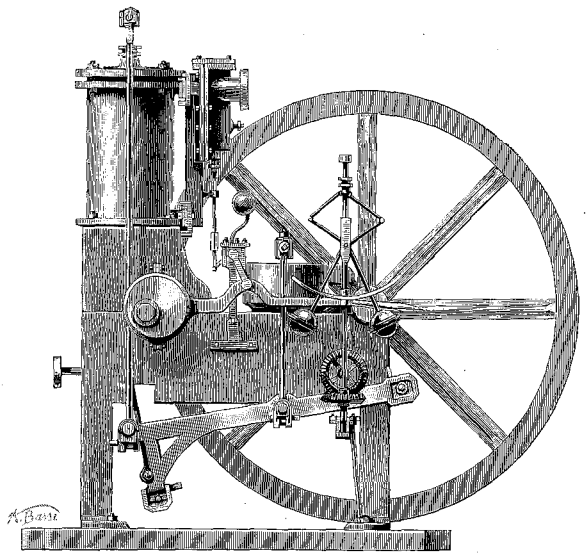
merous and high, as may be seen by reference to the illustration on page 5 of H. B. M. S. Impérieuse being driven at her full speed of 17¼ knots when laden much deeper than the designed draft.

As before mentioned, when speaking of the experiment with a thin sheet of metal, the resistance to passage through the water increases very rapidly with the increase of speed, and careful observation has shown that *such increase is proportionate to the square of the speed*, so that an immersed body has four times the resistance when moving at twice the speed, and since it will travel double the distance in the same time the power required is eight times as great; that is, *the power needed to propel a ship varies as the cube of the speed*. It was also discovered that the *power varied with the cube root of the square of the displacement;* although more correct modern experiment has shown that this variation is not strictly true, it is sufficient for the purpose of this article to assume that it is so.

The indicated horse-power [called I. H. P. for brevity], or that power developed by the engine as registered by the indicator, is not all usefully applied to the propulsion of a steam-ship. A large portion of it is used up in overcoming the resistance of the engine itself, as well as the necessary adjuncts of it, amounting often to thirteen per cent. Then, again, another portion is absorbed in overcoming the resistance of the propeller and its shafting; and as at present there is no accurate method of determining these portions, the net effective horse-power, or that usefully employed in propelling the vessel, can only be guessed at, or approximated to by calculations more or less abstruse. It is, however, the gross, or *indicated*, horse-power that has to be obtained and paid for, and that, therefore, is the element that has to be considered in practice; so that, from this consideration alone, any great increase in speed has to be very dearly paid for. Moreover, as has already been said, to admit of a higher speed the ship must be made much finer, which means that her carrying capacity for cargo and fuel has to be decreased; besides which the greater engine-power will add to the dead load, thus still further diminishing the vessel's capa-



Engine of the Comet, 1811–12.

inches forward and 13 feet aft. With 1.290 I. H. P. her speed was only 11.64 knots, whereas with 577 I. H. P. it was 9.923 knots, and a speed of 11.201 was obtained with but 878 I. H. P. A false bow 18 feet long was then fitted, so as to give finer lines forward, or, as sailors describe it, "a better entrance," when it was found that with 1,285 I. H. P. a speed of 12½ knots was attained, and with 1,345 very nearly 12¾ knots. There is also every reason to suppose that could the stern have been altered in a similar way, the speed would have been still higher, in spite of the ship being larger and with a consequent increase of immersed surface to cause resistance. It has, besides, been observed on many occasions that when steamers have been cut in two and lengthened there has been no diminution of the speed, but, on the contrary, in some cases there has actually been a gain; so that in these two instances there is an apparent anomaly, viz., that with the same power the larger ship is propelled at a quicker speed.

The late Dr. Froude investigated this matter some years ago, and showed that such results were quite possible, independently of any fining of the lines, owing to the effect on the ship of the waves set up when in motion. One very curious illustration of how such waves may seriously affect a vessel is in that of a yacht built many years ago by an eminent firm on the Clyde, which failed to come anywhere near the performances guaranteed, owing to the fact that as the speed increased the hollow following the wave formed at the bow increased and approached nearer and nearer to the paddle-wheels, until the water dropped below the floats and allowed the wheels to spin in the air; the propelling effect was thus entirely lost until the vessel slowed down sufficiently for the water to rise again to the level of the paddle-wheels. Such a thing could scarcely happen with a screw steamer; but the very bad steering qualities of certain naval ships is due to the fact that the inrush of water at the stern causes currents to flow *with* the ship, and therefore to produce quite different results with the rudder from those which generally obtain.

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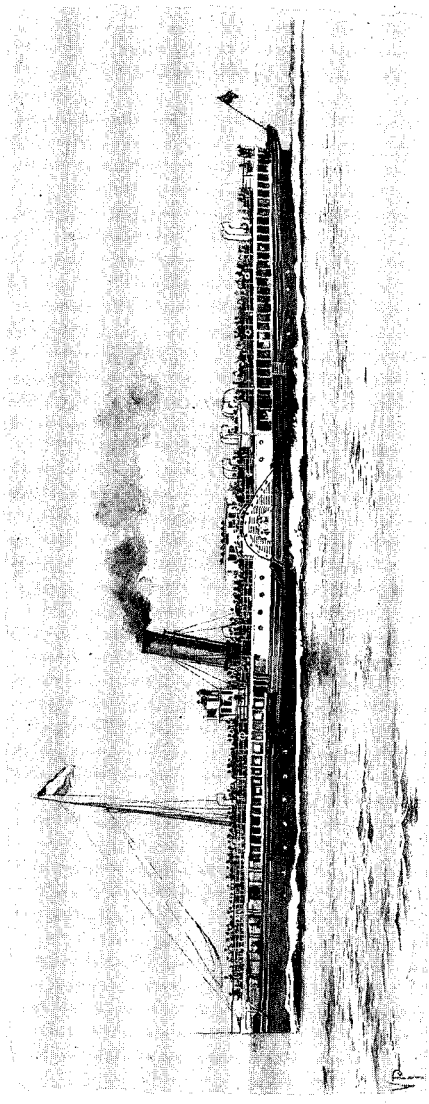
bility for carrying. This may be better understood by taking a steamer of moderate dimensions, and such as for many years was deemed sufficient for the Atlantic trade, say 300 feet long, 40 feet beam, and having a draft of water of 20 feet. Such a craft would have a displacement of about 4,800 tons, could steam 10 knots per hour with 1,000 I. H. P., and carry 3,000 tons of cargo, fuel, stores, and equipment. Taking the distance to be steamed at 3,200 knots, and the consumption of fuel at 4 pounds per I. H. P., it will be seen that the net consumption of coal is 571 tons; adding to this twenty-five per cent. for contingencies of weather, for raising steam, cooking, heating, etc., the ship would have to leave port with 714 tons of fuel and rather less than 2,300 tons of cargo, stores, etc., on board. If a steam-ship of similar dimensions were required to do the voyage at 15 knots, her design would have to be such that the displacement would not be more than 4,100 tons, the I. H. P. at least 3,400, and the amount of fuel stored at the commencement of the voyage 1,618 tons. The machinery would probably have to be at least 400 tons heavier, so that the capacity for cargo, stores, etc., would now be reduced to 1,000 tons. The cost, too, would be greatly increased on account of the extra engine-power, and the expense in fuel would be more than doubled. The engine and boiler room staff would likewise be materially increased, while the earning power of the vessel would be less than half.



Passenger Steamer Duchess of Hamilton at Full Speed—21 miles per hour. (Built for service on the Clyde.)

Seeing, however, that the power required for a certain speed varies with the cube root of the displacement squared, the proportion of power to tonnage will decrease considerably with the increase in the size, so that if, instead of the steamer above referred to of 4,100 tons, one were taken of 8,200 tons, the I. H. P. for 15 knots—all other things remaining the same—would be very little more than 5,000; *i.e.*, with a ship of twice the size the increase of engine-power is only forty-seven per cent. The carrying capacity and consequent earning power of such a boat is immeasurably more than that of the small one. The larger ship will, moreover, make better passages, and generally be much more economical in working, as the officers and crew will not very largely exceed that of the smaller vessel.

It was, however, owing to the more economical engine that advances in speed were rendered possible, and this is seen by referring back to the origi-

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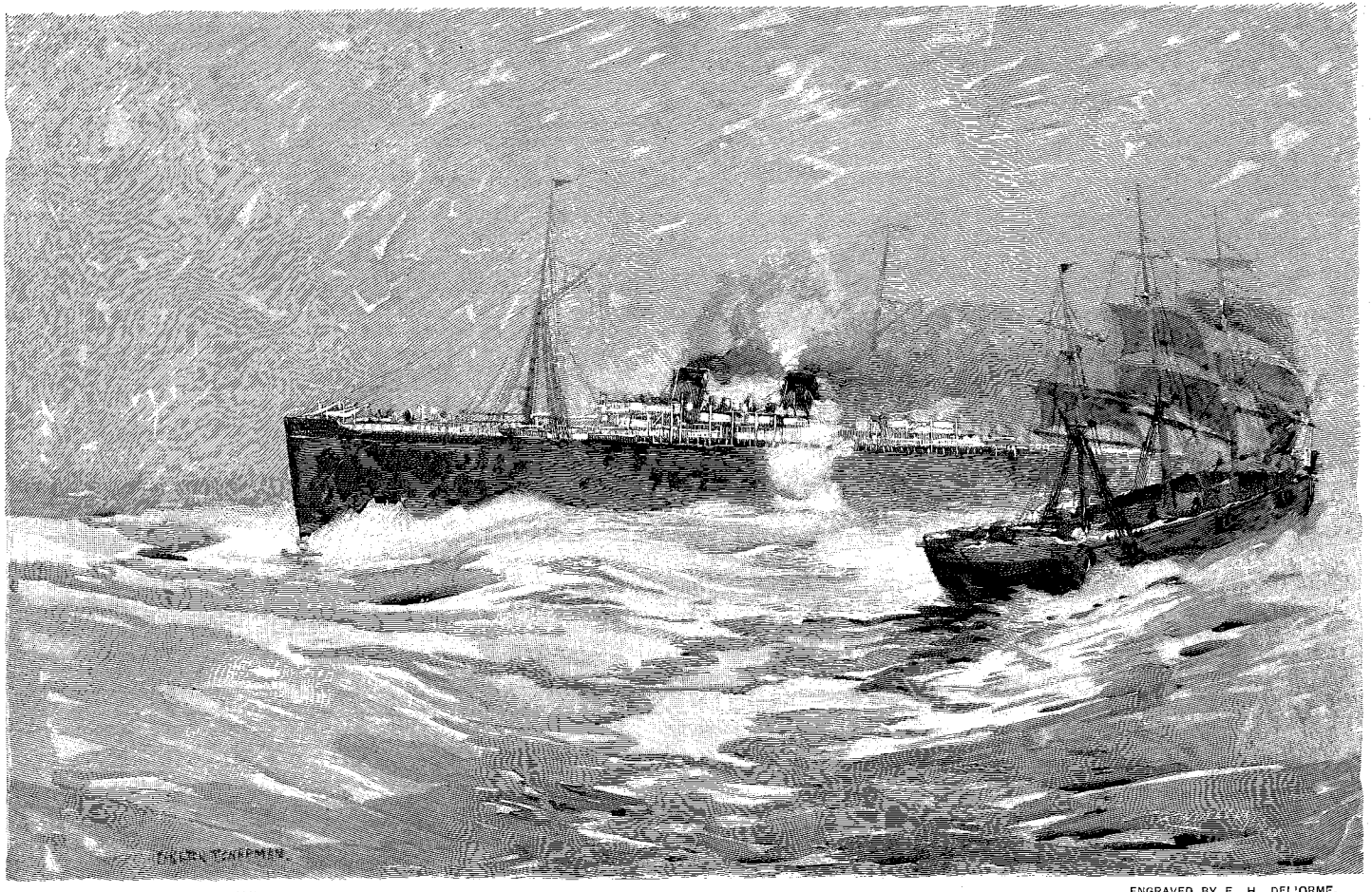

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The White Star Steamer Majestic.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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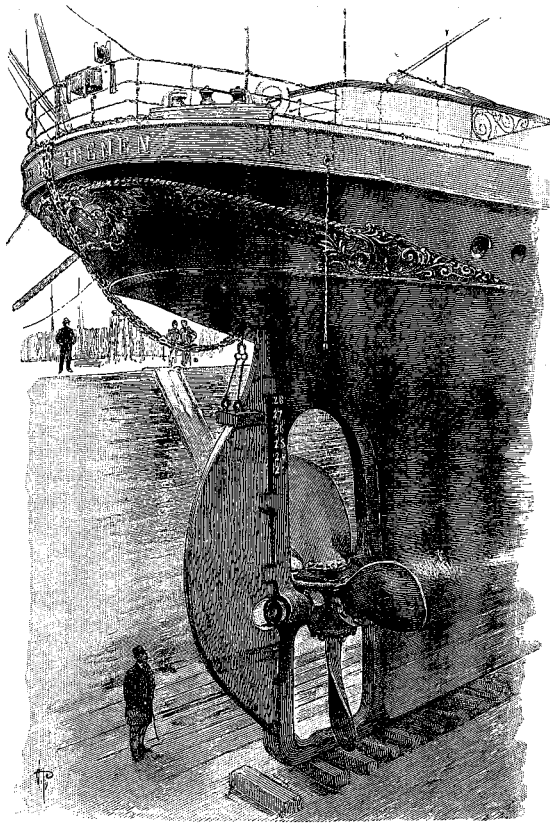
nal ship, and supposing that instead of engines burning 4 pounds of coal per I. H. P., it had ones consuming only 2½ pounds per I. H. P., in which case the expenditure on the voyage would be reduced from 1,618 tons to 1,004 these engines in competition with the old-fashioned ones that the day of the latter was gone.

The first pioneers of steam-ship construction were apparently satisfied to find their efforts result in some motion,



The Propeller of the North German Lloyd Steamer Havel.
(From a photograph of the steamship in Handren & Robins's Erie Basin Dry Docks, Brooklyn.)

tons; so that 600 tons more cargo could be taken and the cost of 600 tons of fuel per voyage saved. This was actually the case on the substitution of compound for the old-fashioned low-pressure jet-injection engines fitted to the Cunard Company's steamers as late as 1862, when their largest, fastest, and most improved steamer, the Scotia was put on the service. But it was not until many years after the advent of the Scotia that such economic engines were in general use on the Atlantic, and it was only in 1874–75, when the Inman Company and White Star Company placed steam-ships having for we find exultation rather than disappointment in the accounts extant of Patrick Miller's experiments with a small steamer on a Scotch canal in the year 1787; and later, in 1789, when, with a larger and better boat and machinery, he was able to obtain a speed of 7 miles an hour (equivalent to 6.07 knots *) it was deemed a great achievement; later still, in 1807, Fulton's first attempt with the steam-ship Clermont, in a run from Albany to New York and back, the average speed was only

* A nautical mile is 6,080 feet, the land mile being 5,280 feet. The knot is a measure of *rate* of speed per hour. A vessel makes 20 knots when she is travelling at the rate of 20 nautical miles per hour.

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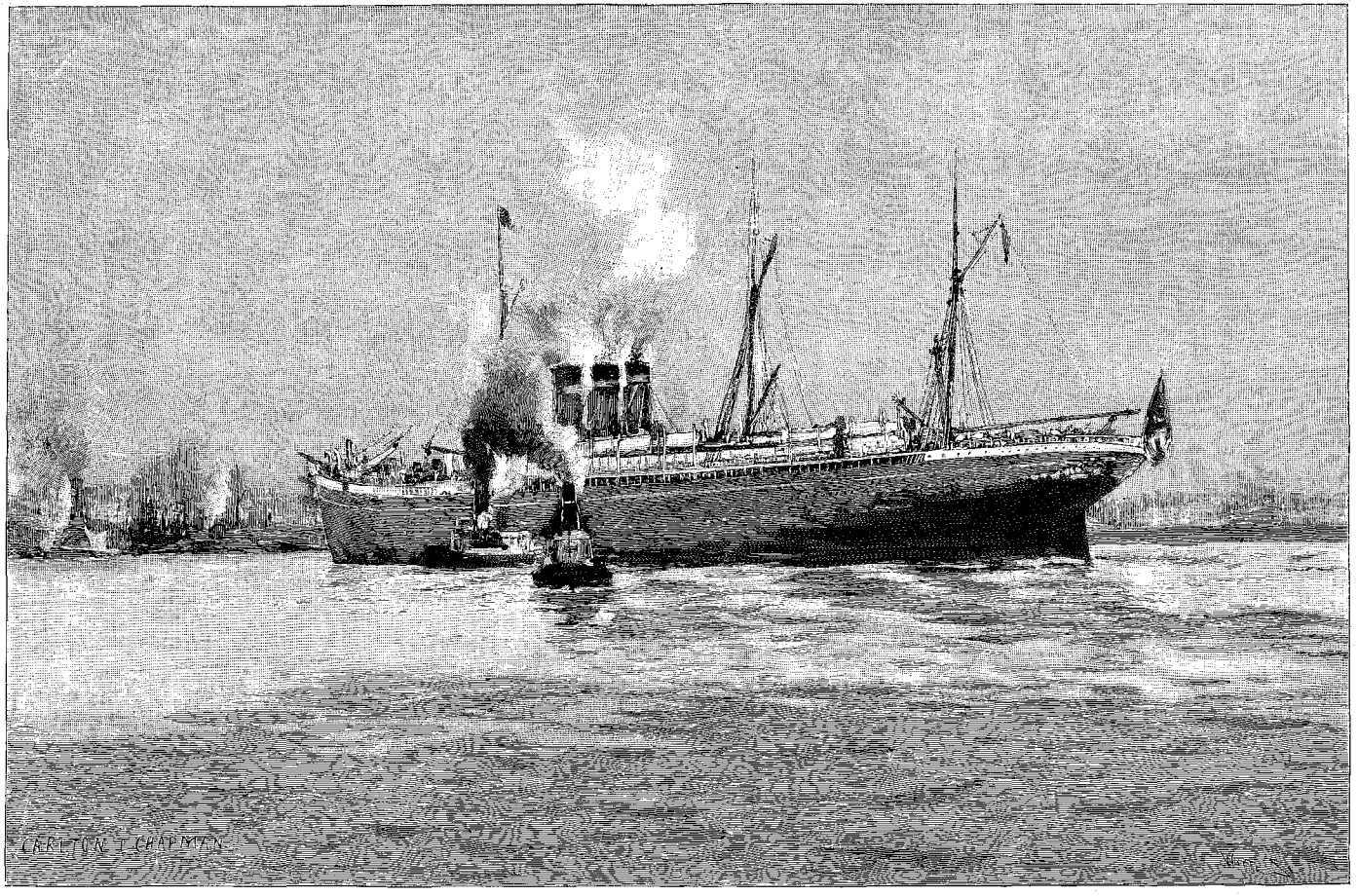

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Inman Line Steamer City of Paris.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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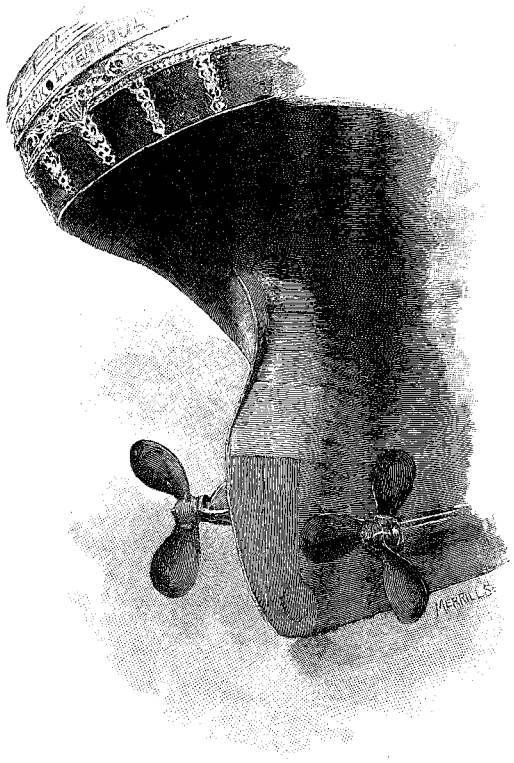
5 miles an hour. In those days so long as a steamer was able to face wind and tide she was deemed a success. The competition of steamers in early times (when there was any) was with sailing ships, or with land conveyances whose maximum rate would be 10 miles an hour, and that effected at considerable cost in horse-flesh. It is, however, true that sailing ships did then, and can now, sail, under favorable circumstances, at very much higher rates than we have just mentioned, and even as much as 15 knots an hour can be obtained with one of fine lines with a favoring wind; but a sailing ship is not always free to traverse the shortest distance from port to port, and even when wind and weather permit of this, the *average* speed falls far below 15 knots with the best-designed vessels; hence if a steamer could do 9 knots an hour she would make shorter passages than any sailer; and from the nearer approach to uniformity in the time occupied, passengers were attracted to steamships, and the passenger sailing vessel, except for very long voyages, became a thing of the past.



The Twin Screws of the City of New York.

The Clermont, constructed by Fulton in America, and supplied by him with engines made by Messrs. Bolton & Watt, in Birmingham, England, was 133 feet long, 18 feet broad, and 9 feet deep; the engine had a diameter of piston of 24 inches with 4 feet stroke; she took 32 hours performing the voyage from Albany to New York, and 30 hours in returning—the journey can now be done in one-fourth that time. In 1815 the steam-ship Caledonia was placed on the service between Margate (England) and Holland, and her speed did not exceed 7½ knots per hour. Steam-ships now perform the passage at double that speed, and the most recent additions to the continental service between Dover and Ostend are steam-boats that can travel at nearly three times the pace of the Caledonia. The Princesse Henriette is 300 feet long, 38 feet broad, and 13 feet 6 inches deep, and has engines whose cylinders are 58 inches and 104 inches diameter, with a stroke of 6 feet, and on page 6 is shown a drawing of her, taken from a photograph when travelling on her trial trip at a speed of 21.28 knots, or 24½ statute miles per hour.

The first steam-boat constructed and used for serviceable purposes in Great Britain was the Comet, built by Henry Bell, on the Clyde, in 1812. She was only 40 feet long, 10 feet broad, of 24 tons measurement; her engines were of 4 nominal horse-power, and of very curious design, as shown by the engraving on page 7; her speed under favorable conditions was only 5 miles an hour. She continued to ply for some years between Glasgow and Greenock, and was doubtless a very great convenience to the public at that time; but the advance that has been made in the construction of river steamers for service on the Clyde and its estuary is seen by reference to the illustration of the steamer Duchess

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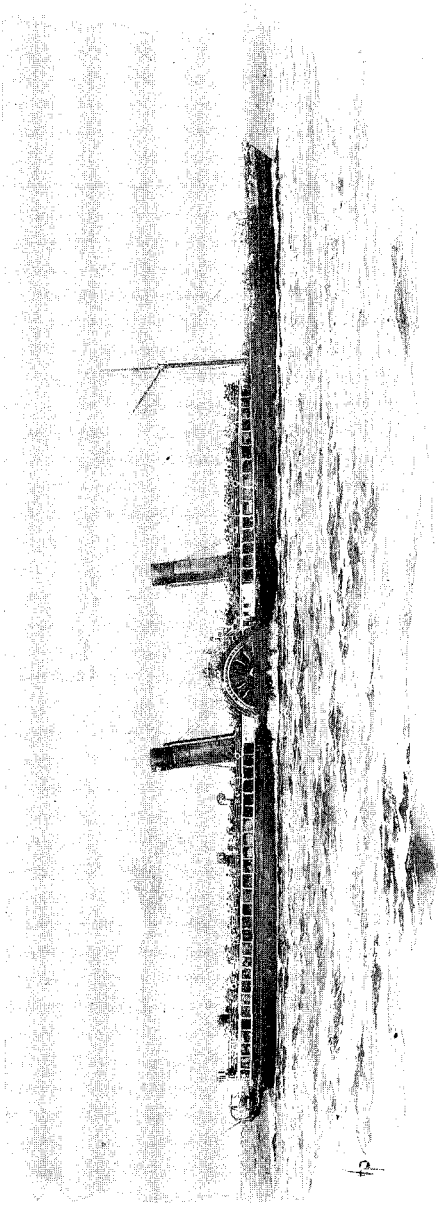
of Hamilton, reproduced on p. 8, whose dimensions are length, 250 feet; breadth, 30 feet; and depth 10 feet; her engines having cylinders 34½ inches and 60 inches diameter, with a piston-stroke of 5 feet. Her speed is over 18 knots, or very nearly 21 miles per hour, at which rate she was going when the photograph was taken. The paddle steamer Puritan, is another example of the very great progress made since the days of the Clermont, and is also a marked advance in many ways on the Bristol, which was the wonder of a few years ago; and another noted case is the steam-ship Columba, built for service on the Clyde, and illustrated on this page.



Passenger Steamer Columba at Full Speed—21 miles per hour.
(Built for Clyde passenger service.)

The first steam-ships to cross the Atlantic from England were the Sirius and Great Western,* names never to be forgotten. The Great Western was built at Bristol, England, and completed in the year 1838. She was 212 feet long, 35 feet 4 inches broad, and 1,340 tons burden, and had engines of 450 horse-power. She did the voyage from Bristol to New York in 15 days.

In 1840 the Britannia, the first of the Cunard steamers, was put on her station. She was a paddle boat, built of wood, and was 207 feet long. Her speed on service was about eight and a half knots per hour, so that she did the passage in 15 days.

Ten years later the now renowned Inman Line commenced with an iron screw steamer named the City of Glasgow, of 1,600 tons burden, and 350 nominal horse-power, a new departure in both ship and propeller.

It was not until 1855 that the Cunard Company built an iron steamer, and they continued to employ paddle boats until 1862, when the celebrated steamship Scotia was completed.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that the average length of voyage in the Cunard Line, in 1856, from Liverpool to New York was 12.676 days, and from New York to Liverpool 11.036 days.

Thirteen years after the Scotia was built the White Star Company placed on the station two vessels that were very great advances on anything then existing; they were marvels of the ship-builder's and marine engineer's skill, and even to-day hold their own in many respects with the most modern ships. That these

* The dimensions, speed, etc., of the steamers here referred to, as well as other representative steamers from 1836 to 1890, are shown in the table on page 17.

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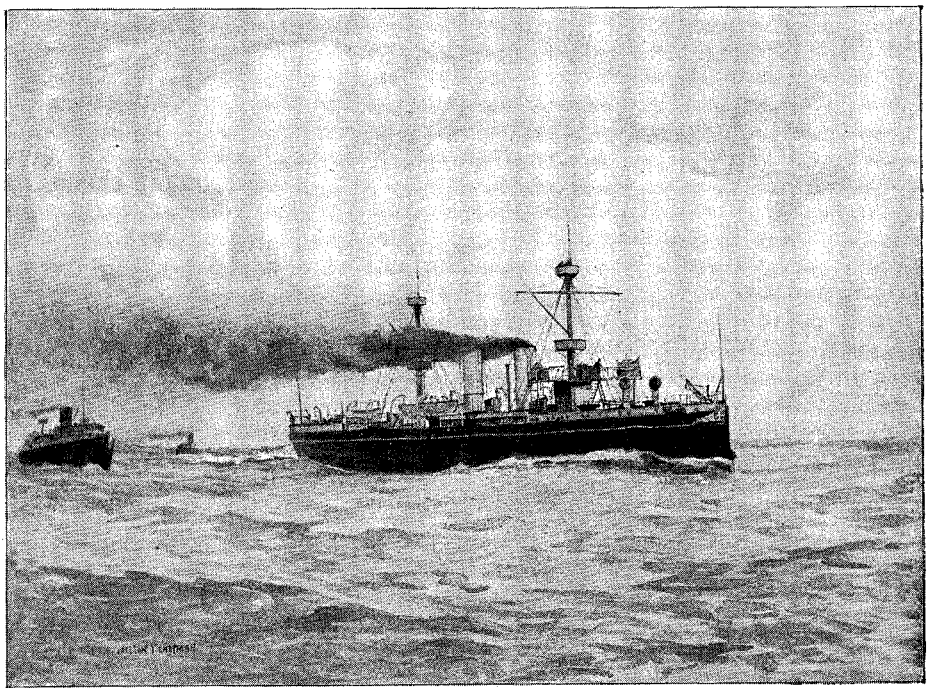
should compete successfully, and eventually drive off the line such a ship as the Scotia, is easily seen by reference to contrasted particulars in the table on page 17. The Britannic is a screw vessel 455 feet long; her I. H. P. on trial trip was 5,400, and at sea is about four thousand nine hundred, or practically the same as that of the Scotia; but the speed on trial was nearly two knots more, and the average of eleven voyages gives a mean of 15.045 knots per hour; while as recently as September last, in her old age, she traversed the Atlantic from New York to Queenstown at an average speed of 16.08 knots. She has compound engines with 4 cylinders, the two high-pressure being each 48 inches diameter, and the two low-pressure each 83 inches diameter, with a stroke of 5 feet. Her consumption of coal will be about one hundred and thirty tons per day, and on leaving port she will have on board, say 1,300 tons of fuel. She can carry a considerable cargo. The weight of her machinery is 1,112 tons. She and her sister ship, the Germanic, were in their day admitted to be all that could be desired; almost as much as was physically possible, and certainly as much as was then possible commercially.



Italian Cruiser Piemonte at Full Speed—22.3 knots=25¾ miles per hour.

Since then, however, many changes have taken place that will be alluded to later on, so that to-day we have numerous boats running on the Atlantic at an average speed of 19 to 20 knots per hour, with a reputation for being commercial successes as well as triumphs of engineering skill.

The most recent and noteworthy of these are the steam-ships Teutonic and Majestic, owned by the same enterprising gentlemen, and constructed by the same famed builders as the Britannic and Germanic; and the City of Paris and City of New York, sailing under the same house flag as the steam-ship City of Berlin, which was a worthy competitor of the Britannic.

The Majestic is a twin-screw steamer of 9,851 tons gross, 565 feet long (or 110 feet more than the Britannic). Each screw is driven by a set of triple-expansion engines. Her consumption of fuel is about two hundred and ninety tons

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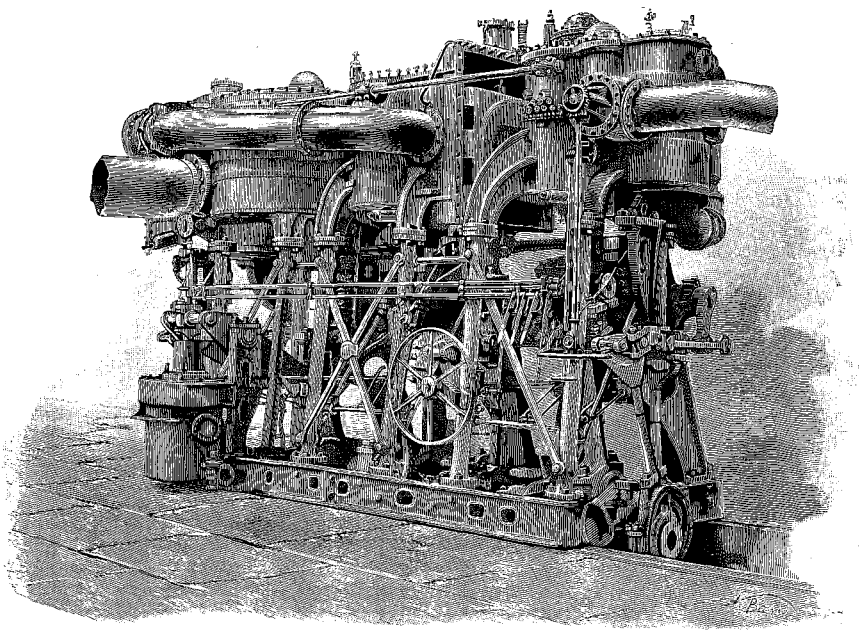
per day, while on leaving port she will have on board about two thousand four hundred tons of coal. Her I. H. P. on trial trip was 17,000. Her best speed on service is a mean of 20.18, and taking the mean of ten voyages it is 19.72 knots. A picture of the ship, taken while afloat on the Mersey, is shown on p. 9.

The City of Paris (illustrated on page 11) is 10,499 tons gross register, and is 527 feet long; she also is a twin-screw vessel. It will be observed by comparison with the Majestic [see table, p. 17] that the City of Paris is the larger ship, although she is 38 feet shorter, her extra beam of 5.4 feet giving her this advantage. Her speed with 20,100 I. H. P. is 21.952 knots per hour, her best run on service being 20.01 knots; and her daily consumption of coal is about three hundred and twenty tons, which necessitates her leaving port with over two thousand seven hundred tons of fuel on board for the trip.

Previous to the advent of these vessels the Cunard Company's steam-ships Etruria and Umbria were the fastest boats on the Atlantic, and their performances are highly creditable to all concerned. The best voyage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook by the Etruria was done in 6 days, 5 hours, 3 minutes, and the best from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 6 days, 7 hours, 32 minutes, and the average in 1886 was about six days, fifteen hours, as compared with the 11 days, 19 hours of 1856. The average of the Britannic for ten years was 8 days, 9 hours, 36 minutes, Queenstown to New York; and 8 days, 1 hour, 48 minutes, New York to Queenstown.

It may well be asked how what seemed to be an impossibility in 1876 has been achieved so successfully in 1890, and it is perhaps less interesting to note the changed conditions than the causes that have produced them. In the very early days of steam navigation the engines were substantially those used for pumping and other purposes on land. Had the genius of Trevithick exerted itself in the direction of improvements in ship propulsion as much as it did in abortive efforts to make the locomotive a success, there is no doubt we should



Recent Naval Engine.

(Made by Earle's Shipbuilding Company, Hull, England, for twin-screw fast cruiser for the British Navy, of 9,000 I. H. P.)

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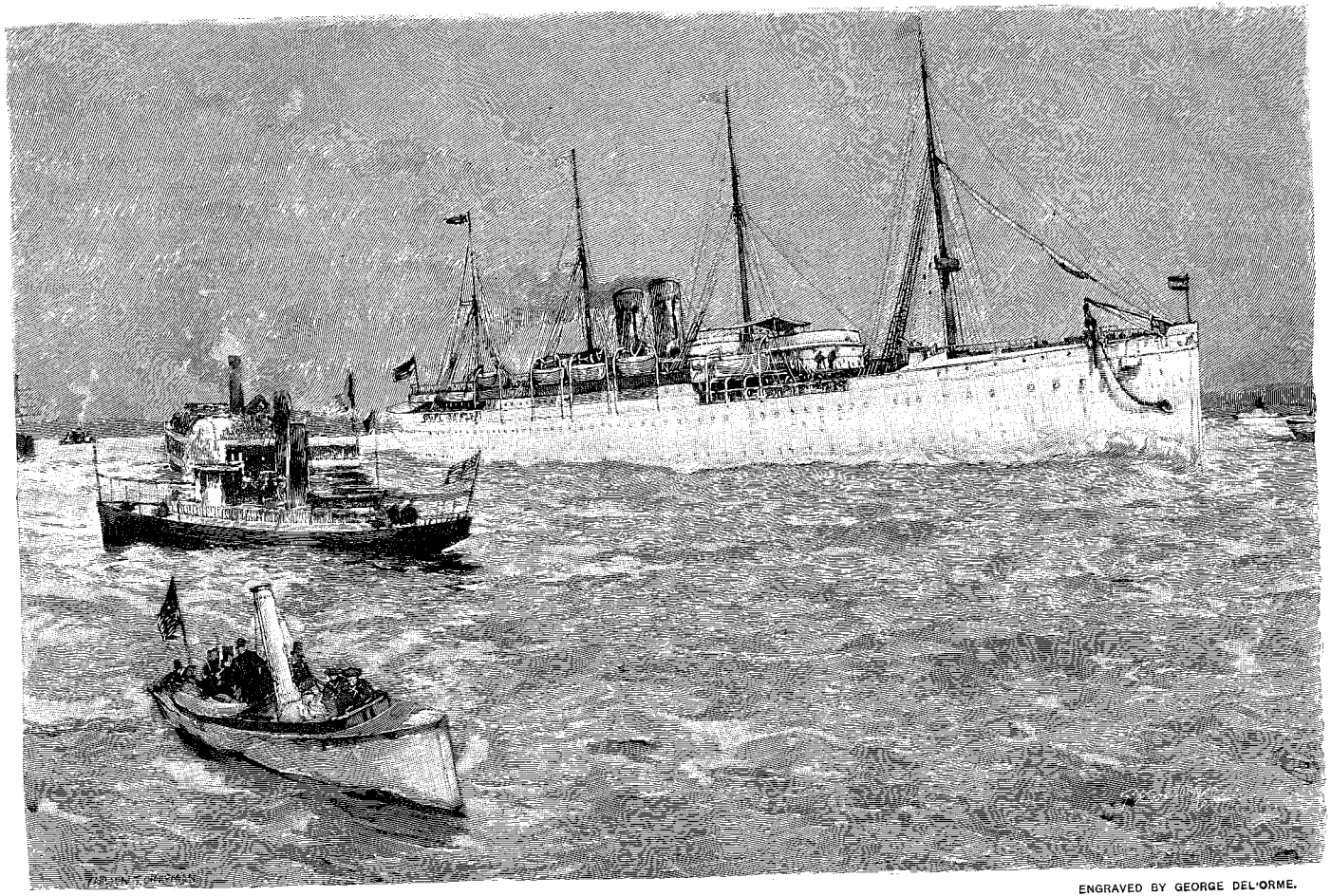

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The North German Lloyd Steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DEL'ORME.

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Comparative Table of Atlantic Steamships and their Speeds.

Name of Ship.	Paddle or Screw.	When built.	Length on Water-line.	Breadth.	Draft.	Horse-power.	Tonnage.	Trial speed.	Cylinders.		Working pressure.	Time occupied on quickest passage.		
									Diameter in inches.	Stroke in inches.				
			Ft. Ins.	Ft. Ins.	Ft. Ins.	Nominal.		Knots.			Lbs.	D.	H.	M.
Sirius	Paddle.	1836	170 0	.....	.....	270	700	....	.....	....	....	18	11	15
British Queen	"	1839	234 0	40 4	16 0	500	2,016	8.5	Two 77½	84	....	13	18	10
Liverpool	"	1839	210 0	36 0	.....	404	1,150	....	Two 75	84	....	11	18	5
Great Western	"	1838	212 0	35 4	16 0	450	1,340	....	Two 73	84	....	10	10	15
Britannia	"	1840	206 0	34 6	.....	450	1,155	....	Two 72	82				
Scotia	"	1862	366 0	47 9	22 0	1,000	2,358	13.9	Two 100	144	....	8	4	30
City of Richmond	Screw.	1873	440 0	43 6	.....	700	4,780	....	68 and 120	60	....	7	18	50
City of Berlin	"	1874	488 6	44 2	.....	1,000	5,526	....	41, 65, and 101	66	....	7	14	12
						Indicated.								
Germanic	"	1874	455 0	45 2	23 7	5,400	5,008	16.0	Two 48 and two 83	60	70	7	11	37*
Britannic	"	1874	455 0	45 2	23 7	5.400	5,004	16.0	Two 48 and two 83	60	70	7	10	53
Arizona	"	1879	450 0	45 1	18 9	6,300	5,164	17.0	One 62 and two 90	66	90	7	3	30
Servia	"	1881	515 0	52 0	23 3½	10,300	7,392	16.9	One 72 and two 100	78	....	6	23	50
City of Rome	"	1881	542 6	52 0	21 5½	11,890	8,144	18.23	Three 46 and three 86	72	90	6	21	4
Alaska	"	1881	500 0	50 0	21 0	10,000	6,932	18.0	One 68 and two 100	72	100	6	18	37
America	"	1883	432 0	51 0	26 7	7,354	5,528	17.8	One 63 and two 91	66		6	14	18
Oregon	"	1883	501 0	54 2	23 8	13,300	7,375	18.3	One 70 and two 104	72	110	6	9	51
Umbria	"	1884	500 0	57 2	.....	14,320	8,128	19.0	One 71 and two 105	72	110	6	6	8
Etruria	"	1884	500 0	57 2	.....	14,320	8,120	19.5	One 71 and two 105	72	110	6	1	47
City of New York	"	1888	527 0	63 0	.....	18,400	10,500	20.13	Two sets 45, 71, and 113	60	150	5	23	7
City of Paris	"	1888	527 0	63 0	.....	20,100	10,500	21.952	Two sets 45, 71, and 113	60	150	5	19	18
Majestic	"	1889	565 0	57 6	26 0	17,000	9,861	19.87	Two sets 43, 68, and 110	60	180	5	21	20
Teutonic	"	1889	565 0	57 6	26 0	17,000	9,686	21.0	Two sets 43, 68, and 110	60	180	5	19	5

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have had fast passenger steamers before we had railway trains; and had not the prejudice of Watt hung over the engineering world as a cloud which obscured the clear light of science, some other engineer would have accomplished the same result. It is disappointing to find that a man of Watt's genius and reputation should have attempted to damp the ardor of men like Symington and Miller by predicting failure for an engine when applied to marine propulsion, and by threatening the pains and penalties of the law for infringement of patent should those enterprising geniuses disprove his predictions. There can be no doubt that the statement from a man of his position, that Trevithick and others who were experimenting, as well as working, with steam of high pressure deserved hanging for their diabolical inventions, would have great effect on the engineering world, then in its infancy; and the few accidents that in later years occurred on steam-boats, through the crass ignorance or the reckless negligence of those placed in charge, recalled to the mind of another generation the words of Watt, and made them doubly impressive as well as deterrent to further progress. Even in our own days the use of steam at such pressures as have enabled the present wonderful monuments of mechanical skill to be commercial successes has been animadverted upon, and prophesied about, and openly denounced, and it is only those who are engaged in this pioneer warfare who know how depressing and discouraging such language is, or who appreciate the great responsibility taken in advancing into the unknown—that is, unknown to the world at large. Moreover, the body of every nation is more or less conservative and slow to comprehend, much less to appreciate, new inventions or new forms of old inventions. Hence, no doubt, it was that an enterprising company like that presided over by Sir Samuel Cunard should refrain from building its ships of the superior material, iron, and adhere to the inferior propeller, the paddle.

The paddle-wheel was obviously the first instrument accepted by the early engineers as a means of propulsion. Long after the experiment of H. B. M. S. Rattler had demonstrated the contrary, the public faith in the visible wheel was greater in reality and more sincere than that in the invisible screw; and it is probable that it was more the question of cost than anything else that gained the victory for the screw for ocean and general service. The paddle-engine is in itself heavier and occupies more room than the screw engine; it is as a rule more expensive per I. H. P.; and in wear and tear—especially of the propeller itself—it far exceeds the screw. It occupies the best part of the ship, and its position is not a matter of choice, as with the screw engine, but is, of necessity, at or near the middle of the ship.* It is evident that a paddle steamer must require more room, and that in moving among ships or other obstructions the liability to damage the propeller is greater than with the screw steamer, and in the case of a long voyage the paddle, generally worked at a disadvantage, as at the commencement it was too deeply immersed, and at the end not immersed enough for efficient working. If the sails were set so as to steady the vessel, or if set in sufficient quantity to be of any use in quickening the speed, she was inclined until the lee wheel was "buried" and the "weather" wheel doing very little work, besides there being a general tendency on the part of the ship to turn round, which had to be counterbalanced by the rudder. The race of water from the wheels past the ship being at a high velocity, and raised above the normal level, causes a resistance to the ship beyond that due to her passage through the water, as in the case of a screw ship. On the other hand, the paddle-boat is more readily got into motion and her speed more rapidly arrested than is the case with the screw steamer; and it is claimed for the paddle-wheel—although the foundation for such a claim is rather nebulous—that when the engines are working at full speed the ship is prevented from the excessive rolling observable with a screw vessel. But against this it must not be forgotten that the

*In the case of river steamers of moderate size there is not the same restriction on the position of the wheel, and as a matter of fact, as in the case of stern-wheelers, it is altogether at one end.

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paddle engine is far more trying to the structure of the ship, on account of the great weight of the wheels being taken on the sides of the hull, as well as from the effort of the wheels in propelling being applied at the same place. Then there is the additional danger, and that not a remote one, that in case of the shaft breaking and a wheel falling clear of the ship she would upset. An accident of this kind has occurred more than once, but there is no record of the actual result being so calamitous as just stated, owing to other fortuitous circumstances. That which retains the paddle-wheel in favor to-day, and renders it a necessity in spite of argument or prejudice, is the fact that the screw requires that the draft of the ship shall not be less than its own diameter, whereas in the largest paddle-boats a dip of wheel of six feet is generally sufficient. Hence it is that nearly all fast steamers plying on rivers or shallow estuaries, and channel steamers running to ports where there is little water when the tide is low, are of necessity paddle-wheel. By employing two screws (one on each side instead of one amidships) the draft of water can be reduced by at least thirty per cent. Likewise by increasing the number of revolutions smaller screws will do, and the draft of water may be still less, so that some thirty years ago, on the introduction of twin screws, there were soon many ships built for services that had hitherto been monopolized by paddle-boats;* and to-day, when there is a demand for higher speed and more power, and where paddle-wheels are not admissible, three screws are being employed. Ships have also been employed with four screws, viz., two at the bow and two at the stern, and, for the purpose for which they were required, answered very well indeed; but the worst possible place for a propeller is obviously at the bow, and therefore in these ships the bow screws were not very efficient, but they undoubtedly added somewhat to the power of the ship. In the same way some tug-boats have been fitted with a screw at each end.

All attempts at propulsion with internal propellers—that is, by turbine wheels, pulsometers, ejectors, or by pumps—have failed in consequence of the great friction set up by the water in its rapid passage through the pipes from and to the sea; the motion must be rapid owing to the size of the pipes being necessarily restricted. The best experiment with this kind of propeller was made on a costly scale by the British Admiralty in 1866, when they fitted the iron-clad gunboat Waterwitch, of 1,200 tons displacement, with a Ruthven's hydraulic propeller, consisting of a horizontal turbine wheel drawing its water through the bottom of the ship and discharging it fore-and-aft-ways at each side and driven by an engine of 160 nominal horse-power, and although this vessel was only 162 feet long, 32 feet broad, and drew 11 feet 4 inches of water, her speed was only a little over 9 knots, with an indicated horse-power of 801. The speed co-efficients whereby her performances could be compared with that of other ships were most disappointing.

But the achievements of screw steamers are not always satisfactory at first, and time has shown some curious instances where what appeared at first sight a little thing prevented great results. To-day we know somewhat of the screw propeller, but it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the cleverest and most experienced engineer to define his knowledge or to classify his facts so as to deduce any rules from them as shall enable him to lay down fixed laws for the practical guidance of others. In past years more was professed, but still less was actually known, and that which was to be a panacea for the ills of every screw ship proved useless in many instances and aggravated the evil in others. The patents for propellers are numerous, and some of the specifications interesting and amusing, but of them all there

* It is now claimed for the twin-screw ship that she is not only capable of entering shallower harbors, but that she is in every way much safer, and it is most unfortunate that, owing to an act of carelessness, this was not conclusively shown in the recent accident to the City of Paris. But there is safety in the twin-screw beyond that which is rendered possible, as in the cases of the City of Paris and Majestic, by the division of the engine-rooms, viz., the fact that if one engine breaks down it is improbable that the other would do so at the same time, and that the vessel, although somewhat crippled in speed, would still be able to pursue her voyage; also that in the event of accident to the steering apparatus the passage could be continued and the direction of the ship guided by regulating with one or both of the engines. Each of these features is pronounced, and the advantages have been proved on many occasions.

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are less than can be counted on the fingers of one hand that have any practical value, or that have influenced the commerce of the world; and we find to-day that the propeller which gives the best results is very simple in form and its working surface a true helix. What is better understood, however, are the proportions, and in them lies the success of the instrument. It is quite true that the blades may be of such a shape and so arranged as to give bad results, but it is very difficult to alter the propeller blade now most generally used and get much improvement thereby.

In 1865 H. B. M. S. Amazon was found to fall short of her designed speed by nearly a knot, although the indicated horse-power was in excess of the requirements. With a four-bladed Mangin propeller, 12 feet 6 inches pitch, it took 1,940 I. H. P. to drive the vessel 12 knots. A two-bladed Griffith's screw of 13 feet 9 inches pitch was substituted, when 12.4 knots was obtained with only 1,664 I. H. P. But the most remarkable case was that of H. B. M. S. Iris, which had been designed for a speed of 17½ knots, but on her first trial trip, although the 7,000 I. H. P. was exceeded, the speed was only 16.58 knots. A series of trials was then entered upon to find out the cause of this deficiency, with the result that the screws were discovered to be too large; others of 2 feet 3 inches less diameter were substituted, when a speed of 18.57 knots was attained with the same I. H. P. Similar instances could be adduced, if necessary, to show how comparatively slight changes in the propeller can produce marked improvements in speed.

It has already been shown that the frictional resistance of the skin of the ship is very great, and generally speaking, in fast steamers, is by far the largest portion of the whole resistance. It necessarily follows, therefore, that for high speed it is essential that the submerged portion shall be as smooth as possible; and to that end ships are coated with enamel paints which, when dry, are perfectly smooth and glassy, or remain in a smooth, slimy condition. They do not, however, remain long in this state, as the action of sea-water destroys them, and even the best of these compositions admits, at times, of marine plant growth, and sometimes barnacles. The effect of a coating of weed is very serious indeed; the resistance induced thereby being greater than if the vessel were rough, from the fact that each filament of weed has to be towed through the water and the total surface thereby exposed may be two or three times that of the ship herself. It is a sound economy in any vessel to keep the bottom perfectly clean and smooth, but in the case of high-speed steamers it is absolutely essential, inasmuch as a very moderate amount of foulness will reduce their speed by 2 or 3 knots.

The introduction of Siemens-Martin steel, about the year 1875, and its continued and extended use since, has however been really the means of rendering possible the construction of steamships of all sizes with high rates of speed now so common, and is undoubtedly the means whereby those ships can be so economically built and worked as to pay as commercial ventures. The construction of their hulls with a material fifty per cent. stronger than iron has rendered it possible to make such appreciable decrease in weight as to admit of fining their lines suitably for high speed without sacrificing carrying capacity. With this same steel, boilers can be constructed for a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch without weighing very much more than iron ones for 75 pounds. By using steel for castings, forgings, etc., the weight of the machinery has been reduced from 5 hundredweight to 2 hundredweight per I. H. P., and when forced draught is employed it is as low as 1.6 hundredweight per I. H. P. for large powers, and less still for such engines as are used in torpedo-boats and catchers.

It has already been remarked that the consumption of coal, which enters as a most important factor into the question of high speed, both from the weight and cost, had been reduced, by the introduction of the compound engine, from 4 pounds to 2½ pounds per I. H. P., and latterly, as that engine was improved and higher pressures used, the consumption was further reduced to 2 pounds and in some cases as low as 1¾ pound per I. H. P. The triple expan-

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sion engine, developed within the past eight years, and later the quadruple expansion, have effected a still further saving, until with them and such other means as are now employed, the consumption is under 1½ pound of coal per I. H. P.

The success of the locomotive was very questionable until the exhaust steam was turned into the chimney so as to create a rapid draught, and the steam-blast to-day enables the locomotive to travel at its great speed by causing the comparatively small boiler to generate such a large amount of steam. When this form of boiler was tried on board ship its power would have been very much crippled had not some other means been adopted for forcing the draught, as the steam could not in this case be allowed to escape through the funnel, but must be condensed into water for the use of the boiler. By closing the stoke-hole and forcing into it by mechanical means a plentiful supply of air, this boiler was made to be as efficient for a torpedo-boat as for a locomotive. This forced draught has now been adopted on large ships, and to-day the very high speed of naval vessels, and of many mercantile steamers, is due to it. Consequently, with the same weight of machinery higher powers are developed with a corresponding increase in speed, and the cruiser Piemonte, constructed by Sir William Armstrong & Co., of which an illustration is shown on p. 14, had her speed increased by means of forced draught from 20 knots to 22.3 knots, at which speed she was going when the picture was taken.

Mr. James Howden patented a forced draught process by which the incoming air is warmed by the heat (which would otherwise be wasted) in the uptakes and funnels, and then conducted direct to the furnaces; and he claims by this to be able to do with still smaller boilers, besides avoiding the danger to the tubes now sometimes experienced in warships with closed stoke-holes.

But there still remains the problem of how to feed the furnaces by mechanical methods, so as to save the very large staff now required in the boiler-room of our large steam-ships. So far all means hitherto adopted with success on shore have proved failures at sea, and at present there is no reason to suppose that any one of them can be so adapted as to prove generally efficient for service. It is necessary for such a purpose that the gear can go continuously for many days, and the coal be small and tolerably uniform, and the supply regular. Such coal is not convenient for passenger ships, and if the demand for the present supply of small coal were increased the price would preclude its use. Some success, however, has been achieved by which labor is saved in the stoke-hole, and the most noticeable invention to this end is that of Mr. Thomas Henderson, whose now well-known self-cleaning fire-bars do away with the necessity for the firemen raking the fires out to remove the clinkers which adhere to the grates and obstruct the air-passages. By means of this apparatus, the alternate bars having a very slight movement, the coal gradually travels to the back end of the grate together with the clinker, which latter is eventually deposited behind the bridges. Thus not only is considerable labor saved but the fires are always in such good condition that the full pressure of steam is maintained, and so a better speed kept up by the vessel herself.

On shore the tendency is to substitute gas for solid fuel, or to use the coke resulting from gas manufacture. That something of the same kind might be done on shipboard is possible, although not at present probable. The higher efficiency of the coal when treated in this way would enable still more power to be obtained from a pound of it, and there would be savings in other ways of a beneficial nature.

Then, again, if petroleum, or other liquid of a similar nature, could be obtained at a fairly low price, it might be used on shipboard; and as it has a heating power twenty-five per cent. higher than the best coal, and fifty per cent. higher than some of the commonest kinds weight for weight, the substitution of it would be a means of obtaining better speed. But it is always a question of *cui bono*, and when it is taken into consideration that the voyage between Sandy Hook and Queenstown

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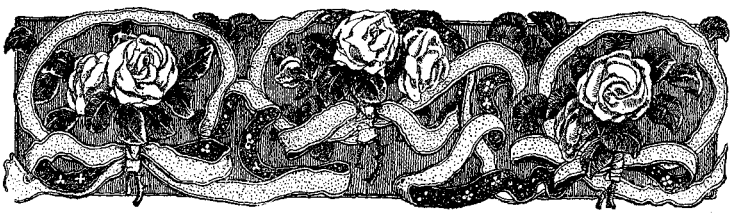
is now done in 140 hours, and to do the distance in 5 days would require a speed of nearly 23½ knots, with an increase in power of sixty-two per cent. and in fuel consumption of thirty-eight per cent., the cry must be regarded as a very far one at present. At the same time it is not desirable to believe that there is now finality in the speed of steam-ships, although by analogy with railway trains that conclusion might be arrived at.



HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

[Faune Nympharum fugientum amator.]

Henry Herbert's Translation.—Reprinted with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

Walk lightly o'er my sunny fields and round my little farm,
And spare the firstlings of my flock from blight or wasting harm;
Dear Faun, who know'st the flying nymphs to follow and to charm.

We'll slay a kid, a tender kid of one full year, well grown,
And with the wine which Venus loves, the brimming cups we'll crown,
And round the ancient altar's horns the incense shall be strown.

And when December's nones come round, the nones beloved of thee,
In the long grass the herds and flocks shall sport upon the lea;
And man and beast in idleness the livelong day shall be.

For thee the very wolves shall play the fearless lambs among;
For thee the very trees shall shed their leaves so fresh and strong;
And the plowman shall adore thee with rustic dance and song.

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A MATTER OF FACT.

By George A. Hibbard.

"Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt."
—*The Two Voices.*

THE cool, dim library was very pleasant on this prematurely warm and glowing morning. There, the light seemed but to give tone to a tissue of shadows; the atmosphere was velvety.

It was only May, and yet a day of midsummer. Through the closed blinds, lapsed, at times, slow, subdued puffs of air, soft with the dull, caressing warmth of July. The street below—the library was in the second story of the big, massive house—was overlaid with a glare of metallic light. The rumble—the mumble of the carriages and carts as they rolled along the pavement of this the most aristocratic part of the city's Fifth and the world's first Avenue; the occasional cries of the small merchants of the sidewalk; the drone of a hand-organ, in which seemed drowsily to linger something of the lethargy of winter—one of those hand-organs that in our cities as certainly as the dandelions, herald the approach of spring — these, and a hundred sounds in mingled indistinctness, fell, with slightly accented monotony, upon the ear.

Clearly it was time to think of leaving town. The crocuses had been out some time; the "smells" would be soon in insurrection. Geoffrey Biddulph began to feel the rising pulse of such slight impatience as was peculiar to him—impatience more for change, after all, than for other circumstances. Of course, he thought, as he sat in his great armchair, he had gathered material enough to enable him to finish his monograph, "Beaumarchais and the American Revolution." Philbrook, his private secretary, who had filled volumes with facts and gossip, would of course go with him—and the sea-air of Newport would be far more inspiriting than the breezes that wander on Murray Hill. He would be off at once. Eleanor, with her husband, could follow at her leisure.

Biddulph hardly had the appearance of an old man. His hair was but slightly gray. The lines in his face were but few and fine. His eyes were bright. The afternoon glow still lit the dull ashiness of closing day in his complexion. His perfect dress modulated everything from the severity of age into aspects more belonging to middle life. Was the invalid's air a thing of mere languid habitude or was it real? Whatever it was, however, he had lived for years in the full luxury of an invalid's enjoyment in the study of his own sensations; with the invalid's defence against intrusion; with the invalid's immunity which enabled him to make his life wholly his own.

An elderly man, consciously, almost conscientiously deferential, noiselessly entered the room.

"Mrs. Armroyd, sir"—there was the preface of an introductory, a slightly deprecatory cough—"has sent to inquire if you could see her this morning."

"Certainly," said Biddulph, with calm graciousness, "at any time—you may say at any time."

The servant disappeared. In his manner he could have taught a ghost repose; in his action, ease.

Biddulph sighed impatiently. One hand, smooth, delicate, lay on the arm of his chair. He picked up the book open upon his knee, glanced at a line or two, and laid it down. "Armroyd," he repeated slowly, as if studying something latent in the two syllables. Even the strenuous name had never pleased him. To his delicate ear, it had always seemed too resonant, too clangorous; too suggestive of "self-help" and powerful machinery—things for which he certainly could not be expected to care. And

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that Eleanor, his only child, with all her possibilities, with the Biddulph name as an inheritance, a great fortune in expectancy, should have fallen in love with this man, and afterward, with a firmness which he never had suspected in her, should have insisted upon marrying him —these were psychological mysteries too difficult for him to master. But she had never been a perfect Biddulph. She was small in stature, dark, gentle, timid, while the most of the race had been tall, light, confident, perhaps a trifle too assertive. She might be the heiress of the Biddulph millions; she took by inheritance none of the Biddulph beauty. Hers was merely an elusive prettiness — a prettiness, however, singularly significant and peculiarly personal.

The door opened and Eleanor Armroyd—she looked like a young girl—came slowly, almost shyly, into the room. She was very slight; her cheeks were tinged with the warm blood of youth; her eyes were clear and bright; her soft, dark hair was gathered in a lustrous knot at her neck. Dressed with the rare perfection of a woman who knows herself not beautiful, but who, with faultless taste and all means at her command, strives to make the most of herself, she was a dainty vision in the rich, sombre apartment.

"This is very kind of you, Eleanor," said Biddulph, "very kind of you to come and see me."

"But, papa," she said, in slightly reproving tone, "you know that I come every day — every day for a talk with you."

"That is what I mean; it is kind of you to come every day. You bring the outside world to me, and now that I cannot go to the outside world I find I cannot get on without it. I always did take a not unworthy interest in my kind."

"But I see very few people — you know I am not at all a gay person myself."

"You can tell me something, and I like gossip. My dear, no man is so profound that he can afford altogether to despise it. The gossip of yesterday is often history to-morrow. Really a great part of history has been at some time only gossip. What was once the idle talk of the agora or of the forum, is our history to-day, as the chatter of our club smoking-rooms will be history for those who come after us. Do not let us despise a rumor that posterity may respect. It is not courteous to our descendants."

His light, facile, satirical laugh followed as he looked fondly across the large, book-bestrewn library table, at his daughter.

"I wonder," he went on, "how many of them really remember me—how many will be surprised to find, when the newspapers announce my death—there must be a column at least—that I only died the day before."

Eleanor stepped to her father's chair and dropped on her knees beside it; her big, brown eyes—eyes of the sort in which it seems tears are ever ready to start—dimmed and suffused.

"Please," she implored; "please."

"I don't grieve," said Biddulph, kindly, "and why should you? I have had as much out of life as I deserve—more than many men more deserving; and if I must finally be resolved into my original elements—I forget what they exactly are—mostly, I believe, phosphate of something and water — that which happens to me has happened to others who had more to give up than I."

"And don't you really believe that there is anything else?" asked the girl, looking fondly up. "Do you really think that this is the end?"

"Nellie," said Biddulph, kindly, and laying his hand upon her head, "why think of these things? You are young, with a long, happy life before you."

"But," cried Eleanor, "if it is so—if there is nothing more—if we are never to meet each other again—it is awful."

"Why is it awful?" said Biddulph, smoothing her hair. "If we are sure that it is so, should it not make us care more for each other while we are here? should it not prevent us from weakening what we have here in hope of a remote future? No, my dear, the vague dreams of unestablished faith must be given up. As that great thinker, Auguste Comte, has explained beyond question, in his doctrine of 'The Three Stages,' we have advanced beyond such

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delusions and should know that what we know is all."

"But," said Eleanor, almost shivering, "it makes all so lonely, so barren. I had rather believe, even if belief should be wrong."

"What real good," continued Biddulph, "can ever come of error? What facts can justify such vague belief? And Nellie, there is nothing, nothing but facts, that we can trust; nothing but facts that can convince the modern mind. Do we believe anything here on mere conjecture, and can we build a heaven, an eternity of life, upon such foundation? Who would ask me to believe that there is something—some condition of things most important to me—which facts do not prove and of which I am ignorant? And is it not even more absurd to ask me to believe that there is something beyond this life which neither sense nor reason recognizes?"

"And mamma," murmured Eleanor, bowing her head, "and the baby?"

Biddulph rose impatiently and now tottered with slow, vacillating steps, toward the great carved mantel, against which he leaned heavily. Invalid or not, there was now no affectation, no mere mannerism in look, or gesture, or action.

"Nellie," he said, sharply, "you must not indulge in such morbid thoughts. They are not worthy of you as my daughter. In your youth, I so taught you that now, when you are a woman, you should not be startled when you meet truth face to face—when facts which cannot be gainsaid are brought to your notice."

Eleanor had not risen, but, with her head bowed upon the arm of the chair, wept silently.

"Father," she sobbed, "when I was a child I believed all that you told me. Then mamma died—then my baby. I do not believe that my mother lived only to pass utterly away. I do not believe that I bore my child only that she should wholly perish. I am an ignorant girl; but I have no need of reason. I know and I believe. I shall meet my mother and I shall be her child again. I shall meet my child and I shall be its mother once more."

"I think, Nellie," said Biddulph, slowly, "that I understand you less and less every day. Really it is very perplexing—and annoying."

"I am very sorry, papa," said Eleanor. "I should be glad to be what you want me to be; I should have liked to have done what you wanted me to do. But it has been impossible. I think I was nearly everything—did nearly everything that you desired—until I met Stephen."

"I know—I know," he said, a little petulantly. "You seemed bewitched—tradition, training, all seemed to go for nothing."

"I loved him," said Eleanor, simply, looking at Biddulph with something in her air which, if not defiance, was more than mere assertion.

"Exactly," said Biddulph, a little impatiently. "You loved him; and in saying that you think you offer an explanation. But who will explain love? Your explanation does not explain. You answer a riddle with an enigma—substitute a mystery for a puzzle. You forgot yourself and your position. The strongest of all influences, habit and association, were as nothing. You did what I did not desire, because one day you met a certain man. With the fortune you will have, with your name, there were many whom the world, as well as I, considered much more eligible—who would have been glad to marry you, who wished to marry you, but you would not look at them or listen to them."

"But he loved me," answered Eleanor.

"Loved you!" exclaimed Biddulph, with rising impatience. "How do you know that he loved you more than any of the others? He had more to gain than they, and yet you believed him, and thought all the others fortune-hunters."

"You cannot tell how you know those things—you feel them."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Biddulph, almost scornfully. "He was a good-looking fellow and he took your fancy, as the fancy of many another rich girl has been taken by a handsome face, a manly air, a ready tongue, and a resolute spirit. Don't you suppose he

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thought of your money exactly as did the others?"

"I—do you want to make me doubt him?" moaned Eleanor. "I wanted so to think he cared for me, that I could not help doing what I did. And now, if I thought he only married me because he thought I would be rich, I should die."

"You were not a reigning beauty, nor one to arrest attention in the world," continued Biddulph, "but it may not have been altogether for the '*beaux yeux de ma cassette.*' Let us hope so. I think you never sufficiently realized your position, or else you never cared enough about it. Still, I never expected all to end as it did."

"But we have been so happy."

"I must confess," said Biddulph, "that the result has been better than I expected. I really cannot find fault with the man you insisted upon having for a husband. Stephen Armroyd has done wonderfully well considering who and what he was—a man from the masses, self-made and self-educated."

"But he had made himself even then," said Eleanor, proudly. "He needed nobody's money, nobody's aid to accomplish that."

"He had," conceded Biddulph, "attained a very respectable position. But what I desired for you was a man of brilliant rank, rich, your equal."

"My equal," exclaimed Eleanor, scornfully. "As if Stephen——"

"Yes," interrupted Biddulph, "I know—we've discussed all this before—did it thoroughly when you were about to be married. There is no need to go over it again. I have quite often listened to the enumeration of Armroyd's qualities—intelligent, capable, honest, of excellent presence and presentable manner—altogether a very admirable person."

"If you could only do him justice."

"But," continued Biddulph, with that perversity which was one of his characteristics, "really, a man who had only then made some little money by the invention of a clever machine; a man whom you met by accident—for he had no recognized position in your world—was about as much out of place there as a white bear would be in Sahara. No, he was not one that I had been led to expect you would marry, or that I would care to have for a son-in-law."

"Has he not always been perfect with you?"

"Personally," said Biddulph, "I do not complain. He has borne himself with a deference and delicacy truly remarkable considering what must have been his early—disadvantages. I have no reason to say anything. I do not say anything. I am satisfied if you are happy."

"And I am," she answered, "I am; you do not know how happy."

"I suppose," said Biddulph, losing something of his habitual half-raillery that so easily changed to querulousness, "this is all I really ask, but we seem to have such different ideas of happiness. I had imagined I could give you something better; but you did not want anything better; you wanted Armroyd, you wanted him, and what one wants is so often so much better than the best, that I suppose I have been wise in letting you have him. Whatever else one may do, one can never be happy in another's way. I may have been weakly indulgent, as I always have been, and have given him to you as, at another age, I would have given you any costly plaything. I have known many women and have learned something of their ways. Never oppose them. Let them go to the devil, or his equivalent, in their own way, and they will bear you no grudge. Obstruct them but with a straw, and they will hate you, for they will not doubt that they would have enjoyed, but for the straw, that supreme, that final happiness that every woman seems continually and feverishly to seek. Instinctively I acted toward you as toward any other woman—knowing that you are all alike—for all women are the same; only the conditions that make them so are really ever different."

"But, papa, are you not contented now? has it not all been for the best?"

Biddulph did not at once reply.

"If your mother had lived," he said, in a moment, "she would have wished you to do as you have done. That thought influenced me. It has always seemed to me that you were like her, really more her child than mine, and I thought she would understand what

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was best for you much better than I could hope to do. I loved her dearly, but I am afraid that I sometimes made her—not quite happy—not as happy as she might have been. I felt that I did not fully understand her, and it was the fear that I might not understand you—might inflict upon you some grief that I could not fully comprehend—that made me finally give my consent."

"Yes," said Eleanor, gently.

"Yes," continued Biddulph, "she—your mother could believe — well — in short, believed, and my incredulity, my scepticism was always a grief to her. At the last," Biddulph paused, and passed his hand across his forehead, "at the last, when I knew that she was dying, then I first realized the barrenness of disbelief. How happy they must be who can trust in that hereafter! How comparatively bearable would have been even that separation, if I could have thought that we would ever meet again! But," Biddulph's voice broke, for a minute he could not speak, and when he did, it was with the weak tremulousness of fore-running age, in the shaking, time-worn articulation of senility which was not yet his, "since then," he continued, more composedly, "I have never been the same. But I could make you happy, and in yielding to your every wish I sought to make some atonement to her. And I gave up more than you know. If Armroyd was not positively repugnant to me, there could be no sympathy between us. The slight tentacles which nature puts forth in first distrust, brought to each knowledge of the unlikeness of himself to the other. But time has so softened our relations that, whatever I may be to him, I am glad that we more than bear with each other. He knew that you were all that was left to me, and has not insisted upon taking you wholly from me. I am grateful to him that he has consented to live in my house, something another might not have been willing to do—and I do not misinterpret his reason. He did not, I am convinced, wish to separate us utterly; but then he must, of course, have realized that you were both largely dependent upon me."

Eleanor's face burned with a quick, indignant flush; she with difficulty withheld the words that evidently pressed for utterance.

"Of course it was a great advance," continued Biddulph, in the same vein—"a wonderful piece of good fortune for him, and he should have been grateful. He had the good sense also to recognize my sacrifice—his inequality—"

"Papa!" exclaimed Eleanor, facing her father with eyes blazing through unshed tears, "I will not bear it, I will not have you say such things. Stephen is more than my equal. He is good, wise, noble, brave, strong, and—so handsome."

"Yes, yes," said Biddulph, indulgently.

"You do not know him," continued Eleanor, "you do not understand him. "You have lived in your assumed superiority, you have made it impossible for him to reach you. His position has not been an easy one. You say he has been perfect with you. He has been as perfect with everyone, about everything. Think how splendidly he has always treated that Mr. Runyon."

An unwonted look of stern severity came into Biddulph's face, and Eleanor paused for a moment.

"You know very well," she continued more calmly, "that Runyon never really did anything for him. The money he lent him to advance his invention. Stephen could have got anywhere. Still, when the machine was successful, Stephen paid Runyon over and over again. He has helped him in trouble after trouble, and Runyon is always in trouble. It was only yesterday that Stephen first refused any one of his demands, and then only because it was so outrageous."

"Runyon has been to see him again, has he?" half sneered Biddulph, visibly annoyed however by what he heard.

"Yes," said Eleanor. "I didn't mean to tell you, but I forgot. I knew it would trouble you. Runyon has been here once more. And after all Stephen has done for him, too."

"What did he want?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," answered Eleanor, "and when Stephen refused, Runyon was angry and insolent, and said he would bring a suit against him."

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"And your husband?" asked Biddulph.

"Told Runyon," replied Eleanor, "that the threat confirmed the refusal."

"Nothing can be done?"

"Stephen prefers to endure the annoyance of the suit. There is nothing he says of the claim."

"Nothing of the claim!" exclaimed Biddulph, excitedly. "But there is, in one sense. Do you think that it is nothing that a suit will be brought against your husband, my son-in-law, for money claimed to have been lent, advanced—whatever it is called—to aid him in something about a machine," and he scornfully, spitefully accented the word, "a machine making I believe more cheaply something greatly superior to anything of the kind that could be produced before. Do you know what the world will say? It will say that Armroyd has robbed Runyon. And there will be talk and newspaper articles. Probably my name—your name—will be brought into the affair in some way."

"What would it matter?"

"A great deal," answered Biddulph, impatiently. "It would not be pleasant—it would not be endurable. In a business sense the affair may be wholly justifiable, but, I know nothing about business and I don't like it." He paused a moment, then he added: "I suppose that if the man got the twenty-five thousand dollars, even that would not be the last of it."

"Yes," answered Eleanor, positively, "Runyon would sign papers, do something that would end everything. I wanted Stephen to give him the money, but he would not. He said that it was not right to suffer such an imposition; as a matter of business principle he could not allow it."

"Business!" said Biddulph, in a tone too well bred perhaps to be a sneer, but still wonderfully suggestive of one. "Business! Are there not other considerations—that my name should be kept from common scandal? that his own name even should be kept from easy defamation?"

"I am sure," said Eleanor, "that Stephen would never do anything that would be unworthy of your name or his own."

"I do not know," said Biddulph; "I have seen something of these practical business men and—their ways are not my ways. Armroyd might do what he thought right according to his lights; but—" Biddulph shook his head—"he has no traditions, no inherited instincts to guide him."

The servant re-entered the room.

"Mr. Boscawen has called and says he desires to see you, sir," he announced, standing like some stiff but very life-like figure that had been rolled in upon well-oiled wheels, and left in that particular spot.

"Yes," said Biddulph, "and yet I did not send for him."

"Shall I go?" asked Eleanor.

"For a moment," answered Biddulph. "I do not know what Boscawen may want, and he may find it difficult to state his business with you here. He is an excellent man of affairs—has managed the estate for me admirably all these years; but he is hardly at his ease in the presence of a lady."

Biddulph had scarcely time, after Eleanor had left the room, to take a turn or two, as he did, with doubtful and wavering steps across the library, when the servant again appeared and announced:

"Mr. Boscawen!"

A small, neatly dressed man came uncertainly forward and nervously took the hand that Biddulph condescendingly held out to him.

"Ah, Boscawen," said Biddulph, "I am very glad to see you; indeed I may say that your coming has been most opportune. But first, about what do you wish to speak to me?"

"Nothing in particular, nothing," answered Boscawen, with his handkerchief at his heated forehead. "But you told me to call from time to time, and——"

"I believe I did. Sit down, Boscawen," said Biddulph to the still standing man. "But really I cannot imagine why. You know that I have perfect confidence in you; that I understand very little about the transaction of affairs; and that the property was very fortunately left to me in such condition that it has always been very easy to manage it."

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"Yes," answered Boscawen.

"And I luckily have been so placed—inheriting from my father a fortune so wisely invested and a man of business in every way so capable as you—that I have not been obliged to give money matters even a thought. You cut the coupons, I spend the proceeds, that has been about all that has been necessary; and I think our respective tasks have been quite congenial to both of us—for I have observed, Boscawen, that it has always been a certain satisfaction to you, the mere handling of money, while the only pleasure I have ever had in it has been the getting rid of it."

Boscawen laughed as one who feels that a laugh is expected, but still uncertainly, as if fearful that what he was doing might not be quite right.

"But I said your coming was opportune," said Biddulph. "If you had not come, I should have been obliged to send for you. There is a certain little matter to which I desire that you should attend at once."

"Certainly, Mr. Biddulph."

"The fact is that I want some money for a particular purpose."

"Yes," said Boscawen, again becoming monosyllabic and speaking as if his only thought was to avoid any possibility of discussion.

"It's a largish sum, but of course there will be no difficulty about your letting me have it—well—to-morrow morning."

"No," answered Boscawen, but there was more of hesitation than of certainty in his tone.

"I want twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" repeated Boscawen, perceptibly startled.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," said Biddulph, sharply, "a mere trifle—an amount that, with my fortune invested as it is, you can easily raise in an hour."

"But—" began Boscawen.

"To-morrow morning will do," said Biddulph, rather peremptorily. "I shall not want the money before then."

"But—" again began Boscawen, sitting on the very edge of his chair, "the purpose—if I might know why you want this sum—this large sum of money."

"Boscawen, my good friend," said Biddulph, suppressing his annoyance, "it has never been my custom to consult you about the disposition of my money, and I do not see any reason for doing so now. Indeed, I may say that I consider what you have said, ill-timed, and extremely unsuitable."

"Still, Mr. Biddulph," insisted the little man, in pitiable agitation, "if I should venture to inquire——"

"What!" exclaimed Biddulph, in unrestrained anger, "am I not to do what I please with my own? We have known each other a long time, Mr. Boscawen, and I must say you have served me faithfully and well, but do not, I pray, forget yourself, Mr. Boscawen. I cannot, even in view of the many years you have been in my employ—the employ of my family—permit you to inquire into my motives or question my actions."

"But I must know, Mr. Biddulph," said Boscawen, in an agony of embarrassment. "You have never asked for so large a sum before, and I must ask you to tell me, or else——"

"Or else?" interrupted Biddulph, in astonishment. "What do you mean—that otherwise you cannot get it?"

"I do not know," answered Boscawen, so confused that he evidently had lost all self-control. "Only tell me," he went on, beseechingly, "and I will see that it is all arranged."

"There is something here that I do not understand," insisted Biddulph, with great severity, looking squarely at the almost trembling man before him. "Am I to believe that it is necessary for you to know what disposition I intend to make of the money, before you can procure it? You cannot mean to imply that, for it would be absurd."

"You said you have always trusted me, Mr. Biddulph," begged the man; "trust me in this. I am not good at concealments, and if you will only not question me, you will find that it will be all right."

Biddulph seated himself in front of the now thoroughly excited man, with great deliberation and with something of a judicial air.

"Boscawen," he said, "there is some mystery here. I intend to know what it is. As you say, you are not skilful in subterfuge, and you had best tell me at once."

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"I beg that you will ask me nothing—for your own sake and for the sake of others."

"I direct you to raise for me a certain sum of money which, although large, is not enormous," continued Biddulph, utterly disregarding Boscawen's entreaties, "and you insist upon my telling you what I am going to do with it, implying that if you do not know this, the thing cannot be accomplished."

"Not exactly that," groaned Boscawen.

"That, at least, was the impression I gathered from your words," continued Biddulph, pitilessly, "and I must conclude that it was a just one. If the knowledge of my purpose is all that is necessary in order to effect the procurement of this sum, then there cannot be any real lack of power to raise the money."

"No," Boscawen hastened to respond.

"The money will be forthcoming from somewhere," asserted Biddulph.

"Yes."

"But still there is something unexplained. You cannot assure me truthfully, on your word as an honest man, that I can have what I wish without revealing to you my intention?"

Biddulph, looking narrowly with his sharp old worldly eyes at Boscawen, saw that a tremendous struggle agitated him.

"No," answered Boscawen, at length.

"Ah! that is very well. Now we will soon understand. It must be then that there is someone else concerned in this affair."

"Mr. Biddulph," cried Boscawen, in utter dismay, "you really must ask me nothing more."

"There is someone else concerned, and I am not entire master of my own affairs. How can that have happened? through no fault of yours, Mr. Boscawen, I am sure——"

"No, Mr. Biddulph," said Boscawen, proudly, "everyone has conceded that. All that could be done I did, and when—" he paused now in even greater consternation than before, having evidently said more than he had intended.

"Something has happened," said Biddulph, quite pleasantly, "and from the connection, it has something to do with my money matters?"

He waited for an answer, looking at Boscawen with a fixedness that finally led the latter to hesitatingly murmur:

"Yes."

"Now, from the fact," continued Biddulph, relentlessly, "that you hesitate about complying with my demand, I must argue that it is something unpleasant. There is some difficulty that you have kept from me?"

"Yes, and—no," stammered Boscawen.

"As you will readily understand, it is of the utmost importance to me to find out what it is. If, with my fortune, I cannot at once raise so insignificant a sum as twenty-five thousand dollars, the situation must be very serious."

Boscawen was silent.

"This is a matter that will admit of no trifling," went on Biddulph, and his manner, which had been apparently easy and almost indifferent, suddenly became stern and impressive. "Misfortune has happened, and the fact has been withheld from me, as it could easily be, from one who has given no more attention to details than I have."

"Yes," gasped Boscawen, "but really it is nothing;" then using the phrase he had employed before, "it will be all right."

"You must allow me to think otherwise, Boscawen," said Biddulph, quietly. "From your manner I see that it is more serious than I had anticipated. Is it ruin?"

"Do not ask me," cried Boscawen, "I can say nothing—I——"

"It is ruin," said Biddulph, without the alteration of a tone or the variation of an inflection. "But why have I not been told?"

"It is not my fault. I advised it. I argued that it should be done."

"Then I am to infer that what I should have known—knowledge of my own affairs—has been kept from me by you through the influence of others—or another?"

"Mrs. Armroyd, sir, and Mr. Armroyd——"

"They desired that I should remain in ignorance of my loss?" quietly demanded Biddulph.

"They thought it was best—that you might be saved trouble—that, as it would make no difference——"

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"Not make any difference?"

"No—you see, Mr. Armroyd has made such a large fortune in the last three years—that everything—could be carried on just the same."

"And it has been his money that has maintained this establishment—that has enabled it to go on as it has—that has given me what I have had?"

"Yes," continued Boscawen, now utterly demoralized, "since you lost all."

"All?" repeated Biddulph.

"Yes, sir, all. They thought—for they realized how proud you are—that you would be happier if you did not know, and so they forced me into helping them in the deception—and we have succeeded, although now——"

"And I have been mistaken about everything all these years?"

"Yes."

"And I am to understand that I have been living all this time on the bounty of Mr. Armroyd, my son-in-law?"

"Not exactly that. Of course I'm sure Mr. Armroyd never looked at it in that way."

"That I am a pauper dependent upon others?"

"No—no!" cried Boscawen, appalled at the effect of his revelations. "You do not see—let me explain."

"My good sir," said Biddulph, with his stateliest air, "I must ask you to withdraw for a short time; I wish to speak a few moments with my daughter, alone."

. . . . . .

As Eleanor entered the room she saw something unusual had happened.

"Oh," she cried, running to Biddulph and putting her arms about him. "What is it?"

Biddulph sat like one who, just recovering consciousness, has not yet reached full realization of his situation. As he did not at once answer, she asked again, with even greater evidence of apprehension:

"What is it?"

"I have learned the truth."

"Mr. Boscawen——?"

"Boscawen has told me all."

"And he promised us that you should never know," grieved Eleanor.

"I hardly think that he is really to blame," continued Biddulph, quietly; "I pressed him pretty hard, and he is not a person of great presence of mind or strength of resistance."

"But you will not think of it again. You will forget you ever knew or heard it?" besought Eleanor.

"I do not know what to say, or what to think. I am stunned, prostrated. The shock has been very great, and I cannot tell how it will affect me."

"But we did it for the best," she moaned. "We wished to spare you all we could. We knew you would feel the loss deeply, and Stephen——"

"Yes."

"When I proposed that we should try and keep you in ignorance, Stephen at once assented. I knew how you felt about him, and I was afraid that you might think of him mistakenly. Remember you are a very proud man——"

"And you did this to spare my pride?"

"We did it because there was no real reason why we should do otherwise. What you lost is little in comparison with what Stephen has gained—what he will gain. You do not know about him—he is one of the rich men of the city—of the country—a power—an influence. Within the last few years he has been successful in all he has undertaken, and everyone respects and honors him. You, living as you have, cut off from the world, have heard nothing of this. Father, you must say that you were wrong and that I was right. You must say it."

"Perhaps," answered Biddulph, sadly. "You must give me time to collect my thoughts. One cannot suddenly find the fabric of his life rent and ruined, and remain unmoved; one cannot discover that the idea of his whole existence has been utterly mistaken, and instantly command every faculty."

"But there is no reason why you should feel it—everything will—must go on as it always has," urged Eleanor, eagerly.

"I don't know—I don't know," murmured Biddulph, weakly and perplexedly. "I do not seem to have quite my accustomed vigor."

Indeed, he seemed to have aged with strange suddenness—a paleness overspread his face—there was a tremulous-

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ness in his long, lean hand never there before; and his glance was for the moment wandering and objectless.

"There can be no change—everything is the same—except some miserable money."

"But I am penniless—a pauper."

"You are not. Do you think that Stephen was without pride and that it was not hard for him, comparatively without fortune, as he then was, to marry me—the heiress? You must now forget your pride as much as he did then—understanding that it is a joy to him to find himself in a position to benefit you—to benefit us."

"I do not seem very clear in my mind, Nellie," said Biddulph, continuing what he had said before rather than responding to her last speech. "It seems as if in some way my faculties had been benumbed by this blow. I am an old man," he paused, irresolutely, "I have been proud and imperious, and self-assured. Perhaps this is retribution."

But he did not appear to be really as much moved by the revelation to which he had just listened, as Eleanor would have imagined that he might be; either the callousness of age, or a certain indifference which he himself would never have suspected, seemed to enable him to endure so well the overthrow of so much that he had considered assured.

"You did it for the best," he went on, pitifully, "you and he—but still I should have liked to have known."

Eleanor looked at him curiously and then hastened to speak:

"And now everything shall be as it was, only you will understand Stephen better, and all—everything will be clear."

Biddulph slowly bowed his head with something of an inattentive air.

"Will you send Boscawen away. I don't think I care to see him again today. I am hardly equal to talking about business."

"Of course," answered Eleanor, leaning over him and kissing him upon the brow as he sat bent in his chair. "And now let me make you comfortable."

She brought a footstool and placed it before him — then she arranged the cushions for him to lean against.

"Now you are all right," she said, standing off and contemplating her work.

"Yes," he replied, listlessly.

She was going, when he stopped her.

"I should like," he said, "to see your —to see Stephen Armroyd. You will tell him so for me, and he will come."

"Yes."

"I have been mistaken," he said slowly, "but there was nothing to lead me to suspect that I was. It seemed so clear to me that I knew all that I needed to know, and so impossible that there could be anything else." Then he added, returning to his former careless, courtly manner, and speaking with his habitual lightness — as it were shrugging aside annoyance with the graceful ease of which he had always been master: "Before you go could you give me a book? Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. You'll find it on the third shelf at the right of the door. I wish to verify a quotation."

As Eleanor handed him the volume he spoke again.

"Spinoza perhaps did not see with the complete clearness of some; still his conclusions are always interesting. Facts to him were perhaps not the paramount and only things they should always be. But his was a marvellous intellect—a charming personality. Thank you. And do not forget that I would like to speak with your husband. I can manage to see him at almost any time."

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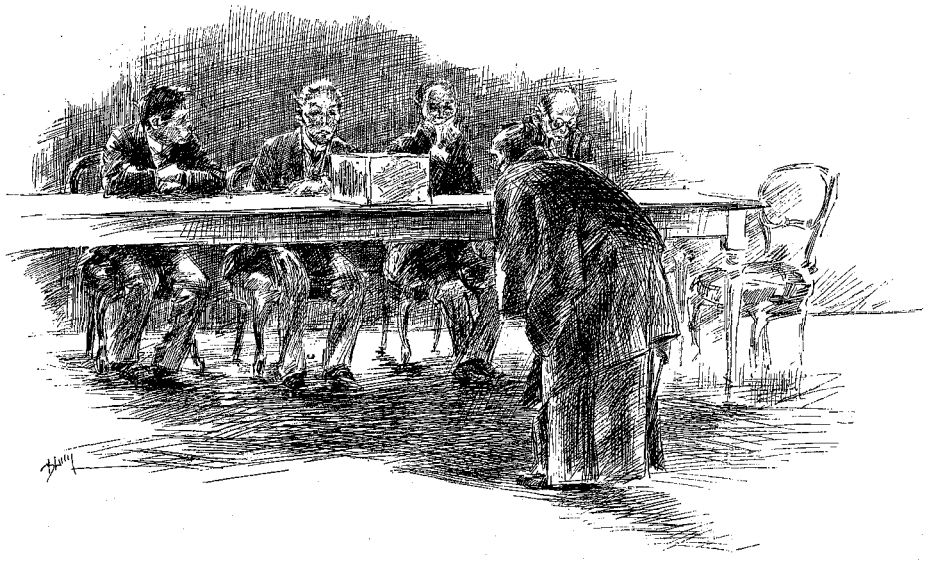

Japanese Voter Approaching the Ballot-box.

STARTING A PARLIAMENT IN JAPAN.

By John H. Wigmore.

Japanese Policeman.

A GLANCE at the feudal period, which passed away less than a quarter of a century ago, enables us to realize what fulness of meaning there must be in the new Parliament to the elder generation among the Japanese people. Then was the time when Sakura Sogo, that brave figure whose story every Japanese knows, heading a protest against the cruel oppression of the lord of Shimosa, humbly thrust a petition into his *kago*, or palanquin, as he passed, and for this heinous presumption suffered crucifixion in the presence of his fellow-villagers, while the headless trunks of his children were brought for his dying gaze to rest on. Then was the time when the farmers, ground to misery and desperation under some insolent seneschal, would stick their sickles in their belts and trudge together to the gate of the *daimio's* mansion, and, making their *mon-so*, or complaint, at the gates, would loudly demand redress; and then it was that for this unseemly impertinence the ringleaders would suffer death or banishment, and their companions find themselves in the stocks.

Even as late as twenty years ago the spirit of the departing times found typical expression in the suicide of Yokoyama Shotaro, the Satsuma *samurai*. He drew up for presentation to the Government a memorial containing ten articles of counsel for the times, and then, proceeding to the door of his house, calmly committed *hara-kiri*; for he deemed himself not worthy of life after a deed of insolence and effrontery which no motive could justify.

Men say now that Yokoyama was foolish; but their saying so shows what a change has occurred in their views of their political rights and their lawful aspirations. Within twenty years from the death of Yokoyama an inspired member of the Government has declared, in a commentary on the Consti-

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tution, that the Ministry "must be open-minded to the multitude and must appeal to public opinion." The same twenty years now sees a Parliament whose members may offer public counsel, not as Yokoyama did, but with the same complete immunity that exists in America and in constitutional Europe. The brother of Yokoyama has lived to see the day when his

> "Voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities."

The day of the *kago-so* and the *mon-so* has passed; the era of the ballot, the quorum, and the previous question has come.

Strangely enough, however, the old days, too, were days of the ballot. In many of the provinces of old Japan it was the custom to elect the chiefs of the villages by ballot. Certain of the larger landholders were privileged to choose, and when the position became vacant they all assembled on a certain day, and handed in their votes, written on a paper and placed in a sealed envelope. Then the candidate having the highest number of votes was installed as chief or *nanushi*.

But if the ballot of those days was something very like our own, the times are changed, and the new ideas are none the less strange to the old heads.

An Election Clerk Writing Out Ballots for Voters.

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Even at this election of last year we saw one good old soul for whom the ballot seemed to have many mysteries. After a series of interviews with various election officials (in which the mutual politeness was at once painful and delightful to behold) he was finally guided to the ballot-box ; and there—inspired by what associations it is impossible to tell —he carefully reached under the table (on which the box stood) and dropped the ballot on the floor. The unbroken soberness with which himself and the

Watching the Election Returns.

officials regarded his *faux pas* was characteristically Japanese ; but it was far from being reflected in the faces of the foreign visitors, who were suddenly obliged to turn for a moment and admire the scenery. They need not have taken the incident, however, as something peculiar to Japanese rusticity. Of their own English-speaking countries even more ridiculous stories might be told. A year or two ago, in a New-England town well known as a seat of learning, an election was held at which many women voted for the first time. One lady, painfully conscious of the newness of her privilege, approached the ballot-box and proceeded to insert her ballot with its face upward and open to sight, contrary to the law of the State. But the vigilant official, preventing her, said firmly, " Face

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down, madam, face down!" whereon the inexperienced elector, in all simplicity, bowed her head reverently, and continued to fumble blindly at the box, with the ballot still facing upward.

The place we chose, Chiba, to view the election of last July, lies directly across the bay from Tokio. It is a country town of some three thousand people, distant an hour's steaming from the metropolis. We went to this place because it is a much more typical region than the great capital. Tokio is subject to special influences which make it often unsafe to judge Japan by what one sees there; and, in an agricultural nation like this, the country towns more truly portray the life of the people. I said that Chiba was distant an hour's steaming; but in fact we took five vehicles before we were finally set down at the door of the "Plum and Pine" Hotel in Chiba. First came a ride of five miles by *jinrikisha* through the wilderness of gardens, streets, and canals which people call Tokio. Then we were punted out to the little steamer, where the cabin was too low to stand up in, and the deck, to which we fled, was so restricted that our bodies frequently obstructed the outlook of the anxious pilot. Arrived at the other side, the steamer stopped in shallow water, and we descended into a long,

A Street of Shops showing Lantern Decorations

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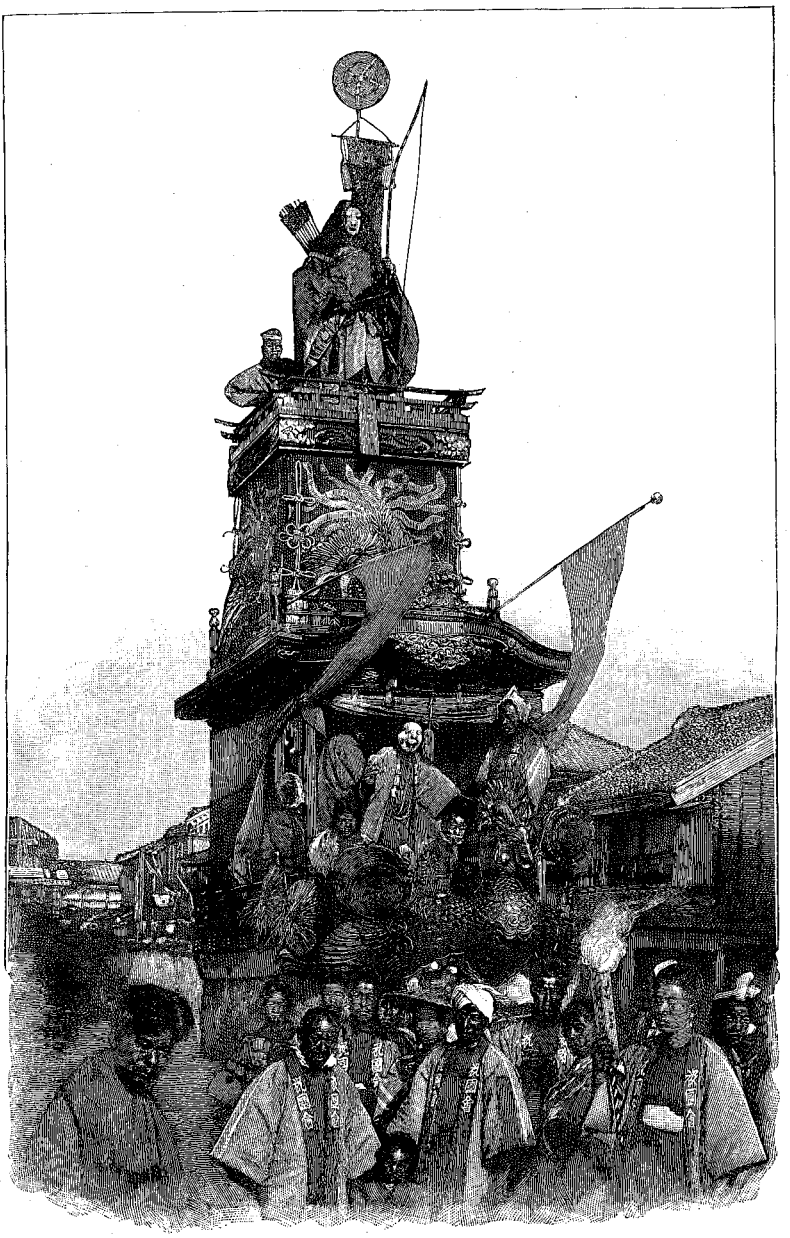

A Dashi—Movable Tower used in Japanese Festivals.

flat-bottomed ferry, where freight and passengers were indiscriminately commingled. Once more we were met by *jinrikishas*, up to their hubs in water, and were carried through the shallows, over the sands, and up the beach, into the busy fishing town.

This was not the first time that we had seen an election in Chiba. In March, when the cherries were budding and the plum blossoms were falling, we had been present at the elections for the provincial Legislature. It was on that occasion, I remember, that we were lodged in the "Morning Sunrise" room (for each room has a name) at the

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"Plum and Pine;" and it was on that occasion that my companion, a Japanese youth with literary proclivities, inspired by the trip on the water, composed a five-line ode, wherein the belt of foam which the steamer left in her wake was compared to the broad *obi*, or sash, which encircles the waist of the Japanese lady.

At that time it had been quiet enough in Chiba; but we supposed that all would be changed now, at this first national election, even though the higher franchise qualification had considerably reduced the number of electors. But on this occasion the event passed off even more quietly. The prevailing tone, here as everywhere throughout the country, was a sober one. No crowds, no processions, no "workers," no flags, no decorations, no excited partisans—nothing to destroy the calmness of the beautiful July day. Yet there was certainly no lack of struggle for membership in the new Parliament. Almost everywhere there were two or three candidates running for each seat, and in some places as many as ten or a dozen appeared. Nor was there any lack of interest on the part of the people. Throughout the country more than ninety per cent. of the electors went to the polls. In some districts of more than a thousand voters, not a single one missed voting—something that was probably never heard of in our own country. So that the outward quietness was certainly not the result of any inward indifference.

Whatever was the cause, we were made to feel, as we approached the polling-place, very much as a stranger might feel in approaching one of our churches on a bright Sunday morning. Off to the right lay the blue bay, sparkling under the brilliant sun. On the left, crowning a low hill, was a background of fantastic pines, called by the townspeople "Angel's Feathers," because on them in days of yore the angel who visited the deity of the place had hung her garments of feathers (for angels in Japan, you must know, are clothed in feathers). In front of us stood the plain, one-story town-hall, now used for a polling-place, with its

The New Palace Bridge, Tokio.

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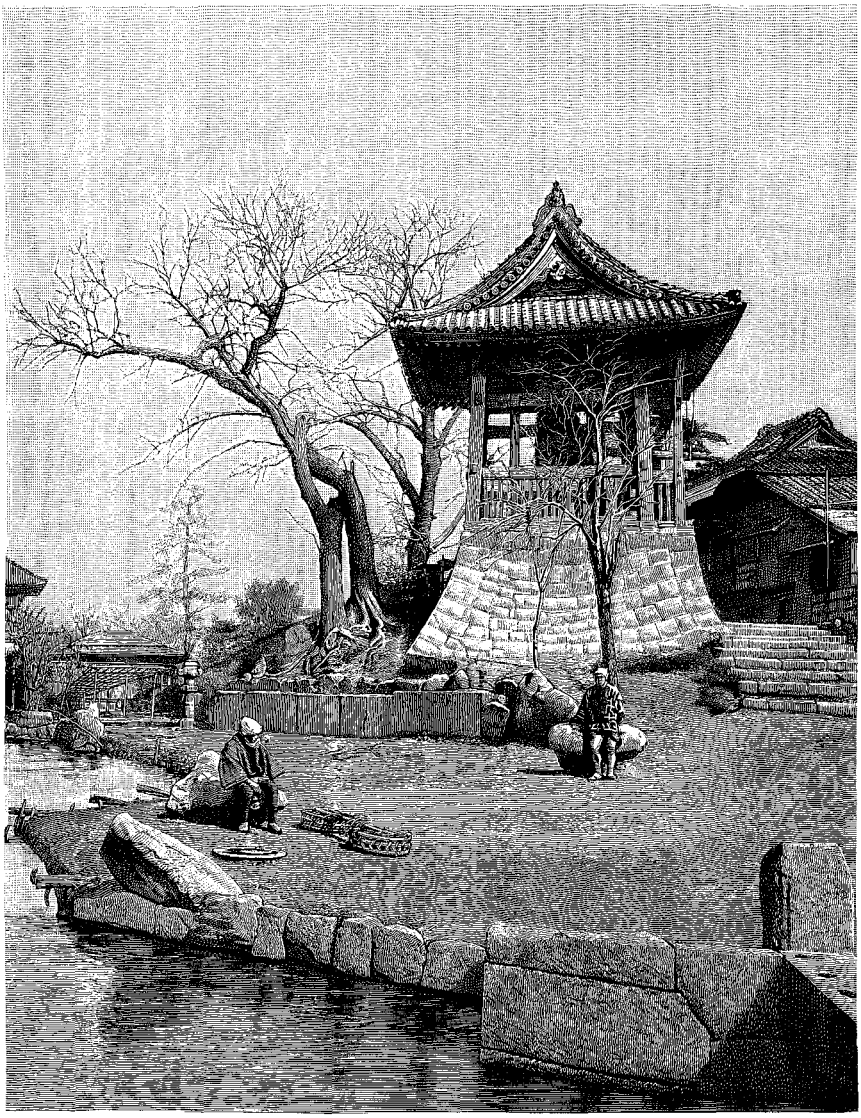

The Great Bell at Asakusa.

roof of dark, wavy tiles, bordered with a white of oriental brightness. There was a hush about the premises. Soldier-like policemen stood solemnly at the door. On the faces of the officials was visible a deep responsibility. As the serious-looking electors passed in and out, their straw shoes shuffled faintly. There were whispered consultations between the voters and the officers, and greetings of formal politeness. If all had been worshipful masters performing for the first time an unusual ritual, there could have been no more seriousness or formality, and the foreign barbarians who silently witnessed the scene felt more like intruders than guests.

Nor were we allowed, by making ourselves a part of the scene, to break its charm. The election law allows only officials and intending voters to enter the polling-room. But the instinct of kindness in our good friend the mayor

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was too strong, and though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was abandoned. After a preliminary consultation, or *sodan*, with the Governor (this *sodan* is always dear to the Japanese heart, though often irritating to the impatient foreigner), it was decided that we could survey the election from the outside, through the broad doors, which, as in most Japanese houses, were thrown open to the daylight and gave a clear view of all that was passing within. So we were shown the way around the building, through the fields, to the garden on the other side, and there we sat close to the open door, at the edge of the rope which surrounded the forbidden precincts.

The polls had opened at eight o'clock, and one by one the farmers had come straggling in from the surrounding country. The greater number gathered in the small meeting-hall just outside the polling-room, whence arose a quiet buzzing. It was a reminder of the gathering in the churchyard on Sunday, in old times, between the morning and the afternoon services.

There was little laughter, less loud argument, and no angry disputing.

A "Wakaishi"—a Japanese Bachelor who Manages Public Festivities.

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Every now and then, like bees leaving a hive, a figure was seen to separate from the rest and move off toward the polling-room, and anon another returned. One saw among them here and there the modern Japanese, with his imitation of foreign garments, in appearance seldom elegant, often awkward, and generally out of harmony with the surroundings. But chiefly there came the old-fashioned rustic, in his best silk robes, with square-shaven crown and short queue caught up and tied—perhaps wearing the *hakama*, or divided skirt, of the old *samurai*. A gentleman in every act, he bows as he enters to the official at the door, carefully writes his ballot and affixes his seal, then with great deliberation folds it and places it in the oblong official envelope. For some of the voters it is necessary to seek the assistance of a special clerk in writing their ballots. It is not that they cannot write; for everybody knows the plebeian *kana* or syllabic writing. They prefer to see their ballots inscribed with the more elegant Chinese characters; and then, too, the *kana* is sometimes ambiguous (for some words have a dozen different meanings), and there is a natural perturbation and a desire to have their meaning clearly and correctly conveyed. When the writing is finished the long-sleeved voter walks over to the *tachiai-nin*, or inspectors. Here further effusions of politeness take place, while the voter gives his name, number, and address, and is checked off on the register. Then, with another gesture of courtesy, he turns to the ballot-box, and with a bow, perhaps in duplicate, to the kind old mayor, who sits behind the box, he carefully deposits his ballot, and quietly retires by another door.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we started back to Tokio by the long road that winds about the upper end of the bay, along the beach, through quaint fishing villages, past snug cottages and green hedges into great Tokio. Here the day had passed as quietly as in Chiba. Except in the immediate neighborhood of the polling-places, where a respectful and curious crowd gathered outside, one would never have known that the day was one of unusual national moment. The next day the same curious and respectful groups (one might always use these epithets for a Japanese crowd) shifted to the newspaper offices, where the returns from the interior, with traditional journalistic enterprise, were exhibited as soon as the telegraph could send them. But by the second or third day even these traces had disappeared, and no outward sign remained of the day on which the nation had for the first time in history expressed its united voice.

Such were the impressions we received on the day of the first national election in Japan. But if the prevailing tone on that occasion was a sober one, gayety and merrymaking were the supreme features of the day, five months later, when the first National Assembly was formally opened. Serious in serious things, the Japanese cannot be excelled as holiday-makers. The approach of a great national festival—whether it be the ever-recurring Shinnen or New Year's, the periodic Kanda Myojin or some unique occasion like the present—is always made manifest for some days beforehand. Here and there a national flag is hung out; perhaps two tiny ones, crossed and nailed to the eaves; perhaps a larger one on a bamboo pole with a gilt ball at the end; and sometimes two enormous ones, with round, gilt cages at the upper end of the pole, span the street, tied gracefully together with a thick cord and tassels of purple silk which hang down over the highway. Here and there a red-and-white lantern appears. Then a row of them is hung out. In a day or two the whole block of houses is festooned; and by the great day a variegated line of red and white greets the eye as far as it can see on either side of the long street. All manner of patterns appear. No two districts, no two blocks seem to use the same design. On one side we see a round lantern, with one hemisphere red, the opposite hemisphere white. On the other side a row of white lanterns show broad red equators encircling them; white balls dot the equator on one hemisphere; on the other a pair of flags are crossed. A little further along we come

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to another row, with a large red lozenge covering one side; a white ball marks the lozenge centre, and on the other side a red sun with the rays of a Maltese cross, presents quite a different aspect to those who come from the other direction. Usually these bright bunches of red and white hang from a straw rope which stretches from house to house at the edge of the eaves. Where money is plenty, however, and an especially fine display is to be made, a lantern of some length is used, and is hung on a wooden post. Above and below projects a cross-piece to which the ends of the lantern are tied. Over the top is the little gable which covers every fence, gate, well, shrine, and upright structure of every kind in Japan. An appropriate inscription—usually "*Teikoku Gikwai*," "National Assembly"—adorns the front of the lantern. From the bottom dangles an oblong strip of glazed paper, in red, purple, green, and every imaginable color. When there is a special extravagance, a little bell takes the place of the paper strip, and tinkles as the *chochin*, or lantern, sways in the wind. Over each *chochin* is usually fixed a conventional group of gaudy paper flowers, one at each end of a cross, like the children's pinwheels in our own country; and the eaves of the house are thus made to blossom with chrysanthemums of hues never seen before, even in the Imperial gardens of Tenshi-sama (My Lord the Son of Heaven) himself.

On the eve of most of the great festivals we notice here and there a *dashi* in the course of construction. On this occasion, however, they were not to be seen. The Tokio Government (fearing perhaps the results of too great excitement, but ostensibly on the ground of preventing extravagance) had recommended that as little money as possible be spent, and had specially desired that no *dashi* be used; and in the capital the people in general obeyed this injunction. But in the interior these gay towers formed, as ever, a notable holiday feature, perhaps the most striking of all. They are often built at the edge of the street, and one may watch them as they grow, course by course. First, a broad platform is built, with ornate corner posts and a railing on all four sides. Shining black lacquer covers every visible part, and polished brass, with engraved decorations, is plentifully distributed over all the parts. Brocades, tapestries, and embroideries are hung about the sides of the lower story. Then a second story is added, of tall and slender proportions, and this is fairly buried in an indescribable mass of symbolical festoonery—lanterns, banners, drapery, gilt cages, flags, fans, umbrellas, fishes, dragons, paper foliage, paper blossoms, in every imaginable bright color. On top stands or sits a human figure, in old-time costume. He is some bygone hero—perhaps Yoritomo or Yoshitsune or Kiyomasa, and the whole represents some famous adventure of his. Down below, in the first story, are crowded his followers, a dozen or so in number, beating the dull, resonant Japanese drum, blowing the fife, making fun with lion-masks, shouting and enjoying themselves to their utmost. Creaking wheels support the bright, noisy, living mass, and two stout oxen (sometimes, instead, a crowd of holiday-makers) drag it slowly about. On the summit of the swaying tower the hero sits serene and oblivious of his danger. For him, no doubt, it is the moment of a lifetime, and an admiring crowd, equally picturesque, throngs about the moving magnificence in its journey.

By Tuesday, November 25th (the opening ceremony had been fixed for the 29th), all these signs of the approaching holiday had begun to show themselves. The next three days saw an ever-increasing array of the *kazare*, or decorations. Everywhere ladders were up, and firemen (the work is done for the most part by the fire-laddies) were busy hanging ropes, hammering flag-staffs, and stringing lanterns. The people stood at their doors and looked on in attitudes of busy idleness. Has this straw-merchant something which must be done to-day—an invoice to be entered, a heavy order received? No, that cannot be; in Japan there is nothing that *must* be done to-day. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say there is nothing that *can* be done to-day; to-morrow is always much better.

By Friday the city was newly dressed

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in red and white. In the mercantile quarter, the prosaic *kura*, or storehouses, with thick, fire-proof walls, deep-set windows, and prison-like gratings, now stand transformed in bright holiday attire. At night long rows of delicate light meet the eye at every turning, and a soft red glow lights up the pavements. Itinerant merchants spread their wares along in front of the houses, and the night sees busier scenes than the day, as the crowd passes and repasses under the gleam of the lanterns. Sometimes these fairy avenues extend as far as the eye can reach, and the two lines of variegated light are lost in one. Over the bridges and along the quays invisible *jinrikishas* dash swiftly, marking their path only by a spark of lantern-light; and all the evening long this restless procession of stars lights up the gloom of the moats—advancing, meeting, receding, blending, in a tireless and mysterious fashion. At such a time Tokio, near the Shimbashi (New Bridge), presents a sight never to be forgotten, and never to be excelled.

There are certain special qualities of Tokio decoration which one cannot fail to notice—the thoroughness with which it is carried out, the contrasts which appear as one passes from *cho* to *cho* (or from block to block, as we should say), and at the same time the system and unity of purpose displayed in the individual districts. All this has an intimate connection with an old and curious custom, still perpetuated; and I must speak of an interview which I lately had with an old man of the people, from whom, among others, I sought to learn something of the method which lay behind this universal decoration; for method, it seemed, there clearly must have been. The honor of talking with a foreign *sensei* (every teacher is called *sensei*, or "first-born") was too much for his tongue, and with good-natured effusiveness and much polite sucking-in of breath, he poured forth voluble and irrelevant explanations, until even the long-suffering Japanese politeness of my student-interpreter was tested. His story was a long one and may be condensed.

You must know, first, that in the old times Yedo (that is, Tokio), and, in fact, every Japanese town, was divided into small wards, called *cho* or *machi*. Old associations bound together the townspeople of each *cho*, and made them a unit for social and political purposes; for originally the *cho* had been one of the villages which grew together to form the great town. There resulted a system of local self-government which, in the opinion of some, is not to be surpassed for smoothness and effectiveness by any of our modern achievements. The chief influence in local matters was in the hands of the house-owners and their *sahai-nin*, or managers of rented houses; and these, with due regard to local opinion, really controlled the affairs of each *cho*. Now, said my friend Tokujiro, whenever a festival came to pass, the arrangements fell into the hands of a special class of the community called *wakaishi*. These were, in fact, the bachelors of the community. They formed a sort of society or guild, and no one could be admitted without proper endorsement and a vote of acceptance. They were rather a wild set; they could not be called industrious, and the wine-shop was the favorite rendezvous of these pleasure-loving youths. A merchant who had an eye to his son's future would seldom consent to his joining the band; and it was thus more numerous where artisans (whose sons had greater liberty) were more plentiful. But Japan is a marrying country; very few men, and still fewer women, continue long unmated; and no *cho* contained more than fifteen or twenty *wakaishi*. There were two or three classes; one class was well off, and was expected to spend money handsomely; the others possessed less, and were called on for less. It was into the hands of this gay company that the arrangements for merry-making were always placed. The occupation was a congenial one, and this disposition of it came about naturally enough.

There was one part of the duties, however, which was not very pleasant—was, in fact, according to Japanese ideas, even a little debasing. This was the soliciting of contributions for festival expenses. The *wakaishi* played the disagreeable part in old Japanese life that the book-agent and the campaign-

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fund collector play with us. As a festival approached, the *wakaishi* went to the *sahai-nin* and the house-owners, and received general directions about the mode of celebration. Then a number went the rounds to collect subscriptions. Everybody knew how much his neighbor was worth, and each was asked to give a certain sum according to his means. Others of the company gave the orders for the lanterns and the *dashi*, for each festival had its own style of lanterns, and they were seldom used twice. This was the time when the *wakaishi* came to the front on the stage of town-life. They were the masters of ceremonies, and on the day of the festival their wealth was often sunk in special garments of *bourgeoise* magnificence which dazzled their townspeople.

All this has remained until to-day. The *wakaishi* still meet at the wine-shop, still dun their neighbors for festival money, and still robe themselves in curious *crêpe* garments to add to the picturesque gayety of the day. The rivalry of the different wards is still an element of the Japanese holiday. On the caparisons of the *dashi*, in particular, sums of money quite large for Japan are still spent. Three hundred dollars, said Tokujiro, was the amount sometimes reached, but others have told me one thousand. In a country where the best clerks receive thirty dollars a month, and the artisan thirty cents a day; where one hundred dollars a year will give a young man the best education in the country, and will clothe, feed, and lodge him in the bargain; where these prices rule, the spending of such sums on festival occasions is an index of their importance in the eyes of the people, and of the central part they play in the simple town life.

The formal opening of the Parliament, as has been said, was fixed for Saturday, November 29th. The President of the Lower House was, however, an indispensable figure for the occasion, and it was therefore necessary for the Lower House to have a preliminary meeting for the purpose of choosing their head, and of despatching a few minor matters. This momentous first meeting of Japan's first national representative assembly was to take place on Tuesday the 25th. At nine o'clock on that morning, for the first time since the erection of the Parliament buildings, the tall iron gates of the enclosure were thrown open, the silver-laced porters took their places at the entrance, and as the *jinrikishas* of the members whirled past the porter's lodge and around the broad gravel path up to the front portico, even the most indifferent observer must have thrilled as he thought of the significance of the moment. The change from the old to the new in Japan is a trite subject, but to my mind this was the occasion which most marks the turning-point. Until to-day these men had entered those doors only by leave of others; henceforward they were to enter in their own right, and in that of the nation.

The crowd that watched the scene was quite undemonstrative. For the most part they stood idly gaping in curiosity and admiration. There is in Japan, as in certain European countries, a great gulf fixed between officialdom and the people; and even the people's representatives received a share of the submissive respect with which the plebs here invest authority in all its shapes. All day long for several days could be seen this gathering of people, ever changing and ever renewing itself, talking little, laughing or joking not at all, merely gazing fixedly up at the Parliament buildings, apparently trying to take it all in, and looking, so some one said, as though they expected the soaring wisdom of the national legislature to appear at the windows in concrete form.

At last, after a week of blue skies and white clouds, with snow-covered Fuji on the southern horizon pronouncing a perpetual benediction, came Saturday, the final day, ushered in with a grayness which menaced rain, but did not bring it. The events of the day began early. There are no conventional times in the Japanese day. At eight o'clock the members of both Houses were to present themselves at the Palace and pay their respects to His Imperial Majesty. This occasion, needless to say, did not involve my attendance; but Tokio is a city of magnificent distances,

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and I rose at six o'clock, knowing that time would be required to see all that the people were doing. Full dress was required of all civilians who were to attend the opening ceremony, and it seemed rather absurd to find one's self attired in evening dress at six o'clock on a winter's morning. I consoled myself by thinking that the three hundred representatives were in the same condition, and making my way to the Palace grounds in the centre of the city, began to make the tour of the moats which enclose them. At half-past ten o'clock the Emperor was to leave the palace, and from seven o'clock until that hour an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured out of the side-streets into the main arteries, over the bridges, and through the great stone bastions that flank them, all pressing on to get a good view of their Emperor as he passed. Every moment the throng grew denser and stronger, and seemed to be renewed from inexhaustible sources. Tokio has few sidewalks, and from side to side the highways were choked with human beings. Now and then the liveried equipage of a general or a minister, with some titled occupant, forced its way through the pedestrians and emphasized the privileges of aristocracy. Here and there a squad of cavalry were leaving their barracks for the stables, their sabres clanking at their heels. Solemn-looking policemen were dispersed everywhere among the crowd. Now and then a company of infantry marched past to form in battalion as an imperial escort. But no military demonstration was needed. Nothing could have been more peaceful, more orderly than this immense crowd. Respectability was written on every form. Once or twice only, from the direction of the students' quarters, came a company of young fellows, racing along in *jinrikishas*, shouting and waving banners, on their way to escort a favorite politician to the Parliament House. Many of the districts turned out in a body to honor a popular representative in this way, and then they returned to their ward and celebrated the occasion with cakes and wine and speeches.

By nine o'clock the *jinrikishas* and carriages began to whirl through the Sakurada Gate, across the bridge, and down the avenue to the Parliament House. One could not help thinking of the day, thirty-two years ago, when a similar crowd pressed about the same gate to see the *Daimios'* trains on their way to the great levee in the Shogun's castle (where the Palace now stands), and Ji, the great Regent, the friend of the foreigners and of progress, met a bloody death on this self-same bridge. His foreign proclivities and his resolute will had made him the best-hated man in Japan, though he was just then at the height of a successful policy. He had started from his house, on the hill above the gate (where the War Department now stands), and had just reached this point, surrounded by a few white-robed retainers, when a score of men rushed out from the crowd, and making short work of the guard, despatched the Regent in a few seconds.

By half-past ten the stream of *jinrikishas* had ceased to flow, and after a few moments of waiting the Imperial *cortège*, moving down from the Palace and crossing the deep moat by the new bridge, appeared through the Sakurada Gate, and passed slowly down the avenue. Had it been any other country cheers would have deafened the imperial ears. But the hurrahs were faint. How could it be otherwise? A few years ago every form would have been prostrate, every forehead touching the ground. A nation cannot pass instantly from such demeanor to the frank outburst of soul which finds vent in huzzas. Cheering is still a thing of the future for Japan.

Meanwhile the witnesses of the coming spectacle had been assembling in the Chamber of Peers. It was indeed an esoteric gathering. The two Houses were to be there, as a matter of course. But the high officials who shared the privilege did not exceed three hundred. A dozen foreigners entered in this way by their official rank. A place was reserved for the Diplomatic Corps, the chiefs in one compartment, the *attachés* in another. Five other foreigners occupied the box whose door bore the legend, "Messieurs les Journalistes." One (Sir Edwin Arnold) represented

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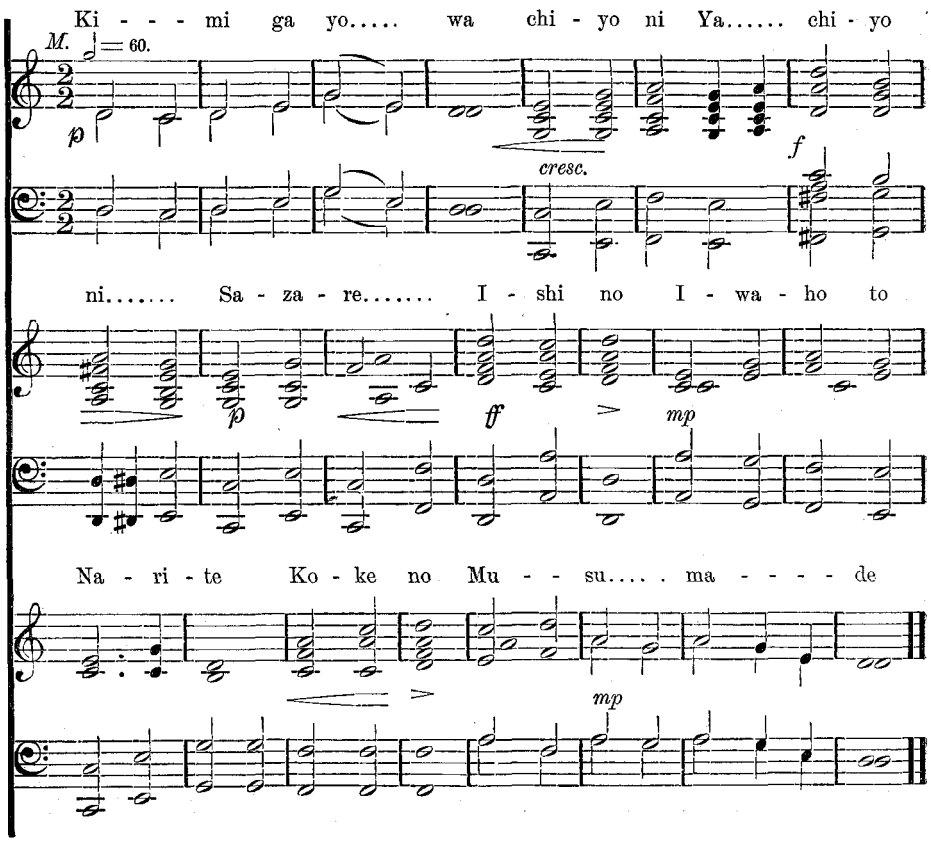
England; two represented the United States, and two the local English journals. As this box was the only one to which any foreigners were to be admitted who did not enter by virtue of official or diplomatic rank, one may imagine that scores of requests had been received by the Board of Ceremonies; journalistic affiliations, before unthought of, suddenly sprang up on every hand. But what with the twenty Japanese journalists who were entitled to admission, there was no room to spare, and the number of foreigners was necessarily limited.

By ten o'clock the galleries were nearly filled. On the right and left (from the President's desk) were ranged long lines of high officials, ascending in rank toward the centre. On the left of the centre were the boxes of the Diplomatic Corps. Below, the right was reserved for the Commons, the left for the Peers. This, however, must not be interpreted as exalting Commons above Peers, for in Japan the left is the seat of honor. Behind the President's desk was a large recess, the Throne Room, where the Emperor himself was to stand. A curious expectancy reigned. From below came up the delicate odor of burning incense. Now and then the sound of trumpets was heard, as a detachment of troops passed in the streets without. Every few moments a much-liveried usher entered a box, bowed, showed to his seat a decorated and titled personage, and noiselessly retired. It was not unlike some stage drawing-room scene, and one could not help looking for the play-bill to learn who was taking the part of the noble lord just entered. Anon some irreverent guest allowed a laugh or a loud tone to escape

KIMI GA YO.

Adapted for military band by Herr F. Eckert, from an old Japanese melody. Transcribed from the score in possession of Mr. T. Iwakura, Chief Musician of the Imperial Household. Words by Viscount Fukuba Bisei.

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him, much to the disgust of a British companion, who kindly explained to me that such a thing could never have happened at Westminster, and that what the Japanese needed, as a restraining influence, was "traditions, you know."

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets was heard without. The Emperor had arrived. Then from the Imperial band was heard the superb harmony of that noble chorale, the national hymn, "*Kimi ga yo*," "May our sovereign live for thousands and ten thousands of years, until the tiny pebble becomes a moss-covered rock." Its grand notes died away, sounding to those within like the strains of a mysterious organ; the doors of the lower corridor opened, and the Peers and the Commons made their entrance. Almost at the same time the Diplomatic Corps took its position in the boxes above.

The body of spectators was, in truth, the interesting feature of the moment. The Peers wore for the most part the court costume of their respective ranks. Those elected from the highest tax-payers, as well as all but a few titled members of the Commons, were in plain evening dress. The legations, with their many-patterned costumes, from the peacock-blue military uniform of Austria, and the broad horizontal gold bars of Russia, to the loose gown and peaked black hat of Corea, presented a striking appearance; and among them the American representative stood prominent by the very simplicity of his evening dress. The galleries, from one end to another were a broad blaze of gold lace. Below, the embroidered garments of the Peers contrasted sharply with the black and white of the Commons. Count Ito, the President of the House of Peers, standing alone in front of his associates, wearing the red sash of the order of the Paulownia, served as a foil to Mr. Nakajima, President of the Commons.

The costumes, the building, the drapery, the whole scene, were in appearance thoroughly Western, and one looked almost in vain for a touch of the Japanese. But perhaps the sight was on that account more significant in its contrasts with the past. Every one remembers the killing of Richardson in 1862, the young Englishman who rashly refused to yield the road to the train of the great *Daimio* of Satsuma, Shimadzu Saburo, and was literally cut to pieces by the enraged retainers. The redoubtable Saburo has passed away, but down in the front row of Peers, in the very dress of the once-hated foreigners, sit his two sons, Tadayoshi and Chiusai; and even to-day, the former (alone of all the Peers), wears his hair as of old, with top-knot and shaven crown. In another part of the House sits Narabara, the very *samurai* who led the attack on Richardson. A few feet from Shimadzu stands Count Ito Hirobumi, twenty-five years ago plain Ito Shunsuke, hotly pursued by enemies for his advocacy of foreign methods, and secretly embarking, at the risk of his life, to study in the West. On the platform, among the Ministers, is Count Goto, one of the earliest workers in the cause of the Restoration, and nearly thirty years ago the secret and trusty messenger sent by the *Daimio* of Tosa to induce the Shogun to yield to the united clans and resign his office. Down among the highest nobles is little Prince Sanjo (since that time laid with his fathers), beloved and trusted by all factions, but in 1865 a fugitive, with six other court nobles, from Kioto, where his sympathy with the conspirators of the Restoration nearly cost him his life. Viscount Enomoto, too, the ex-Minister of Education, has a place here; but in 1869 he was in Yezo, at the North, making a last brave stand, at the head of a remnant of the Shogunate's forces, against the generals of the present Emperor, and it was there that he raised the flag of the first (though perhaps not the last) republic that Asia has ever seen. All through the assembly stood men whose recollections must have been in equally vivid contrast with the scene in which they were taking part.

Meanwhile the Cabinet Ministers and the Privy Council had ranged themselves on the left. Finally, at the right appeared the Marquis Tokudaiji, the Lord High Chamberlain, and as all rose to their feet and made obeisance the Emperor entered, followed by a number of the Household officials. He took

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his place in the Throne Room, the Proclamation was handed to him, and in a firm, resonant voice he read aloud a brief address, declaring Parliament opened for business. He spoke in the most approved style of Japanese intonation, and his words reached every auditor. The parchment was then handed to Count Ito, who respectfully raised it to his head in Japanese fashion. The Emperor returned by the door where he entered, the strains of the national hymn were heard once more, and the long-expected ceremony was at an end. Perfect decorum and smoothness had marked it throughout, and the whole impression left upon the spectator was one of gravity and solemnity.

In these proceedings in the House of Peers the true meaning of the occasion found expression. But to the people one holiday is very much like another. The special meaning of the day is forgotten, and they betake themselves to the usual holiday resorts. Now in Tokio the Mecca on festival occasions is Asakusa. There the holiday-keeping reaches its highest. The first and the last resort at such times is this spacious pleasure-ground, with ponds, bridges, temples, shrines, gardens, towers, shooting-galleries, tea-houses, peep-shows, conjurers, and all manner of penny amusements. So in the afternoon B—— and myself started for Asakusa, through the lantern-fringed streets, to observe the people at their play.

The main entrance stands at the end of a long and narrow paved lane, leading from a broad thoroughfare in the heart of the city. The lane is packed with people leisurely coming and going. Down each side is an interminable row of gay shops, among which the toy stores predominate. As we approach the massive roofed gateway, ever open, with the great temple looming through on the other side, the deep boom of the huge bell sounds in our ears, and the strikers turn for a moment to watch us as they swing back the big horizontal beam that serves as a clapper. We stop in front of the two fierce-looking Ni-o, in their cages on either side of the portal, and chew a paper wad to throw after the thousand that already adhere to them; and we trust that we may have the pure hearts that the paper prayer brings to those who truly desire them. Just inside the gateway, with its immense hanging lantern-globes, now battered with age, the sacred pigeons flutter up to us. We must add to our meritorious deeds by buying a cent's worth of corn to throw to the sacred birds. We approach the great sign-board, just ahead on the right, to learn whose name leads the thousands there inscribed for their generous contributions to the temple; but before we reach it, our attention is distracted by a crowd gathered a little distance away, where a voluble showman seems about to perform the feat of swallowing a sword. He does swallow it, and in a marvellous manner, too; but this is only preliminary to his chief business of painless tooth-extracting. Some poor little fellow is persuaded to step out and lend himself as an example; a magic powder is rubbed on the aching tooth, and presto! out it slips. This process never fails to attract an open-mouthed crowd. We turn toward the temple. Up the steep steps go scores of worshippers, kneeling as they reach the top, clapping their hands and tossing the tenth part of a cent into the cross-barred bin that serves as a contribution-box. Their prayers are earnest and sincere; I have seen a woman on her knees, with tears streaming from her eyes, and showing as genuine an anguish of heart as poor humanity ever feels in Western lands. But while there is this need of superhuman help, this religious feeling, I doubt whether the ordinary Japanese ever comes to reckon himself the "miserable sinner" of the Anglican litany.

We turn off to the left, over the little arched stone bridge, and from the old woman at the other side we buy a few tiny eels, to pitch into the pond; for this act of saving life, like feeding the pigeons, is the laying up of treasures for the future. B—— suggests that the old dame will fish them out at night and sell them again next day; but we accept the symbolic act as it is intended —as a reminder to perform good deeds unceasingly. Just beyond the bridge is a ring of spectators pressing around an old woman who squats on the ground.

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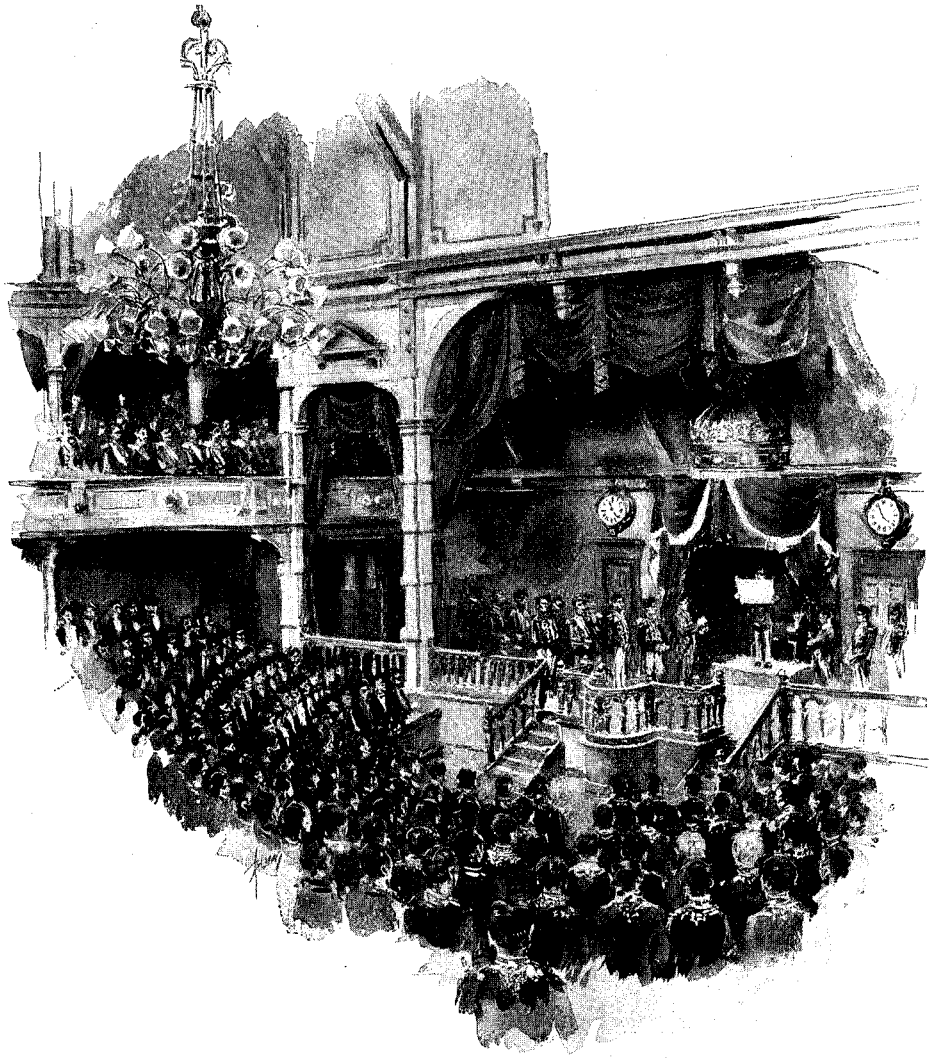
She is a sand-writer. In front of her are three or four bags of colored sand —red, white, purple, and black. Deftly holding the sand in her palm, she sweeps her hand in graceful curves over the smooth ground, and we see lanterns, flags, people, flowers, grow in outline under her swift motions. The foreigners' pennies command her utmost skill, and she depicts in many colors the story of Oishi Kuranosuke, the loyal leader of the Forty-seven Ronins, of never-dying memory, as he sits reading from a letter the last behest of his lord to avenge his honor. Her unceasing shrill babble is even more wonderful than her writing, and, as we move off, she perpetrates her stock joke by begging us to sit down awhile and have some (imaginary) tea.

Away on the right are rows and rows



Opening Scene of the Japanese Parliament.

of diminutive photograph-galleries, for with the Japanese the photograph is very popular. A little further on we come to the fascinating little archery ranges. "Range" is a word rather large for these nooks, for Japanese archery at Asakusa is as far removed as possible from the Robin-Hood style of

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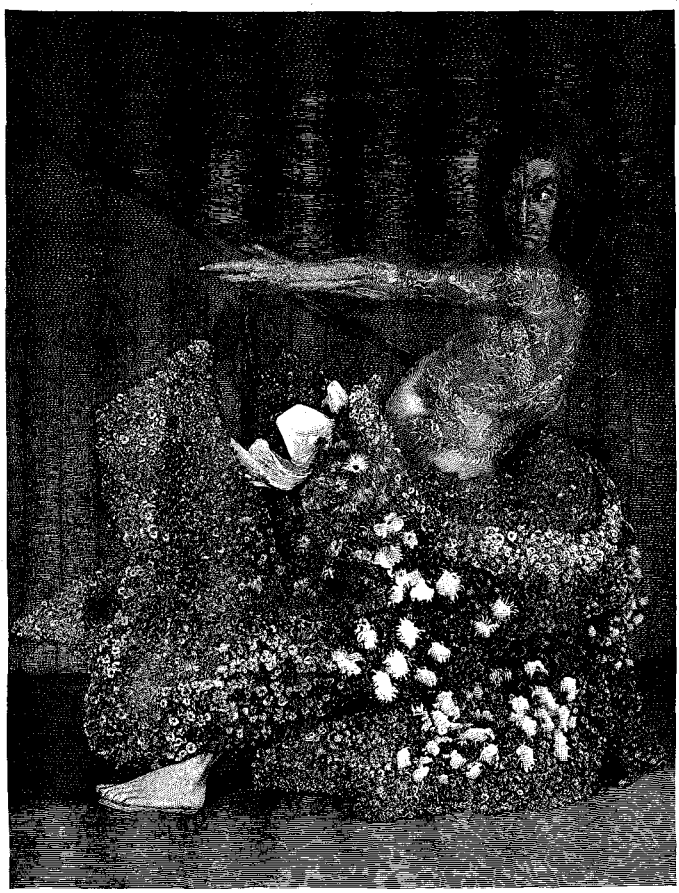
transfixing a willow withe at three hundred yards. Imagine facing a target ten or fifteen feet away, at the other end of a room; imagine a bow that bends like whalebone, and an arrow only a little longer than a chopstick. Archery's art here lies, not in launching a shaft directly at the bull's-eye, but in causing it to describe a graceful curve and in judging the curve's dimensions. The attractive, red-cheeked *musmee* begs us to shoot just once more, but we turn away—past the chrysanthemum garden, with its life-like flower figures telling some famous story—past the monkeys and the parrots—past the twelve-story tower, with the elevator, the only one in Japan, and on toward the booths of the showmen and the circus performers.



Grotesque Chrysanthemum Figure at Asakusa.

They are a motley assortment. They are usually open to the street, only a wooden fence marking the line of the highway. A gaudy curtain, with startling feats depicted in brilliant colors, hangs from the eaves to the fence. Ever and anon this is rapidly raised, and, after a second or two, dropped again, to tantalize and attract the passer-by. From within the orchestra sends forth a deafening noise; drum and flute vie with each other, and the sharp tones of a fiddle at times break in. Suddenly we hear the clear "click, click" of the *hyoshi-gi*—two oblong pieces of cherry or plum, held one in each hand and struck together like cymbals—a sound so familiar in Japan; the orchestra breaks off sharply, the manager, with looped-up skirts, makes a pompous announcement, the

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falls with a snap, and the performance begins. Here three little children toddle skilfully about the stage on big white spheres. Next door a woman with wonderful toes ties knots, saws wood, sews, makes a boat, and does sundry other astonishing feats. Beyond are a company of performing monkeys, shivering in bedraggled costumes of *daimio* and *samurai*. Of late, borrowed wonders from the West seem to occupy an important place in the people's amusements. The great elevator tower, the panorama, a diorama, a phonograph, an electric battery—all these seem to be displacing the material, if not the form, of the old-time spectacles. But curious as they are to the Tokio townsman, they have for us nothing of the Japanesque, and we pass them by.

It is growing dark, too, and people are turning homeward. A cold wind has sprung up, and reminds us that winter comes in Japan, even if tardily. The dust begins to fly and chokes us as we hurry across the city. The wind becomes a gale. The lanterns are dashed about and torn from their fastenings, and go rattling down the street. No fairy avenues to-night, for everywhere flags and lanterns are being shattered and dismantled, and the northern blast will keep us all snugly within doors. The great Parliament *matsuri* is over, and the reign of the Constitution has begun. By the next morning every lantern and flag in Tokio has swiftly and mysteriously disappeared, and the "great, green city" is itself again. The spirit of festivity sleeps for awhile, to wake again with renewed vigor in the protracted holidays of the New-Year.

TWO ON THE TERRACE.

By John Hay.

WARM waves of lavish moonlight
The Capitol enfold,
As if a richer noonlight
Bathed its white walls with gold.
The great bronze Freedom shining—
Her head in ether shrining—
Peers Eastward, as divining
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring
Her splendor o'er the ground;
See the white obelisk soaring
To pierce the blue profound.
Beneath the still heavens beaming,
The lighted town lies gleaming,
In guarded slumber dreaming—
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing
From those dim roofs arise,
The myriad pulses throbbing
Are silent as the skies.
To us their peace is given;
The meed of spirits shriven;
I see the wide, pure heaven
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah love! a thousand æons
Shall range their trooping years;
The morning-stars their pæans
Shall sing to countless ears.
These married States may sever,
Strong time this dome may shiver,
But love shall last forever,
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,
A wish for trust and bliss,
To future lovers meeting
On far-off nights like this.
Who, in these walls undoing
Perforce of time's rough wooing—
Amid the crumbling ruin
Shall meet, clasp hands, and kiss.

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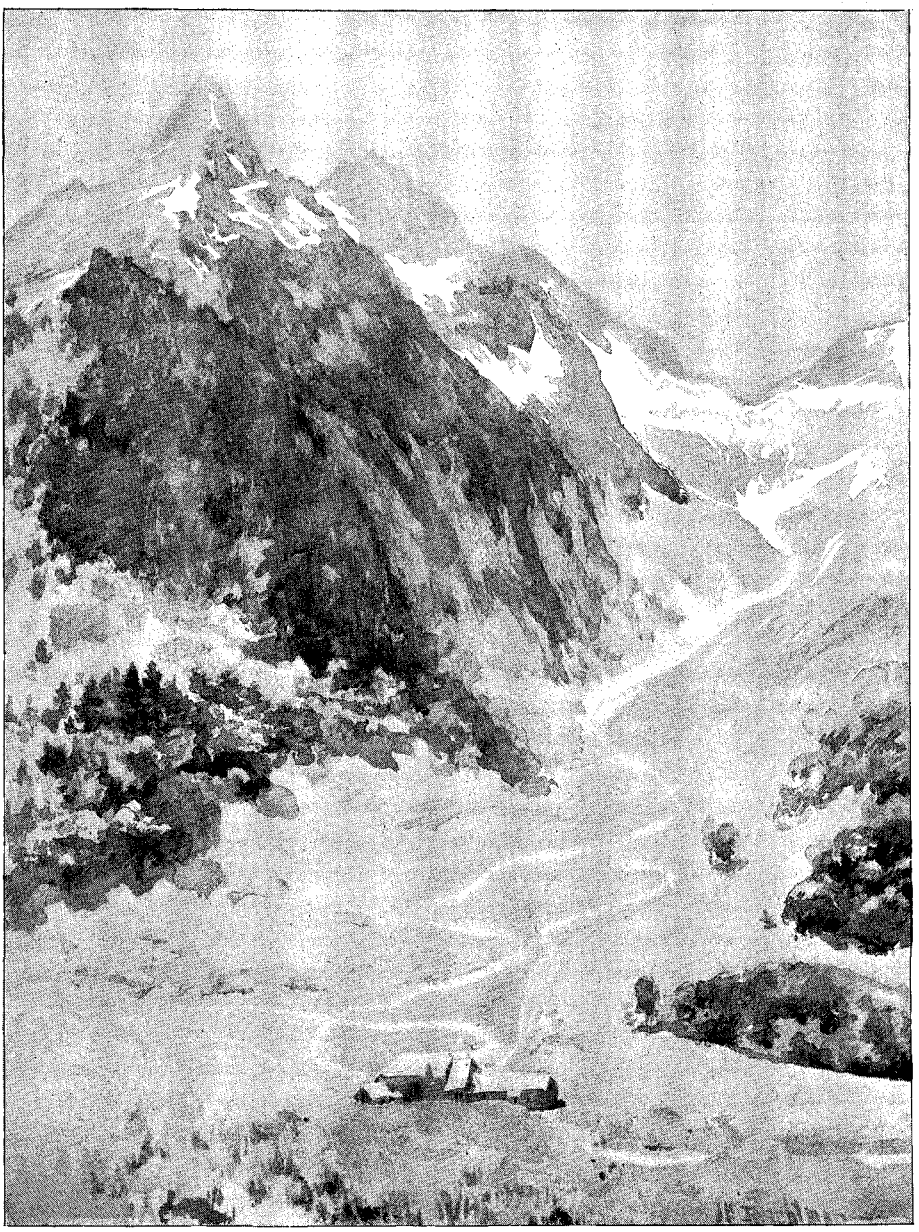

A Pass in the Pyrenees—Hospice of France.

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IZARD HUNTING IN THE SPANISH PYRENEES.

By Paul van Dyke.

FOUR horses restive in the brisk air of the hour between night and morning, and jumping away from their riders, embarrassed in mounting by gun and alpenstock — that was the start. Then ten miles of smooth road straight toward the southern border, and we turned sharply to the east and struck up the mountain side. The path was the empty bed of a torrent, but the horses climbed like cats; passing over crumbling slopes, and sliding down the face of smooth rocks, with a certainty and ease which made one believe that their race had been crossed with the izard. Even their agility has its limits. At last we must dismount for a ten hours' march.

In advance, double-barrelled fowling-piece slung at his shoulder, pack at his back, and alpenstock in hand, goes Canteloupe, menuisier, guide of the summit with two plaques, ex-chasseur, now manager of the Tir aux pigeons au grand Pré de Montauban; next, similarly laden with gun, pack, and staff, comes Toma, pupil of Canteloupe, porteur, chasseur, and ex-braconnier—both good guides, good hunters, and good fellows. Last, with rifle and staff, but no pack, comes "Monsieur."

It is pleasanter to watch the agility of a horse than to match one's own muscles against the slopes; but here there was no great climbing, only a very sharp ascent; and we proceeded steadily for two hours, resting once or twice for five minutes while the men rolled and smoked the eternal cigarette. At one of these rests, Canteloupe showed with pride the spot where he had made the soup for his Highness of X——, just before the princely massacre of a battue. A battue is la chasse aux fleurs d'oranger, in which the hunter mounts almost to his post by carriage or horse. A small army of beaters surrounds the base of the chosen mountain, and the unfortunate troop of izards are compelled to pass by some narrow opening to the other side. The hunter, hidden behind a rock, pours two barrels of buckshot into the band passing almost under the muzzle of his gun. But we plotted no such assassination. It was therefore with a clear conscience that we rested in the mouth of a little cave for luncheon. While we ate, Toma pointed out a peak where, in September several years before, he had nearly lost his life by the treacherous snow. He slid, on the little avalanche he had caused, down a long, steep snow-field, over the edge of the rocks, and hung, bleeding and senseless, on a narrow ledge. Fortunately one of his hunting comrades saw the accident. With great difficulty they carried him to shelter at the base of the peak. There, as in the old story, "they laid him on an ass and brought him to the inn."

After luncheon the way was harder, and before long we left the old mule-track of the smugglers to turn toward the great mountain-tops on the right. The snow-fields were all around us, and below we could see tiny lakes fed by foaming cascades of snow-water, whose noise filled all the still air. Higher are two more lakes, but this time frozen, and we skirt their edges to drink a little

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of their outlet ice-water, reminder of home in iceless France. The real work of the day has begun; and we make our way slowly across the face of the steep snow-field, following the base of the encircling cliff, to find a practicable passage over the distant top. When we have found one, it is hard climbing. Once or twice we pass our guns from hand to hand in order to mount the more safely, for, in such places, a man slips only once. But the rough rock is kindly and holds firmly the nail-shod shoe and the sharp point of the staff. At last we reach the top and pass into the "Port," some ten feet wide, and seemingly chiselled into the perpendicular edge of the mountain ridge, while the arête slopes down hundreds of feet on either hand. France is behind us and Spain before. But not the orange-groved and vine-clad Spain of romance; a savage desert of jagged peaks strewn with snow-fields, with one glacier-crowned giant towering over all. There is little time to admire the view. The sun is sinking and our refuge is far below us.

Have you ever tried to carry a gun down a granite mountain side, rising at angles all the way up to ninety degrees, covered by steep snow-patches and still steeper slopes of slippery grass? If you haven't there remains something still for you to learn. That valuable treatise on the total depravity of inanimate things ought to have a supplementary chapter, devoted to the conduct under such circumstances, of the gun of the duffer on his first izard hunt. If you sling it across your back, the projecting barrel catches in the rocks, with the result of throwing you off your foothold, or knocking your sights all awry without your knowledge. If you rest the strap on your shoulder, as you ought, it slips off continually, always choosing for that performance the most unfortunate time. Are you sliding down a snow-field in a prosperous glissade, with your heels well in advance and the point of your staff trailing at just the proper distance behind? That unhappy firearm manages to precipitate its butt sufficiently in the wrong direction to throw you off your balance; you must down brakes and start again. Or else you find yourself on your back sliding faster than you want, with the lock and muzzle of that wretched rifle trailing through the wet snow. It may be some hours before you catch the knack of letting it hang by the strap on the shoulder away from the rock, and carrying your body so as to keep it in position, without losing your balance. The descent, as the hunters all tell you, is decidedly more trying than the ascent. Not only because of the perversity of the gun, which has less opportunity for action in mounting, not only because of the greater strain on knees and thighs, but also because of a difference in the point of view. In ascending one can choose the moments to look out over the prospect, but, in descending, the eyes are always turned downward and—well, the novice occasionally finds the scenery just a trifle *too* magnificent.

The secret of the climbing of the hunters is that they trust their feet as much as their hands. To plant their nailed shoe is all they ask in any place. They go steadily but slowly, and rest often, so as to avoid climbing when exhausted or breathless. A tired or winded man will tumble, slip, and be in danger where he would pass easily when fresh. The apprentice in this particular hunt found the greatest difficulty in crossing a chaos. A chaos is a steep slope covered with blocks of stone ranging from a hundred pounds to many tons. There are ugly holes, big and little, between them. Their edges are generally sharp; to the rapid passer, as he looks down at his feet, they appear, without exception, *very* sharp. In addition, some of them are "wobblers." The duffer passed several unpleasant quarters of an hour in following the hunter, excited by the proximity of game, over these places, and will always carry on his leg a souvenir of one of them.

The first narrow valley of Spain into which we had descended was a wild solitude, shut in by titanic walls of rock. Its bottom was only wide enough for the passage of a roaring torrent of white water. Some hundred feet above its bed rose a long, narrow cliff, separated from the mountain on the other side by a second smaller torrent. At the base of this eternal rock, rising two hundred

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feet above our heads, we made our bivouac. Our refuge was not a cave, but a crease in the stone, two feet deep, twelve feet long, and six wide, for which the overhanging cliff made, at thirty feet above our heads, a sort of roof. Sheltered from the rain but open to the air, it was a sleeping chamber good enough for an izard hunter.

The light was almost gone, and Toma mounted to the top of the cliff to find wood. There were a few stunted pine-trees, the only ones in sight in the whole valley, and, gathering an armful of dead branches, he hurled them one by one from the top down in front of our camp. From the other side of the little stream we watched them fall, twisting and turning like snakes as they rushed through the gathering darkness to shatter into fragments on the rocks before us. Then, supper, consisting chiefly of soup, the mainstay of the hunter. The ingredients were snow-water, a little ham-fat, a bit of onion, and Liebig's extract, and the result was deliciously comforting. A quart saucepan of this filled with slices of bread, a draught from the Spanish wine-bottle, made of goatskin with a horn stopper, and one felt better. The mountaineers drink in a curious fashion. Throwing back their heads, they raise the wine-skin in the air with both hands, and allow the thin stream which flows from the pin-hole in the horn nozzle to fall into their open mouths from a distance of several inches. With a bottle they manage to do the same by narrowing the mouth with the thumb and forefinger. The motive of this procedure is economy. In these regions of high air, intense fatigue, and snow-water, wine is at once the most refreshing and the heaviest thing among the provisions. And, they assert, that, drunk in this manner, one litre goes as far in the way of refreshment, as three drunk in mouthfuls from a cup. It is true; but the first efforts of the duffer are apt to end in landing the red stream in his eye or on his chin—which impairs the economy of the proceeding.

I strewed the few twigs of red-flowered rhododendron which the failing light had permitted me to gather, on the surface of the rock, took off my shoes, put on an extra pair of heavy stockings, tied a thick foulard around my waist, removed my jacket to throw it over my shoulders, and lay down with my back against the cliff. There was just room for the two men to lie outside of me. Over us all we threw a rubber coat.

In spite of fatigue it was no time for sleep. The great cliff was against my back. The sound of the glacier streams, swollen by the melting snow, of which a great field lay within stone's throw, filled my ears. I had only to raise my eyes to see the white stars shining and moving tranquilly through the heavens. In such a savage valley, untrodden by any human foot save that of an occasional chamois hunter, with the great peaks standing sentinel around, the hand of God seems very close.

The air was soft, pure, and warm. Nearly every afternoon the mist bathes the French peaks, but, on the southern side, dampness is very rare. Again and again we saw the mist surge up over the tops, only to break, fade, and disappear at the first touch of the air of Spain. The great rocks give out in the night the heat absorbed from the sun. But at two o'clock, as always just before day, it began to grow colder. I awoke from a couple of hours' sleep to find my legs stiff to the knees. I burnt the last wood to warm them, and then, not unwillingly, sat down on a rock to watch for the dawn. Awake and moving a little, it was warm enough to see the spectacle of daybreak at one's ease. At half after two the sharp tops of the circling mountains showed filmy, but with clear outlines, against the sky. The eastern stars slowly paled, while a faint touch of rose spread down the western peaks. The stars above them seemed to grow brighter before they faded. One, resting upon the shoulder of a great mountain, shone long after the day had come. For now the day was everywhere. The eastern faces of all the peaks were bright and clear; their western slopes visible but shadowed. In the depths of the valley below there was a sort of luminous opacity, as if the darkness, driven to its last refuge, strove still to resist the spread of light. By five we were off for the hunt.

The scenery was indescribable. Stone

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mountains rising sharply above us with perpendicular escarpments of hundreds of feet, and, wherever there was a vista, great ranges of sharp peaks piercing the clear blue sky. Gravel slopes and masses of fallen rock, alternated with gray cliff, snow, and patches of bright green grass. Everywhere flowers. The bottoms of the ravines were clothed with stunted rhododendron bearing small red blossoms. Forget-me-nots, blue as a smiling sky, nestled at the foot of the great cliffs, and, even up to the tops of the mountains, dozens of different varieties were crushed by our feet on every little bit of soil. There were some deep blue as a summer ocean, orange and purple like the hues of sunset, pink like the Alpen glow, white like the stars, yellow like the sun ; all colors of earth and sky and sea caught and imprisoned in these tiny blossoms. Everywhere the ceaseless noise of falling water coming from cascades carrying the melted snow to the torrents. Often the noise of Tantalus, for the hot sun and the hard exercise torment the hunter with thirst. Many of the peaks have melted all their snow, and, even at the side of the cascade, one dares to drink but little snow-water. Once, when pushing sharply on a fresh track, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Toma stopped, pulled up a plant, cut off and cleaned its long root, and gave it to me. It tasted like raw potato with a mild infusion of sassafras, and did as much for thirst as a cup of water. If the top tastes as good to the izards as the root did to me, it is small wonder that they are very fond of it.

We followed the course of the snow torrent, and then, climbing along the mountain side, marched toward the head of the valley. But not very far. The men stopped and pointed out in the gravel the tracks of a troop of izards, which had mounted that morning over the ridge. Follow was the word ; Toma making the circuit of the mountain to see that they had not left it on the other side.

We soon reached the snow. It was soft, the sun was hot, and the marching very fatiguing. I was thinking of nothing but how to avoid sinking up to my knees at every step, when, suddenly, "Le voilà ! Tirez, tirez !" and there, trotting along, casting a dark shadow on the white snow, was an izard, about one hundred and seventy-five yards above me. I unslung my rifle and followed with the sight. He stopped for an instant. Crack ! He whirled and trotted back again, stopped, crack ! and, with a bound, he disappeared among the rocks. We watched in vain for his reappearance, and turned to mount, exchanging mutual condolences. Suddenly, "Voilà !" and there he was again, on the other snow-field at our right. Crack ! went the Winchester ; and then he seemed to understand for the first time where the trouble came from, for he was off like the wind, while I emptied the three remaining cartridges of my magazine at the flying clouds of snow. The miss was set down to the natural nervousness at the first izard, and it was not until some hours afterward that I noticed a derangement of the rifle sights which would have made it impossible to kill at twenty yards. It was the first piece of bad luck.

Sadly and slowly we went on our way. We heard the report of a gun on the other side, and sprang over the snow to the cover of the rocks. We had scarcely reached them when, through a narrow cut in the precipitous wall, came pouring four izards, racing like mad for the snow below. We crouched still lower, and they disappeared from sight, headed straight toward us. Canteloupe was watching the rocks where there was a practicable ledge some twenty or thirty yards above our heads, and, doubled up in a heap, I watched him. I could hear him breathe hard through his clinched teeth and I got ready to shoot. One, two minutes, and no change. Toma had followed the izards through the Port. I could see him making violent signs across the broad snow-field and suspected something wrong. But an attempt to peep was sternly repressed by Canteloupe, and I subsided again into the heap. It seems that while we crouched there watching the higher rocks, the izards passed along the ledge which hid us, not twenty feet from the muzzle of our guns ! And both game and hunters were equally oblivious of

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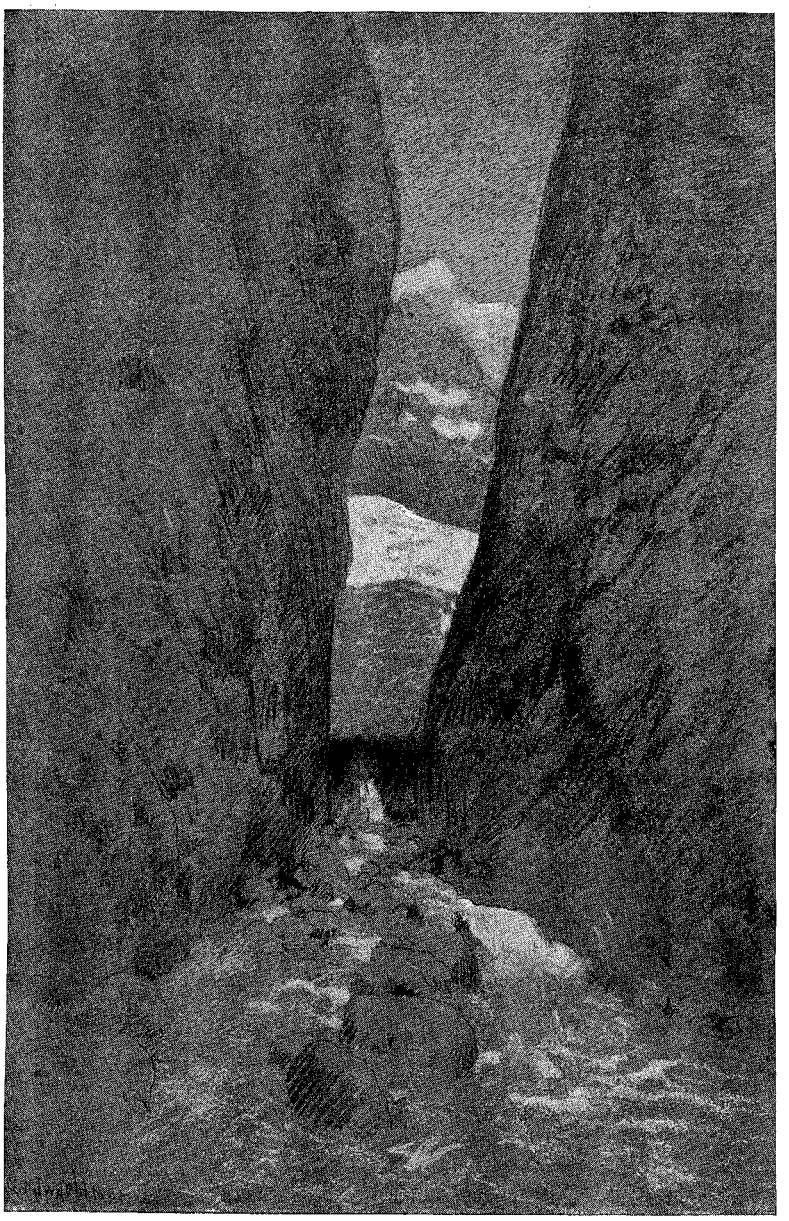

The Gorge d'Enfer.

each other. It was the second piece of bad luck. Toma had run across a troop of twelve, crept up, and fired at the nearest from behind a rock. The izard, deceived by the echo, ran straight toward him. He rose to fire his other barrel at ten yards—and the cartridge missed fire! It was the third piece of bad luck.

There was nothing for it but to cross the mountain and to follow the band toward the "trou" on the other side, where the guides hoped to find them. A "trou" is an amphitheatre, small or great, in which all the valleys of the Pyrenees terminate. These higher trous are filled with snow-fields which reach up toward the tops of the sur-

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rounding mountains. The izard loves the snow. At night, gathered together in a flock, the band sleeps on it. During the heat of mid-day it serves in the shadow of the cliff to keep them cool. When not too soft it forms their best path, and, in the morning and evening, the kids run and play over the smooth surface, butting and jumping like little goats. But this trou was empty. The band would not give us another chance.

Hunting after eleven is useless, for the izards, ascended to the mountain tops and hidden in the shadow, are hard to find. After luncheon it is better to take a siesta and then resume the hunt in the afternoon, when the troops are beginning to feed and descend again toward the valleys — an arrangement admirably adapted to the hunter who is something more than a hunter, for the mountains look their best in the early morning or at evening, and the light between eleven and three has a tendency to render even the finest scenery banal.

It is a poor place for sleep. The men stretch themselves out, face downward, in the broiling sun, on the heap of broken rocks, wrapping their coats about their heads. More difficile, I mount a little higher, and find a narrow grassy ledge, where, by piling up a few rocks for a barrier, it is possible to sleep in the shade without rolling off.

"Are they there?"

Slumber cannot last forever, and, at three, we are off again. The genii of the chase are adverse. We have lost too many chances and they will not grant any more. Toma, who again took the other side of the mountain, saw three izards but could not get a shot. Canteloupe and I saw nothing. And so, about seven, we slung our guns at our backs, and started rapidly through the falling

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An Anxious Moment—Ready to Shoot.

twilight for camp. We were almost there when Canteloupe, who was twenty paces in advance, stopped, dropped his staff, unslung his gun, and fired both barrels at some object hidden from me by a great rock. I ran forward to find him in a state of wrath. He had almost stepped on two izards lying down. They sprang up and were off. He fired; but the distance was already too great for the light charges used by the hunters to throw their small buckshot, and we never saw anything of the swift-footed game but their tracks in the snow lower down.

At the camp we found a great heap of dead wood collected by Toma, and slept, for nine hours, the sleep of tired hunters. The fire kept the cold at bay all night, and we only stirred when too large a blaze began to burn the soles of our feet. At daybreak we threw on the last sticks, and when they were ashes, the hunt began.

It was another trou that we visited this time. A magnificent cirque, filled with a great snow-field reaching on all sides up toward the mountains. The snow was crowned by the curving face of a glacier, out of which rose two jagged peaks with a white wall of ice between them; as if a sea had surged over the summit and been frozen ere its descent.

We separated to surround the valley and command as much of it as possible. It was not long before some black spots appeared, moving up and across the face of the steep snow-field, against which they showed like flies. One, two, three, up to ten I counted, and, when the last one disappeared on the higher ledge of rock, the hunt seemed safe. But, alas! the wind changed. The izard can smell much farther than he can see, and, as the right of our line of battle swung round for a flank movement, the troop started again. I could watch them with the glass as, one by one, they climbed with incredible agility the almost perpendicular face of the glacier, and disappeared over the top. The hunt was up.

Then followed luncheon—the luncheon of the hunter, a great hunch of bread, several slices of dried sausage as thick as a man's wrist, good and very "filling at the price," a bit of cheese,

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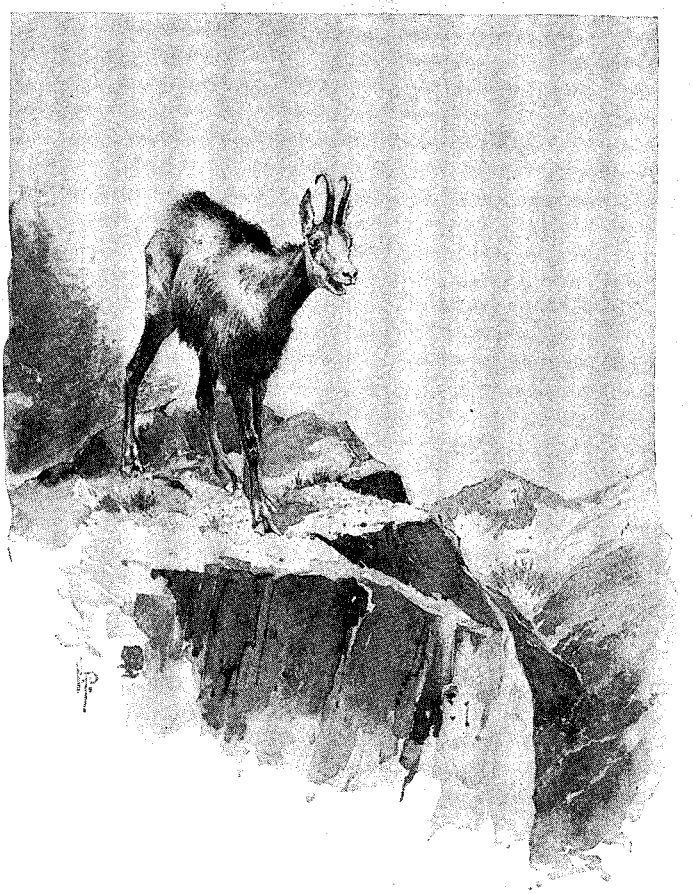
the inevitable cigarette, and the siesta. After luncheon, several hours' walking brought us to the hospice. This is a long low building, deserted in winter, but kept open by the Spanish Government in summer as a refuge for bad weather and a post for ten carabiniers. These soldiers are supposed to prevent smuggling, and the bridle-path over the Port passes in front of their door. No doubt they do their best; but Spanish tobacco, powder, silk, and cutlery are very cheap in the neighboring towns of France.



The Izard at Home. (A Chamois of the Spanish Pyrenees.)

We entered to find a huge chimney, fifteen feet by twelve, filling one entire end of a kitchen paved with blocks of stone. Before the fire a spit, garnished with two legs of mutton, turned slowly on great rough andirons by means of a complicated mechanism set in motion by the descent of a big weight. A man of sixty, living in a neighboring town, had told the padrone that the cogs and ratchets of the turnspit were the work of his grandfather's early years. How many savory roasts of mountain mutton it must have cooked since then!

It is forbidden to carry arms into Spain, but the carabinier is more indulgent than his brother, the gendarme. He received us with effusion, and the whole band had an access of enthusiasm over my repeating rifle. I gave them the remains of our provisions and a pitcher of wine. This addition to their scanty rations was a great delight. With beaming faces they filed in to drink the Señor's health, and, when I accepted and smoked a cigarette of black Spanish

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tobacco, the treaty of peace was definitely signed and sealed. If we had proposed to drag a field-piece over the Port, they would have pulled at the rope. Their friendship was so warm that, later, when a newly arrived traveller began to be a little annoying, they promptly offered to put him in irons if Señor desired.

We sat at dinner in an upper room before the window looking out on a tiny valley, closed by a huge mountain in front of us, and shut in by two steep slopes. The long twilight had fallen, and the figure of the shepherd leaning on his staff stood out from the left-hand slope like a colossal statue against the sky. He was counting his flock, which, under the sage guidance of an enormous white dog, poured slowly over the hills into the little rocky pasture in front of us. The lambs were bleating and playing around the ewes, and the great black and white and brown goats jumped in sport over the rocks, or reared on their hind legs to bring their twisted horns together in mimic war. Below, the carabiniers were singing to the guitar a song of Spain. I urged my guides to answer with a song of France, and, while the moon crept over the shoulder of the slope, they sang with clear voices the praise of the mountains.

"Salut, douce et fraîche vallée,
Séjour des ris et des amours;
— —, dans ta plaine ombragée
Doucement se passent nos jours.
Ah, que notre montagne est belle,
Lorsque sous ces gais espaliers,
Le voyageur, comme l'hirondelle,
Gagne nos toîts hospitaliers.
Vous dont le cœur plein de tristesse
Gémit sous le poids des douleurs,
Pour chasser le mal qui vous presse,
Tarir la source de vos pleurs,
Venez dans la verte prairie
Boire au torrent, nouveau Léthé,
L'oubli des peines de la vie
Avec l'amour et la gaîté."

And the game? Well, if the rifle-sights had been in order, if Toma's cartridge had been dry, if our ambuscade had been less careful, if Canteloupe had carried his gun, as usual, hanging cocked at his shoulder all the way to camp, we should have had izards—perhaps. But none of these things happened. Truth is stranger than fiction, and you have here the strangest of all truths, a hunting article which owns up to an empty game-bag.

CORBAN.

A SONG.

By Annie Fields.

Dive, O diver, and bring
A pearl for her throat;
Dip, O fisher, and sing
Lying afloat;
Thus, perchance, in your net
You may find the magic ring.

Strive, O striver, no more!
When the apple is ripe, [shore
When the south wind blows from the
And the wild birds pipe,
Late shall the song be yours;
Oh, remember, ye who implore!

Beautiful is she and dear,
In vain would you give her
Jewels both rare and clear;
No stream nor river
Shall give you her love
Till the stately planets draw near.

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THE CHIMES OF WALLETIKON.

A SWISS STORY.

By George L. Catlin.

NOT many miles northeast of Zurich, in the midst of a charming landscape of upland, and orchard, and meadow, lies, embowered in a wealth of foliage, the little village of Walletikon. It consists of not more than thirty houses, or so, built at irregular intervals, and on grotesquely uneven lines, along both sides of the post-road leading from Zurich to Winterthur. The green fields extend up to the rear of the houses on either side, while, before the doors, there are little gardens with an abundance of sun-flowers and hollyhocks in season. The old stone church, and the modest schoolhouse, stand at the eastern extremity of the village, facing each other; about midway is the town-house, a plain one-story structure of wood, quite in keeping with the republican simplicity of all about it; and, strung along at intervals, are a few unpretentious shops, in the chief of which, not far from the town-house, is installed the office of the Federal Post and Telegraph with the cross of Helvetia over the doorway. Through the meadows to the south of the village runs a broad brook, bordered by venerable gnarled willows and crossed by a single-arched stone bridge, over which passes the road leading to the railway station at K——, half a mile away. From the little hillside just north of the village, one has a view of the great level valley, stretching away far southward, with the back slopes of the Zurichberg to the right, the woods of the Toess valley to the left, the Greifensee's waters gleaming in the midst of the green, in the centre, and away in the distance, looming up like the fabric of a dream, the spectral snow-peaked Alpine chain, terminating in the giant Sentis.

Walletikon, small as it is, has been a village on the maps from time immemorial. Its people have a tradition—none can say whence it comes—that Rudolf of Habsburg, whenever journeying westward from his castle at Kyburg to his possessions in Aargau, or elsewhere, invariably made Walletikon his first stopping-place to water his horses, and those of his suite, at the well near the old churchyard. One peculiarity of the village is the limited number of patronymics existing among its population. Everyone of the two hundred men, women, and children, more or less, who compose its residents is pretty sure, on inquiry, to be found bearing the name of either Zwickli, Burkli, Wethli, Kaemmerli, or Luethi. Then these have intermarried, and there are Burkli-Luethis, and Luethi-Burklis, and Zwickli-Wethlis, and Wethli-Zwicklis, and so on through all the possible permutations and combinations of the five family names, so that the town-clerk, Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Wethli, son of Jacob Johann Kaemmerli-Zwickli, who has faithfully held his office, and kept the records of births, marriages, and deaths, for twenty-nine years past, with religious exactitude, was, it is said, overheard to declare in a confidential moment, on last Bettag, over his fifth glass of beer, to the village school-master, Herr Bernhard Balthasar Zwickli-Kaemmerli — his cousin, by the way— that, in case some new names didn't soon move into the village, and relieve him of ringing these everlasting changes on five bells, somebody else could have the office of town-clerk, and he wished him joy of it, that's all.

It is true that from time to time, interlopers had ventured to move into Walletikon, but they found after a short sojourn that they were in a hopeless minority, and, notwithstanding conscientious efforts to hold out, they in-

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variably concluded to withdraw and leave the original five names in possession of the field. At various intervals, families named Vaterlaus, Wiederkehr, Grieshaber, Niévergelt, and Rehsack had been temporarily inscribed on the town-rolls, and those composing them had, in the main, come fully up to their duties as God-fearing, law-abiding citizens; but, notwithstanding this, the atmosphere and surroundings seemed unfavorable to their protracted stay; they never got on well, somehow; and finally they faded away like pale exotics, and, with what little courage was left them, moved elsewhere.

In politics, it may be added, Walletikon was noted as exceedingly conservative. What though Liberalism might stalk rampant through the busy neighboring towns, the factory-chimneys of which were visible in various directions from its village belfry, no such modern heresy had ever found a foothold, to any extent, there. One or two of the younger voters had, it is true, been led to run after strange gods in politics, but these misguided youths were looked upon with complacent pity by the remainder of their steady-going fellow-citizens. Walletikon could always be put down for a round majority for any candidate representing the views of its forefathers.

Up to a period of some twenty-five years or so before this story commences, it had, moreover, been the proud boast of Walletikon that not one of its community had ever lived and died other than a patriotic citizen of the Swiss Republic. But it had happened that, somewhere about the early sixties, young Conrad Zwickli had gone off to America, enlisted in an Ohio regiment, and, after distinguishing himself on various battle-fields, had settled down in Cincinnati at the close of the war, and become in time a citizen of the United States. Meanwhile his widowed mother had been laid to rest in the old village churchyard, and the portion of the small inheritance falling to the son in America was held in trust by the town-council, on the ground that Conrad, who had been somewhat of a wild youth, might yet come back upon his native community for support. Judge therefore the dismay of the Wethlis, and the Burklis, and the Kaemmerlis, and the Luethis, and the Zwicklis, when one day the official newspaper of the District, published at D———, brought the intelligence that Conrad Zwickli, resident in Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, had been formally released from his Swiss citizenship by the Zurich cantonal authorities. Thereupon Conrad's inheritance, amounting to a few hundred francs, was, after some delay, sent to him by the town authorities, his name was formally stricken from the town rolls, and, thenceforth, Walletikon forgot Conrad Zwickli, and went its accustomed way without him.

But one day in September, 188–, Walletikon had a surprise from which it has never yet entirely recovered, and probably will not for many years to come. The —th division of the Federal army had been, for a week past, engaged in its fall manœuvres, and large bodies of troops were in motion on various points within the territory extending from the southerly end of the Lake of Zurich to beyond Winterthur. Flank movements, skirmishes, charges, and general engagements were the order of the day; nor is it any wonder, therefore, that, of the twenty-five thousand soldiers moving across the country like a swarm of locusts, a battalion of infantry, moving northward, chanced upon Walletikon late one afternoon, quite unexpectedly for its worthy inhabitants, and made preparations to bivouac there for the night. Suddenly they were charged upon by a squadron of their opponents' cavalry coming from the opposite direction. A desperate struggle took place in the village street, and the terrified Walletikoners, young and old, promptly retreated to their houses, and peered cautiously out from behind the doors and windows, until the god of war should decide the gauge of battle in favor of one or another of the combatants. The horsemen finally succeeded in cutting their way through and pushed on to the southward, passing at a galop over the old stone bridge just outside the village, while the infantrymen, feeling pursuit useless, threw out sentries to avoid further surprises, and resumed preparations to bivouac.

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But the sentry who was stationed at the bridge had not been there five minutes before he was heard lustily calling for the "corporal of the guard," who quickly hastened to ascertain the cause of the alarm. The sentry pointed to the inanimate form of a man still visible in the twilight, and lying in the grass a few feet from the roadway, close to the bridge. It was a matter of a few moments to summon assistance and convey the man, who was still breathing, to one of the neighboring camp-fires. He was a young man, not over twenty-five at most, and his clothing, notwithstanding the mire and blood that had soiled it, betokened one well-to-do in the world. A young physician, who was serving in the battalion, bent over the prostrate form, made an examination, and shook his head with misgiving. "Pretty badly hurt," he said; "the cavalry must have ridden him down. See, here is a bad wound on the head, and there is a fracture of the knee as well. If we are to save him, he must have a surgeon without delay. Does anybody here know him?"

Nobody knew him. A careful inspection by both the town-clerk and the schoolmaster, who knew everybody, man, woman, and child living within ten miles around, established the fact that the injured man was a total stranger in those parts. There was nothing found on his person, moreover, to indicate his personality, beyond the single fact that his pocket handkerchief bore the initials, "H. S."

There was a spare room up at Parson Luethi's, and thither the wounded man was tenderly taken, and deposited, groaning but still insensible, in an ancient bed with chintz trimmings and sixteenth-century carvings. Meanwhile, Kaspar Kaemmerli's nine-year-old boy Fritz had mounted the parson's gray mare "Sauser," and was already halfway to K——, six miles off, to call Dr. Eigenheer, and tell him it was a matter of life and death, and he must come immediately to Walletikon. Now, it was not often that Walletikon called a doctor, unless it was a veterinary one. Accordingly the old physician, who had twinges of rheumatics in this autumn weather, at first heard young Fritz's recital with distrust; but when the real state of the case finally dawned upon him from the boy's disjointed and hurried statements, he concluded that a human life was swaying in the balance and went.

In the village, meanwhile, speculation was rife as to the young stranger. The man who carried the mail-bag to and from the station had seen him alight from the train from Zurich that afternoon, but, in the excitement caused by the presence of the military, had entirely lost sight of him thereafter. Some people who were working in the fields had seen him pass, going at a good pace toward the village, and had wondered who he was and what he wanted there. The failure to discover on his person any clue to his identity only heightened the mystery. He was evidently well-bred, and there was quite a respectable sum of ready money in his pocketbook. But he had no baggage, no papers, no letters about him—nothing, in short, that gave any hint whatever as to his personality or nationality. Good Pastor Luethi, after seeing him as comfortably cared for as possible, retired to his study and arm-chair, calmly awaiting the doctor's arrival. Something in the youth's pale, silent face had awakened his deepest interest; there was an expression there which he could not define, but which, yet, seemed to call up in him tender memories of a long-forgotten past. And so he had leaned his head upon his hand and fallen to musing, listening at intervals for the sound of an approaching vehicle, when a sweet, soft voice broke in upon his reverie:

"Father," it said, "may I come in?"

"Come, Regula," he answered; "sit down by me, my child. What is it, dear?"

The door opened wider, and, in the dim light, a graceful maidenly form glided to his side and sank upon a low stool beside him.

"Father," she continued, "will it not soon be time for the doctor to be here? This suspense is dreadful."

"We must wait and hope, Regula," replied the old man, as his hand strayed down from the arm of the chair and rested lovingly upon his daughter's head.

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"Did I do wrong, father? I went in to see if I could help Aunt Barbara watch by his bedside. She would not hear of it. How motionless and death-like he looks lying there! Oh, if we only could help him! He may have a mother and sisters somewhere, perhaps far away, who, at this very moment, are thinking of him and praying for him, little dreaming of his danger. If the doctor would only come!"

The girl's animation and earnestness touched a loving cord in her father's heart. Her very voice recalled to him that loving companion of his younger years who had died in giving her birth, and whom he had tenderly laid to rest in the churchyard nearly a score of years ago. Tears came to his eyes as the sweet memory stole over him.

"How much you remind me to-night of your mother," he said, finally.

"Oh! if she could only have been spared for her child to love her," answered Regula. "Auntie says I grow to resemble her more every day. The thought of——"

There was a gentle rap at the door, and a voice accompanied it: "You had better come for a moment, Felix. He shows signs of awakening."

The pastor rose to obey the summons. "Remain here, my child," he said, as he followed the speaker along the corridor and up the stairway to the bedside of the sufferer, who had so far recovered consciousness as to utter an occasional groan, as if in great pain, and now and then to open his eyes and stare confusedly about him.

The sound of wheels and voices suddenly became audible before the house.

"Thank heaven, he is here at last," exclaimed Regula, hastening to open the parsonage door; a moment or two later, Dr. Eigenheer was at the young man's bedside, holding his pulse in one hand and his watch in the other. He shook his head. "Ninety and still rising," he said; "when did this happen?"

"About five o'clock this afternoon?"

"A pity I couldn't have been here sooner. However, let's see what are his injuries. Ah! a cerebral contusion, and a bad one, at that; possibly we shall have to trepan him; bring me some warm water quickly, somebody; meanwhile, what else? yes, this knee is fractured too; see! there is the print of the hoof. Poor fellow! it's lucky he came out of it so well. Who is he?"

"Nobody knows him hereabouts," replied Pastor Luethi.

"Well, with God's help, we must try to save him, whoever he be," said the doctor, removing his coat and turning to his case of instruments. "I should be glad of your assistance, Fräulein," he added, turning to Aunt Barbara; "I know your reputation as a merciful attendant on the sick and needy."

"Willingly," was the quiet reply. Dear old Aunt Barbara! what a message of mercy and grace there was in the expression of her mild blue eyes, beaming forth goodness and unselfishness from behind her spectacles, flanked by her silvery gray hair and the prim white cap half concealing them. All of her best years had been devoted to caring for her widowed brother's home, and to rearing his motherless daughter; she was known, far and near, as an angel of mercy and loving kindness, bringing substantial comfort to many a sick-room and needy hearthstone; her whole life was an example of untiring charity, and patient abnegation of self.

The clock in the belfry had already tolled midnight when Dr. Eigenheer's cheerful voice aroused the pastor from the sleep into which he had fallen in his study arm-chair.

"I think I may safely leave him to you and your sister for the present," he said; "there is no immediate danger. You have no apothecary in the village?"

"No, but there is one at O——."

"I will write a prescription or two, then," continued the doctor, "and leave you instructions for administering them," and he seated himself and began writing. "There," he said finally, "have those made up as early as possible to-morrow morning."

"What do you think of him, doctor?"

"As to his chances of recovery? It is impossible yet to say; the broken joint is a trifle, and will readily knit together with proper care; the head wound is a more serious matter, and one which only time can decide. He must be kept

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as quiet as possible; to move him elsewhere now would be fatal. By the way, he uttered a few incoherent words, and apparently in English. Do any of you understand that language?"

"Regula does," answered the pastor.

"Good! it would be well to call her whenever his consciousness returns. And now, good-night."

"But you are not returning to-night?"

"I have no choice; my duty to another patient early to-morrow renders it imperative."

"Go then, doctor, since duty calls, and may God's blessing go with you." They grasped each other's hands, and, a few moments later, the rattle of the wheels could be heard growing fainter and fainter in the distance. The old pastor stood musing until the sound had died away. "There is many a patient hero," he murmured, "whom the world does not know; and that man is one of them."

There ensued a series of anxious days and wakeful nights for the inmates of the rectory; indeed, the whole community had become interested in the fate of the young stranger, feeling, as it were, that his mishap might literally be laid at their door; if frequent inquiries at the parsonage, and outspoken hopes for the sufferer's recovery would have cured him, his confinement would have been of short duration. But the reports were not altogether satisfactory, and the town-clerk, it was whispered, had been seen getting down the "Todten-Register" from its place on the shelf, and brushing the dust off its cover—for nobody had died in Walletikon for a year or two—as if he expected soon to have to make an entry in its pages. His precautions proved needless, however. Youth and a sound constitution finally asserted their own, and one morning, Aunt Barbara, who was sitting by the invalid's bedside, saw the young man open his eyes and turn his head upon the pillow, as he asked, in a feeble voice:

"Where am I?" He spoke in English.

She motioned to him to wait a moment, and hurriedly sought Regula. The fair girl, all earnest with the duty devolving on her, came in on tiptoe and approached the bedside. Their eyes met. She hesitated to speak first, but awaited his next words.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

"You are among friends," answered she, with scarcely suppressed emotion; "you met with an accident, but, thank God, you are better now." His glance wandered inquiringly from her face to her aunt's, then wearily about the room and the unfamiliar surroundings, then returned and rested again upon her who had answered him. Then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep again, as if overcome by the effort to comprehend the simple words she had spoken.

But from that hour the tide turned and the doctor, who came a few hours later, pronounced recovery as now assured. The joyful news went forth to the village, and the town-clerk, thereupon, promptly returned the Todten-Register to its wonted place on the dusty shelf behind his desk. Sweet Regula's face beamed with happiness, for, somehow, there had sprung up in her heart a feeling which she dared not even confess to herself; a sense of undefinable tenderness toward the handsome young sufferer whom chance had made an inmate of her home; and the mystery of whose personality now bade fair soon to be revealed to them all.

Regula's life for all these years had been part of the quiet, uneventful daily routine of the parsonage. Beyond an occasional visit to Zurich or Winterthur, and a journey she made once to Geneva when her father went to attend the Synod, she had no recollections which were not intimately interwoven with the simple scenes and folk about her. Always diligent in her studies, she had been aided by an unusually quick intelligence, and a rare intuition of human nature. To her father, a ripe scholar and a man of large reading, she owed most of her education: for what she knew of music, and one or two foreign languages, she had to thank the schoolmaster's wife, who had strayed away to London as a governess during her earlier, unmarried, life, but eventually drifted back again, as every other good Walletikoner invariably did, to settle down in her native Dorf. But it was Aunt Barbara, after all, who had had

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most to do with the child's training, and had left upon her niece's moral nature and character the impress of her own sweet and noble example. To one who studied Regula's character at the time when we now first meet her, she seemed nothing if not thoroughly feminine, with all a woman's weakness, and all a woman's strength. The growth of a woman's nature is like that of a plant. Set it out where you will, under the modest shelter of a wayside hedge, or in the centre of a court garden, it yet carries within itself the germs of its own development, and blooms, in either case, into the full flower of its attractiveness. Regula, reared under all the surroundings of a luxurious life, would have been no lovelier than the Regula who had grown up in the cloister-life of her simple country home, with none but the plain peasant people about her, and none save her father and aunt to claim even the thought of a place in her heart.

What then was this new sensation she experienced whenever she entered the silent stranger's presence, and saw his pale face lying there upon the pillow? It made her restless and unquiet; she had always hitherto been accustomed and able to analyze her own thoughts and feelings; in this case she could not, and it disturbed her. None the less did she find herself ever ready, by a strange fascination, to reapproach the cause of her disquietude, ever seeking anew to persuade herself that it was merely a passing fancy, only an imagination to be laughed away. Yet, the thought would not down at her bidding; on the contrary, it slowly gained strength in proportion to the gradual recovery of him who inspired it. Little by little, as he grew stronger, she had broken to him the nature of the accident that had befallen him, and the extent of the danger he had passed; had told him in whose home it was he had found care and shelter, and gradually made his mind familiar with all the details of his new surroundings. He always listened attentively, only replying by a nod, or a smile, or a monosyllable. But one day the doctor's prohibition was removed, and his long pent-up thoughts found utterance at last.

"Suppose I had died, Fräulein Regula," he said, "you would never have even known my name."

"I have often thought of that," she answered, "and your relatives, too, would never have learned of your fate."

"Relatives!" he said. "I have but one, my father; none others, near enough to have concerned themselves about me."

A look of tender pity passed over Regula's inquiring face, but she remained silent.

"I come from far away," he continued, "from America, from Cincinnati, and my name is Henry Sewickley. 'Zwickli,' I suppose, you would call it here."

"There are many of that name in Walletikon," said Regula.

"Yes, my father, Conrad Zwickli, was born here; but when he enlisted in the Union army, the recruiting officer wrote his name 'Sewickley,' according to its sound, and he always went by that name afterward. Curiosity prompted me to come here to visit his native village. I had intended to come and go unknown, but fate was mightier than I; my mishap has betrayed me, and gratitude obliges me to reveal my identity."

"And your mother is dead?" asked Regula.

"Yes, she died when I was a lad; I never had any brothers or sisters. An old army comrade of my father took me to his farm, in Indiana, when I was twelve years old. I went to the public school in winter, and worked in the fields in summer. My father had meanwhile been employed in a machine-shop, and had succeeded in patenting an invention—an improvement in car-wheels—which suddenly made him a rich man. He came to see me at the farm one day, quite unexpectedly—I was about sixteen years old then—and began talking about plans for my future. He first asked me if I had formed any idea of what I wanted to be. And what do you think I told him?"

"A farmer, I suppose. That would be most natural."

"No, I told him I had set my heart on being what we call in America 'a newspaper man;' you would say in Europe 'a journalist.' I told him if I only could get the means for two or three

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years more schooling and study, I was pretty sure to be able to make a start on some daily paper. He surprised me by asking how much money I thought it would require to carry out my plan. I told him three hundred dollars a year. 'You shall have five hundred,' he answered, to my great astonishment."

"You are tiring yourself, I fear," broke in Regula, who was growing deeply interested in the young man's story.

"Not one bit," he replied, "I fear on the contrary I am tiring you; but I shall know when to stop. Well, I bade a long farewell to agriculture, entered upon a course of study at Cincinnati, my father's home, and, at twenty, was so fortunate as to find myself duly installed as police-court reporter on the Cincinnati *Gazette*. It was a beginning, anyway. Last spring I took a six months leave of absence, came abroad after six years steady editorial work, travelled through England, France, and Germany, and had reserved Switzerland for the last; my journeyings finally brought me to Zurich. Leaving my baggage there at a hotel, I took an afternoon train out here. That was, let me see—the 8th of September. You know the rest. How long have I been lying here?"

"To-morrow will be All-Saints' Day, November 1st," answered Regula.

"Say seven weeks, then. And what does the doctor say?"

"He thinks you may be about in a fortnight," Regula replied. The color mounted to her face as it occurred to her that their patient was weary of his long imprisonment and only eager to leave the little world in which he had, of late, played such an important part. "You have lost much time here," she continued, "and must naturally be impatient to move on."

He did not answer for a while. His eyes were fixed upon hers, and the two looked at each other as if divining something that neither dared as yet to believe, much less to utter.

"No," he finally said, with a tired smile, "I am not so impatient to go. I shall stay here for a time," and the conversation ended there.

The news that the injured man lying at the parsonage was none other than Conrad Zwickli's son, spread rapidly, and, of course, elicited much and varied comment. Pastor Luethi understood now what that strange and undefinable resemblance to some long-forgotten memory was which he had read in the sufferer's face. Had not he and Conrad Zwickli bird-nested, and chestnutted, and fished, and raced together in their boyhood's holidays? The town-clerk, on the other hand, proved himself a doubting Thomas and obdurately refused to credit the whole story. He had never quite forgiven the father for acquiring citizenship elsewhere, and having his name stricken from the town roll.

"Wait till he gets well," said he, with a significant nod, "and we'll see what papers he can bring to establish his identity." Now, the town-clerk's opinion was considered worth something in such matters; his doubts soon communicated themselves to others in the village, and the Dorf was soon divided into two factions, one of which, small but eminently respectable, and headed by Pastor Luethi, contended that the young man was worthy of belief, and would make good his statement, by documentary evidence, at the proper time; while the other, and by far the more numerous of the two, pronounced the whole story a fable.

Soon the doctor's visits ceased, and Henry Sewickley was permitted to move about the house, with an occasional short walk in the open air when the weather allowed; for winter had set in, and the adjacent hillsides were already white with new-fallen snow. One day the pastor called the young man into his study; it was a quiet, cosy little room, with plenty of well-filled book-shelves around its walls; over the great open fireplace, in which, as Henry entered, a pile of wood was blazing and crackling, was a high old-fashioned mantel decorated with several bits of ancient crockery, and above them, on the wall, an engraving, the "Trompeter von Saeckingen," the only picture the room contained. From the small-paned windows one looked out upon the churchyard on the one side, and upon the distant Alps on the other. To Henry, the quaint, simple little study was a gem in its way; it was so entirely different from any study he had ever seen before.

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In the course of their conversation, sitting there before the fire, the pastor laughingly alluded to the strife which had arisen in the village concerning his visitor's identity, and incidentally suggested that it might be well to put an end to it as soon as a convenient opportunity offered. Henry took the matter more earnestly than the other had expected, and seemed perplexed.

"It had never occurred to me until now," he said, "but, come to look at the question, it will be no such easy matter for me to prove by documentary evidence that I, Henry Sewickley, am the son of your old friend, Conrad Zwickli. Why should I, anyhow? You believe it, Regula and her aunt believe it, and I *know* it. Doesn't that suffice? Let the doubters go."

"That would certainly be the simplest way," answered Pastor Luethi, but we have a requirement, universal in all Swiss communities, that any stranger sojourning longer than eight days shall deposit with the town-clerk a passport, or other paper, establishing his identity. Now, I suppose out of consideration for your having been an invalid ever since your arrival at Walletikon, this requirement has been hitherto waived. But you may be called upon at any time now to 'legitimate' yourself, as the term is."

"Nothing is easier," said the young man. "I have, in my trunk at Zurich, my passport as Henry Sewickley; but that brings me no nearer to proving that my father was born a Zwickli. Curious this never occurred to me before I came here. We pay so little attention to these things in America, you know. I verily believe the same identical man might live, during three successive years, as 'Mr. Brown' in Boston, 'Mr. Jones' in New York, and 'Mr. Robinson' in Philadelphia, respectively, without anyone ever troubling him about it. We are, I confess, too loose and careless in such matters."

"But your birth certificate would perhaps solve the matter?"

"Just there is the trouble. I was born out in a thinly-settled region of Kentucky, where my mother's family lived during the war, and where my father had met her while his regiment was stationed in the vicinity. No record of births was kept in that region during those times. In fact, had not the marriage been performed by the regimental chaplain, it is doubtful whether even any record of that would exist either. But my father did have one made out by the chaplain, and left it with my mother, and it was found among her effects after her decease. When I was born, my father was with his command, many hundred miles away."

"I see that you are right," said the pastor. "It is going to be a difficult matter to establish your Walletikon pedigree. But what matters it, after all?" he added with a smile; "as Henry Sewickley you are equally welcome, and will remain with us as long as you like."

A few days later, as the pastor had intimated, a summons came from the town-house for the young man to appear there in person, and show his papers. The result was a hurried journey to Zurich by Aunt Barbara, who returned on the same afternoon, bringing a steamer-trunk marked "H. S., Cincinnati, U. S. A.," a well-worn valise, and a travelling-rug done up in a shawl-strap, all of which were duly installed in the young man's room at the parsonage. That evening, the pastor's household were entertained by a series of photographic views of scenery in Scotland and along the Rhine, and next morning Henry Sewickley, in all the luxury of fresh apparel, sauntered out into the village for the first time, found his way to the town-house, and triumphantly deposited his passport with Herr Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Zwickli, taking the latter's official receipt therefor.

Retracing his steps slowly homeward, he felt in his heart an unspeakable joy that his stay in Walletikon might now be prolonged for an indefinite period. He had still two months of unexpired leave, and yet how short a time that seemed, and how quickly the weeks would fly away which yet separated him from a return to the bustle and hurry of his editorial life. Meanwhile, to remain longer a guest at the parsonage seemed an abuse of generous hospitality. He learned on inquiry that the Frau Schoolmaster occasionally accommodated a boarder or two whenever any such happened, during the summer

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months, to stray that way; and he dropped in, and made arrangements accordingly for the transfer of himself and his effects thither on the following day.

As his new host in prospective accompanied him out to the garden gate, there was some unusual excitement visible in the neighborhood. It seemed to centre about the village church, before which a score of people had gathered, the pastor among them, and all were looking up toward the belfry, in the windows of which several other heads were apparent, their possessors engaged in earnest conversation with those below.

"A great misfortune!" exclaimed Regula to Henry, as he neared the group; "our dear old church bell has cracked," and he noticed that there were tears in her eyes. She had never looked half so beautiful to him before, he thought.

Then, from the conversation of those standing about, he soon gathered the rest of the story. The bell had been hanging up there among the oaken beams of the belfry for a hundred years or more—the year 1784 was engraved on its outer side—and through summer's heat and winter's cold had, all that time, rung out the hours by which many generations of Walletikoners, long since gone to their graves, had timed their goings-out and their comings-in. But that afternoon, as it struck three o'clock, the accustomed ears of the village folk had detected an unfamiliar vagueness in its strokes; its brazen tongue lacked its wonted clearness; it was out of tune. Bartholomew Buerkli, the bell-ringer, hastened to investigate. Then the news quickly spread that the old bell had at last succumbed to the inroads of time, and was cracked past repair.

"Come," said the pastor, taking Henry's arm and re-entering the parsonage with him, "it has served its time, and must go like the rest of us, when our work here is done. But it is indeed hard to part with such an old friend. It has so many joyous, and yet so many sad, memories for me, in fact, for us all, that dear old church-bell."

At supper, Henry surprised the inmates of the pastor's household by two announcements: firstly, that he thought, if the morrow was fair, he would venture on a trip to Zurich, and secondly, that he had engaged lodgings at the schoolmaster's, and would, on his return, transfer himself and his effects thither. That evening, he sat up in his room, and wrote a long letter, beginning "My dear father," and ending "your affectionate son, Henry." What its contents were, the reader may be left to infer from the subsequent course of this narrative. Suffice it to say here that he posted it in person at Zurich, on the following day, having first ascertained that a direct mail would leave that evening for the United States. Next he found the telegraph-office, and sent the following despatch:

"*Conrad Sewickley, No. — Harrison St., Cincinnati:*

"Am well. Shall remain some weeks at Walletikon. Have written. Important.

"HENRY."

and then, with the air of a man who has done his whole duty, he dined comfortably at the Saffran and afterward took an early afternoon train back to Walletikon.

Installed at the schoolmaster's, he found, with his returning health and strength, a keen enjoyment in the cool, crisp Indian-summer days which ensued, and in the picturesque landscape which wooed him to wander forth among its ever-changing and varied beauties. In these walks, which, as his strength permitted, daily grew longer, Regula and her aunt were his frequent companions, and the pastor himself occasionally accompanied them, when his time allowed. Henry found it difficult, at first, to recognize in the active, spirited girl walking by his side, exuberant with health and radiant with good humor, the quiet, timid creature who had been wont to steal in, on tiptoe, to his bedside, or noiselessly move about his sick-room. "How fortunate it was," he said one day, laughingly, "that none of you knew at first that I spoke German."

"I don't understand," she said, hesitatingly.

"Why," he continued, "in that case, I should never have had you for interpreter. What luck was it that

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prompted me to groan out my sufferings in English?"

Regula laughed, and retorted with some expression which sounded very much like, "What nonsense you do talk," and then adroitly turned the conversation in some other direction. But her quick intuition had long since told her that to which no woman can afford to be indifferent. She knew perfectly well that Henry Sewickley, with all his attempts to conceal it, was attracted to her by more than a mere feeling of ordinary friendship. If he was not already in love with her, he was certainly on the high road to becoming so, and madly so, too. And she—did she care for him?—she often asked herself. Just a little perhaps. He was very kind and gentle, very intelligent, and, everybody thought, very handsome, too. But how stupid of her, she thought again, to fall in love with the very first young man of any social pretensions with whom she had ever been thrown in contact. Were there not a thousand others out in the wide, wide world just as kind, gentle, intelligent, and handsome as this young stranger, whom chance had thrown in her way? And should she, Regula Luethi, all at once fall in love with the first one who had presented himself?

Yet, struggle against it as she would, she had to confess to herself that there was pleasure for her in his presence and his voice, that she found the days on which they did not meet tiresome ones. She found herself continually making plans which would furnish an excuse for bringing them together. One day, there was a poor family to be visited, and he should accompany Aunt Barbara and her thither; another day, he must bring his copy of Tennyson up to the rectory, and read her "Locksley Hall;" on still another occasion, there was a particular view of the Glaernish, from a neighboring hill, which Henry desired to get for his sketch-book, and it was Regula who volunteered to guide him thither. That Henry enjoyed all this, there can be no manner of doubt. The removal of the old bell from the church-tower—an operation by the way requiring no little time and pains—furnished him with frequent excuse for lounging in the vicinity of the parsonage.

"Our old bell seems to have an especial charm for you," said Regula, roguishly one day, meeting him before the church.

"I was just thinking," he said, "it was no doubt rung at your baptism, and at your confirmation, and at your father's and mother's baptism and confirmation, and marriage as well. What holy, and yet what sad, memories it must have for you all!"

"Indeed you are right," she answered, "to see it going seems like parting from a dear old friend. And, what is worse, there is but little prospect at present of replacing it. The township is poor, and papa says the town council is not disposed to incur the expense."

"That would be a pity," said Henry, "but they may change their minds. I hope yet to see a new bell in that tower before I say 'good-by' to Walletikon."

"The days of magicians are gone by," she replied, laughingly. "I fear you are doomed to disappointment."

"I think not," said Henry, significantly. "But, by the way, I had almost forgotten something," and he produced a sealed envelope from his pocket and handed it to Regula. She noticed, too, that it bore her address. "Read this when you have a few spare moments." She took the envelope and, as soon as she was alone, tore it open, and read these lines:

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

A song for the bell, the dear old bell
That has hung in the belfry high.
And has rung the fleeting hours so well
For a hundred years gone by.
In summer's heat and in winter's cold,
By night, and by livelong day,
Its warning strokes have faithfully told
How time was passing away.

A smile for the bell, the merry old bell;
Were it gifted with speech, I ween
Its brazen monotonous tongue could tell
Of many a joyous scene.
It has greeted many a blushing bride
On her happy wedding morn;
It has rung in many a Christmas-tide
That has long since passed and gone.

A sigh for the bell, the sad old bell,
And its record of sorrow and tears;
It has tolled full many a funeral knell
Through all of these by-gone years.

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They are gone, all gone, the beloved of yore;
In the churchyard they long have slept,
While the bell rang on as it rang before,
All careless who smiled or wept.

A tear for the bell, the worn old bell;
Its labors at length are o'er.
Its cheery and comforting tones will swell
On the passing breeze no more.
Methinks when the mid-day hour comes round
I shall hear its voice again,
And I listen to catch the wonted sound,
But listen alas! in vain.

Yet, blessings upon that brave old bell,
It was faithful unto the end.
Like a sentry true at its post it fell,
'Twas a fast unswerving friend.
For, of all true friendships under the sun,
In every age and clime,
The truest, indeed, is that of one
Who giveth a tongue to time.

As she finished reading the verses, a sweet smile illumined her face. These thoughts which Henry had put in rhyme for her—yes, she felt sure it had been for her, who else was there in all the village that could read them?—had they not passed through her own mind a hundred times? and now he had embodied them in a simple poem, and modestly laid them at her feet. She felt, indeed, it was love's first offering. She read and re-read the lines, and, at night, she placed them under her pillow, and dreamed that she saw the old bell, decked with may-flowers, mounted on a pole before the town-house, and all the ancestors of the village arrayed in holiday garb, with joined hands, dancing a wild reel around it. Next day, she found an excuse to pass by the schoolmaster's to thank the young poet for the pleasure he had afforded her, but was surprised to learn he had left by an early train for Zurich, to be absent possibly for a day or two. Then indeed she felt how needful his presence, or at least his proximity, had come to be to her daily contentment, and she waited impatiently for his return. The third day brought a letter to her father. The pastor read it through carefully, and seemed greatly interested in its contents, but put it in his pocket without saying a word to indicate what they were. But, that afternoon, he made a call at the town-house, and afterward sent off a reply to Zurich by the evening mail. "Our young friend writes he will be back in a day or two," he remarked to Aunt Barbara, in Regula's hearing, that evening. That was all.

Meanwhile, all Walletikon was alive with the momentous question of a new church-bell. The town treasury was nearly empty, taxes had come in slowly, there had been a heavy drain made on the public funds for various purposes during the past year, and it was pretty generally conceded that, if a new bell, even of the simplest description, was to be put up, the greater part of the necessary sum would have to be raised by subscription. In fact, such a subscription had been started and passed around, but had resulted in barely a hundred francs, or scarcely a tenth part of what was required to replace the old bell. The town councilmen shook their heads, and began to intimate that Walletikon would have to forego the luxury of a church-bell for a while, until the "times got better," which meant, of course, as everybody knew, that there would be no bell at all; for no one could ever be got to admit in that community that any one year was better than the last. Pastor Luethi alone did not seem to give up the hope that a new bell would be found, somehow, or somewhere. When this one, or that one, came to sympathize with him as the chief mourner over the empty belfry, he would smile, and only say good-naturedly: "Well, we shall see; we shall see."

It was on an evening early in December that the meeting of the town council, which was to determine the matter, took place. Its result was apparently a foregone conclusion, a simple sum in arithmetic. The town could not, by any possibility, appropriate any more than two hundred francs; forthcoming, from various subscriptions, one hundred francs; total cost of new bell, one thousand francs. Any child could see there were seven hundred francs lacking, and nobody could see where they were to come from. These facts were curtly stated by the town president as soon as he had called the meeting to order, and they admitted of no discussion. But, just as a vote was about to be taken, there was a rap at the door,

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and the session was interrupted by the entrance of the gray-haired rector, who carefully deposited his hat and umbrella in the corner, and then, turning to the president, respectfully requested permission to address the council a few words on the subject under deliberation. It was of course accorded, and the members, most of whom had been hoping for a speedy adjournment, glanced at each other curiously, as if to question the meaning of this unlooked-for interruption. The pastor did not leave them long in doubt.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Town Council," he said, "I have come before you this evening on a happy mission; I am indeed the bearer of good tidings. A friend of yours, and of mine, a native of Walletikon, who left us long ago to seek his fortune in the wide world—hearing in his distant home of what had befallen our dear old village church-bell—has authorized me to ask the town's acceptance of the amount necessary to put up a chime of three bells in its place. In his behalf, I bring you now the sum of five thousand francs as a free-will offering for the purpose stated. The money is here, and your honorable body has but to signify its acceptance of the gift."

The look of blank incredulity which had begun to steal over the members' faces speedily disappeared when the pastor, producing a wallet from his breast-pocket, proceeded to count out five one-thousand franc notes on the town-clerk's desk. "The giver, who is he?" shouted several at once; "let us know his name." "He is one," answered the pastor, his voice trembling, "who left you in his youth to wander in a distant land, but who, like a true Schweizer, has never forgotten, and never can forget, the scenes of his birth and boyhood in this Alpine land. Wherever he has wandered, he says that the sweet sound of our village bell has been ever ringing in his ears, wooing him, in tender, loving tones, to return. Gentlemen, he *has* returned; he is here."

The door opened, and a stranger entered. He was a man of some fifty-odd years of age, short of stature, and compact of build, plainly clad, but of self-possessed and taciturn mien, with the air of one who had mastered fortune, and who, at the same time, thoroughly understood himself. As he removed his soft felt-hat on entering, there were no gray hairs visible about his brows; but, as he looked about the council-room, and saw assembled there faces everyone of which had grown old during his long absence, yet everyone of which recalled some memory of his early days in Walletikon, a tear came into his eyes, and his voice trembled, as he exclaimed:

"Yes, thank God, he *is* here again; he has come from over the seas to revisit the loved scenes of his youth; a greeting to you, one and all, old friends. Will you not welcome him home again?"

"*Conrad Zwickli!*" exclaimed the town-clerk, and in another moment the new-comer was recognized, and surrounded, and received a welcome so enthusiastic that Henry Sewickley's entrance remained for a while unnoticed. The pastor first observed him, and quickly whispered a few words in the ear of Conrad Zwickli, who turned, and, taking Henry by the hand, brought him forward into the centre of the group.

"My son, gentlemen of the town council," he said, with a knowing look at the town-clerk; "my son, Henry Sewickley, or Zwickli, whichever you may be pleased to call him. We have merely Americanized the name, you see. His visit to Walletikon, it's true, came near being the end of him, but, thanks to our good friend, the pastor here, and his family, he is still good, I trust, for many a day."

There was a happy gleam of satisfaction in Henry's eyes as he responded to his father's introduction by a bow to the assembly. He thought of Regula, too, and how happy all this would make her. He and his father had only arrived half an hour before, and had come, by appointment with Pastor Luethi, directly from the station to the town-house. Regula had not been let into the secret of their intended coming.

The town council's session that evening came to an abrupt close. Herr Conrad Zwickli's generous offer of a chime of bells was promptly accepted, a vote of thanks was passed, and the

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meeting adjourned. All Walletikon, old and young, knew, before it went to bed that night, what had happened at the town-house. Fabulous stories of the returned stranger's wealth were told, and, as all the families in the village were more or less related to the Zwicklis, the question of possible heirship of course came up very frequently in the general conversation. But the subject of it all had evidently no intention of accommodating any of these new-found heirs for some time to come. He went quickly home with his son to their lodgings at the schoolmaster's. "Henry," he said, as they bade each other good-night, toward midnight, "what wouldn't I give to hear that old bell strike twelve once more, just as I used to hear it in the days of old. Walletikon doesn't seem like Walletikon without it."

Henry answered, "No," but abstractedly. He was thinking of other things. He was picturing his reunion with Regula on the morrow, and dwelling, in happy thought, on his now changed position as the recognized son of Conrad Zwickli, her father's boyhood companion. Absence, even though short, had but served to convince him of his attachment, and he determined to press a suit in which he now felt all his future happiness was involved. And with these thoughts, father and son fell asleep.

Conrad Zwickli's unexpected return, and his munificent gift of the chimes for the church-tower, proved something more than the usual nine-days' wonder. Long absence, newly-acquired wealth, and association with strangers, had not greatly changed him, it was found. He was unpretentious and plain in his manners, remembered all his old associates, even to the humblest and poorest, and —what perhaps pleased the villagers most of all—conversed with them in the same old Zurich dialect as of yore.

"*Haend er oeppe gmeint, i heb Eu vergesse, he?*" was his frequent remark. "*Bhuetis, es het mi scho lang hei zoge. Wuessed er, i bi trotz allem en guete Walletikoner blibe.*" Much of his time was passed in the company of his old friend the pastor, and the two found evident pleasure in the growing attachment between their children. Meanwhile, December was nearly gone, and Walletikon was buried deep in its garment of winter snow, yet Henry showed no signs of leaving. All else seemed neglected, forgotten, in the one thought of Regula's sweet companionship.

Christmas-eve came, and, with it, the village street was bright with the lights shining forth, through narrow windows, from Christmas-trees in humble homes. Aunt Barbara and Regula had, with willing hands, decorated the walls of the pastor's study with evergreen and holly, and had reared, in the sitting-room, a modest fir-sapling, still redolent with the resinous odors of its native forest, yet transformed, by many-colored tapers and gew-gaws, into a vision which would have delighted the soul of a veritable Kriss Kringle. There was a huge basket of cakes to be distributed among the children of the village, and a great quantity of mufflers and warm mittens as presents for the poor, and, at one end of the room, on a separate table, a collection of mysterious packages, great and small, each addressed from somebody to somebody else; and, in the midst of all the preparations, pretty Regula, with eyes and cheeks aglow, flitted about, the presiding genius, the good angel of it all. Henry and his father and the Herr and Frau Schoolmaster were the only invited guests of the occasion, and who shall tell of the good cheer to which they sat down? If there was one thing in which Aunt Barbara was open to a charge of vanity, it was her cookery, and on this particular Christmas-eve she had fairly outdone herself. To what a delicate turn the trout were done; what a royal roast-goose, dripping in its own gravy, flanked by all sorts of minor delicacies, and washed down by rosy Hallauer, followed it; and what a culinary triumph was the savory apple-pudding that wound up the repast! But the festivities did not end here. After dinner came the lighting of the tree, in which Henry aided Regula, and managed to burn his fingers gallantly in her behalf. Then a whole troop of the village children came flocking in, to look and wonder, and get their cakes; then the presents were distributed, and no one was forgotten. The Frau Schoolmaster got a work-bag

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and a rocking-chair, and an edition of the Revised Hymn-book; her worthy spouse was surprised by a luxus-edition of Virgil's "Æneid," a new pair of spectacles (No. 24), and a bandana handkerchief of enormous dimensions. Aunt Barbara, in her turn, found a complete set of Gottfried Keller's works, and a rocking-chair—the duplicate of Frau Schoolmaster's—placed to her credit under the tree; the good old pastor was made happy by a pair of worked slippers, an engraving of Leonardo di Vinci's "Last Supper," and, last of all, a neatly-done-up package, which proved to contain a gold watch, inscribed, "To F. L. from Conrad and Henry." Regula was all radiant with smiles when the Herr Schoolmaster, who, emboldened by the Hallauer, had volunteered to help in calling out and distributing the gifts, handed her a small basket of fresh roses—midwinter though it was—then an illuminated copy of "Locksley Hall," and, among a number of inviting-looking packets, one on which was written, "To be opened at once." There were exclamations of delight when it was found to contain a miniature imitation, in silver, of the old Walletikon church-bell, inscribed, "From H. S. to R. L. In memoriam." Nor had Henry been forgotten. Regula had, in secret, worked him a tobacco pouch on which she had embroidered his initials in gold. Aunt Barbara had baked a monster cake with "Harry" traced in legible letters on the white-sugar coating that covered it. The pastor remembered him with a meerschaum pipe—the corollary of Regula's gift—while Herr and Frau Schoolmaster had brought their lodger the practical tribute of a half-dozen pairs of warm winter-socks, which elicited a general round of mirthful approval. In the midst of the laughter and merriment, Conrad Zwickli handed his son a large blue envelope, bearing a great official seal. "Here, Henry," said he, in a nonchalant way, "this has been sent me for you by post. It looks like a Christmas present from Uncle Sam."

Henry tore open the envelope, and took from it a parchment document, bearing another great red seal. It was addressed to "Henry Sewickley, Esq.," and signed by the Secretary of State. "Congratulate me, my friends," he exclaimed, after hastily glancing over its contents. "I am appointed United States Consul to W——, in Germany." Regula was the first to grasp his hand, as she found a chance to whisper in his ear, "Oh! this makes me so happy." For a few moments Henry was kept busy with handshaking, and hearing himself facetiously addressed as "Herr Consul" by the pastor and schoolmaster, in turn. Conrad Zwickli appeared the most satisfied of all. "I've been expecting it for a month," he said, "and it couldn't have got here at a better time. Senator F—— promised it to me before I left home, and he always keeps his word. Henry, your hand, my boy."

But the great surprise of the evening was yet to come. The Herr and Frau Schoolmaster, being somewhat fatigued by the unwonted festivities, and growing sleepy in consequence, made their adieux at an early hour. Aunt Barbara was busily engaged in the multifarious duties devolving upon a housewife after a feast, and Conrad Zwickli had retired with the pastor to the latter's study to enjoy a quiet pipe before saying good-night, while Regula and Henry remained behind in the dining-room, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing that the Christmas-tree candles did not set fire to the curtains, but in reality, as results proved, with a very different object in view. One by one, the candles glimmered, flickered, and finally went out, and yet the two sat there, in the dim light, in the window-corner, talking together in hushed and tender tones, which, to one who could have overheard them, would have left no doubt as to their purport. Suddenly, and with one accord, they both rose and, with clasped hands, walked out into the corridor, and stopped before the study door. They paused for a moment, as if to gather strength for a weighty determination; they glanced, for an instant, lovingly into each other's eyes; the needed strength came to them with the glance; then Henry rapped gently on the door, and still hand in hand, and with beating hearts, they entered. The pastor and his friends, deeply immersed in their reminiscences of the past, and

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all heedless of the passing hours, looked up casually from their conversation as the young people came in. Regula's fair face was flushed with a brilliant glow which, in contrast with the earnest fervor of her dark eyes, and the raven-blackness of her hair, in which she had placed one of the white roses, only served to impart a deeper, more passionate loveliness to her usually calm countenance. Henry, manly and erect in figure, honest and upright in demeanor, led her to where her father was sitting, and, standing there by her side, said, in a tremulous voice: "We have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

The pastor's kindly countenance turned full upon the young man and the fair girl before him. In an instant, a thousand memories of the past came vividly crowding upon his mind. In his loved child, Regula, who stood there timidly, blushingly, awaiting the reply that was to seal her happiness, he saw the living counterpart of her who long years before—it seemed to him but yesterday—had stood so modestly, by his own side, before the altar; in the face of the youth who now asked of him this, the greatest boon he had to confer on earth, he saw reflected the long-forgotten, but now revived, memories of his old comrade Conrad, who sat there, a silent observer of the moving scene.

"Are you certain, both of you, that you love each other?" he finally asked, with an assumed firmness of voice.

They looked at each other. "Oh, yes; indeed we are," they answered.

"Do you really know what it means when you say this?" he continued, tenderly; "do you fully understand that your love is not to be for a day, a month, a year, but for a lifetime; that it is to soothe your sorrows as well as to enhance your joys; that, through sickness and health, prosperity and adversity, evil report and good report, it is to sustain you, and strengthen you, and bless you, and keep you one, unto life's end? Have you fully weighed all this?"

They both bowed their heads in the affirmative.

"Then," said the pastor, rising and extending his hands to them, "you have my consent, and may Heaven's blessing go with you." He imprinted a kiss upon Regula's forehead, and exclaimed, turning to Conrad Zwickli, who had risen, and with pride in his face, had approached the young couple. "You were right, old friend; you were right; your eyes were better than mine."

And then, late though it was, the four sat down together, the two with life behind them, the other two with life and love yet before them, and talked of their plans and hopes until the clock on the stairs ushered in, with twelve solemn strokes, a new-born Christmas morn. And when Henry and his father reached home, they paused for a moment at the schoolmaster's gate, under the light of the glittering stars, and Conrad, placing his hand upon his boy's shoulder, said, with a fervor he had never shown before: "Henry, this is the happiest Christmas of my life. For all my long, lonely, laborious, loveless years, this night has been the crown and compensation."

A few days later, Henry set out for his post at W———, and Walletikon, after discussing the news of the betrothal in all its bearings, relapsed into its wonted winter tranquillity. Early in February, however, a fresh sensation occurred in the arrival of the new church-bells, and the work of mounting them to their place in the belfry was at once begun. But, for some reason unaccountable to the general public, whose curiosity was naturally on tiptoe to catch the first welcome strokes, this work progressed with uncommon slowness. Conrad Zwickli, who was, in person, superintending it, seemed to be in no haste whatever, making first one explanation, then another, to the numerous inquiries by the village folk. "We hope to have them ready by Easter," was the only definite answer that could be elicited from him on the subject. That was the date which had been fixed for Henry's and Regula's wedding, and those in the secret understood fully the real reason for the delay.

And finally Easter came—it fell early in April that year—and, ten days before it, Henry arrived and resumed his old lodgings with his father at the Schoolmaster's. They had all gone to meet him at the station, and it was a merry party that sat down that evening to

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Aunt Barbara's supper at the parsonage to welcome the "Herr Consul" back. Regula made no effort to conceal her joy at the reunion with one who was henceforth all in all to her. And so the days chased each other away in rapid succession, until Easter morning dawned, crisp and cloudless. The civil marriage was appointed for ten o'clock, at the town-house, and the ceremony at the church for half an hour later. All Walletikon was agog, everyone, old and young, was rigged out in his, or her, Sunday-best, and when the bridal party, emerging from the parsonage, took up their line of march for the town-clerk's office, it is safe to state that there was not a pair of eyes in the entire Dorf that did not have them in view. First came Conrad Zwickli with Regula on his arm, then Henry with Aunt Barbara, then the pastor with the Frau Schoolmaster—who had produced, for the occasion, a black silk dress worn by her grandmother, and Dr. Eigenheer, with the Herr Schoolmaster brought up the rear of the small, but imposing cortege. Herr Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Zwickli, the town-clerk, awaited them in his office, into which he had promptly slipped, after watching their approach from the front door step as long as he considered compatible with his official dignity. He was arrayed in a threadbare, but carefully brushed, suit of black, and his rubicund visage, suggestive of a half century of Neftenbacher and Schaffhauser vintages, was wreathed with smiles and reeking with perspiration as the party entered. The formalities were soon over, the contracting parties and witnesses signed their names—Aunt Barbara in her nervousness dropping the pen and leaving a huge ink-spot on her signature—and then the procession moved out again in the reverse order to that in which it had come, Conrad Zwickli dropping a fee in the town-clerk's and also in the Weibel's hands, which would suffice to keep both of them in beer for many a day. Before the church, a great crowd, not only from the village, but from all the country round, had gathered. They had come from Bassersdorf, from Kloten, from Effretikon, from Wallisellen, from Dietlikon, from Oerlikon; yes, there were some there even from Zurich itself, and they all crowded into the little church after the wedding party had passed in, and stood there in silence, so that one could hear a pin drop, until the solemn ceremony was over. When the old, good pastor read them St. Paul's familiar epistle commending marriage as honorable among all men, his voice was firm and potent with the eloquence of the Divine message he was transmitting. But when, drawing nearer to the young couple, he joined their hands, pronounced them man and wife, and invoked the benediction of Heaven upon their union, his voice was weak, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

But hark! at that moment a sweet, unwonted sound burst upon the ears of the delighted assembly. It came bursting forth from the belfry in swelling waves of varied melody, now soft and modulated, now stirring and sonorous, spreading itself out over the landscape far and near, and carrying to all within its hearing the blessed tidings of great joy. And as the young couple passed down the aisle, and out of the church, amid smiles and greetings and cheers, and with the world opening all bright and joyous before them, Conrad Zwickli whispered in their ears, "There is a holy spell in those bells. Wherever you go, carry with you, in memory, the chimes of Walletikon."

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OUTLAWRY ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

By James E. Pilcher.

N approaching the west fork of the Nueces River from the east, the trail emerges from the chaparral and, making a sharp turn, brings to view a great stone cairn upon which rests a marble slab, bearing this inscription:

Hier ruhet in Gott
EDUARD, BARON VON
WOEHRMANN.
Geb. am 11 Feb. 1848 in Dresden.
Ermordet an dieser Staette am 21 April, 1877.*

The country along the banks of the river, torn and harrowed by the waters which leave it entirely dry in the fall and rush through its channel in enormous quantities and with terrific force in the spring, is singularly fitted for the accomplishment of a tragedy such as is so graphically pictured by these words.

A young German of noble lineage, seeking to repair the fortunes of a fallen house, had established himself upon a ranche near the Texas border. Success appeared to crown his labor, and the future seemed particularly bright to him on that April night, as he galloped leisurely toward his home through the closely grown thickets of mesquit lining the trail. But behind a rugged bank at the river-crossing lay awaiting him in ambush a party of black-browed, sinister-eyed Mexicans, whom the tidings of his prosperity had lured from their native haunts. It took but a single shot to shatter his plans and at the same time to end his life.

The assassins stealthily fled across the border without leaving a trace of their identity. Baron von Woehrmann was buried where he fell, his ranche passed into other hands, and naught is left to mark his career and tell the tale of outlawry which cut it short but the heap of stones where his body lies.

Several factors have contributed to the encouragement of outlawry in the territory embracing the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. The laxity of the enforcement of laws common to new countries drew to it the reckless and criminal from older localities. The temptation to avoid the payment of duty upon imported articles attracted a considerable number of smugglers—proverbially desperate and lawless. International jealousy, inducing the citizens of one country to protect those of their own nationality from the penalties for offences committed in the territory or upon the citizens of the other, added still greater facility to the commission of crime. A century of political dissension, while it had developed throughout the entire territory of Mexico large numbers of freebooters living by a system of brigandage, had at the same time weakened the grasp of the authorities upon the outlying states, so that the vicious from other parts naturally gravitated to the frontier. The existence near the border, of hostile Indians accustomed to ravage both countries at will, gave additional uncertainty to life on the Rio Grande.

The country along the river is especially adapted to the concealment of criminals, the stream running in a broad valley from either side of which more or less precipitous foothills arise. The bottom is filled with a dense thicket of chaparral, extending sometimes twenty miles back from the river, with here and there narrow paths or trails cut through to the water. The mesquit in these thickets may be hardly more than a bush, and it may grow to a height of fifty or sixty feet and a diameter of two or three. In the maze of paths penetrating this growth in all directions it is possible for immense herds of cattle and large bodies of men to be concealed without a suspicion of their pres-

* Here rests in God
EDUARD, BARON VON
WOEHRMANN.
Born Feb. 11, 1848, in Dresden.
Murdered on this spot, April 21, 1877.

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ence. Moreover, the Rio Grande is itself a dry sandy slough several months of the year, rendering it easy for marauders to cross with their spoil.

Prior to the Mexico-Texan war, the comparatively unexplored country west of the Louisiana purchase afforded but little temptation to other than the hunter and the trapper, and it was abandoned to the Comanches and the Kickapoos. But the dispute over the debatable land lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and the final location of the boundary line at the latter, brought into prominence the success of the Texans in establishing first an independent republic and later a full-fledged State of the American Union. This not unnaturally proved an incentive to other ambitious individuals to seek fame and fortune in like manner, and for a number of years Mexico became the prize toward which many covetous eyes were turned.

The filibustering expeditions of Raousset, Pindray, Walker, and Crabb were the direct offspring of this sentiment. Walker, the little "gray-eyed man of destiny," approached nearest to success, landing both in Lower California and Sonora, and proclaiming a republic in each State with himself as president and his followers as associate dignitaries. But the country, the elements, and the natives were all against him, and in less than six months, with a worn and haggard remnant of his band, he fell back to the frontier, where they were made prisoners of war by their own countrymen.

The attempt of Crabb, three years later, to found an independent State in Sonora met with even a more tragical termination. He came in triumph upon the invitation of the revolutionary party from which he expected material aid, but with the rapidity common in Mexican politics, affairs had assumed a new aspect during his journey, his advances were repulsed with indignation, and his entire company were hunted down by the victorious faction and brutally butchered. Such results proved an efficient discouragement to future attempts at the invasion of Mexico, and there are no further instances of this kind of outlawry upon the part of Americans.

In Mexico, during the three-quarters of a century of transition between the revolution of Hidalgo and the establishment of the government upon a firm basis, the spirit of outlawry raged with varying activity throughout the country. It came to be considered a very suitable career for a scion of a good family to take to the road upon the loss of an inheritance. "What else can a gentleman do?" was the indignant query put concerning an official who had been thrown out of office and had resorted to the highway.

As late as 1872, a wealthy gentleman belonging to the old Mexican nobility, dating back to the conquerors and the earlier viceroys, was kidnapped in one of the central streets of the capital itself, while returning from the theatre, and one hundred thousand dollars ransom demanded. For a week, in their resort in the purlieus of the city, he was kept by outlaws literally buried alive, before the authorities, stirred to activity by the enormous ransom and the high social position of the victim, ferreted out their den. The fact that the chiefs of the bandits were shot on the day of capture, however, had no perceptible effect upon the practice.

In 1875, the stage-coach from the city of Mexico to Queretaro, carrying the mails, was robbed by a band of two hundred highwaymen. A member of Congress and two other passengers were taken from the coach and murdered in cold blood.

Three years later, passenger trains were never allowed to pass over the railway between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, the only railroad then in full operation, without a large escort of soldiers to protect them from highwaymen, while robberies of the horse-cars running from the capital to its suburbs were of weekly occurrence. The Belgian Consul-general to the United States was at this time directed by his government to make a tour of observation in Mexico. Throughout his journey in the interior States he was escorted by a military guard; notwithstanding, while passing through one of the most wealthy and densely populated States of the Republic, he was assaulted by a band of mounted highwaymen; his guard fled inconti-

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nently, and the Consul-general and his party were robbed of their baggage and personal valuables and sent forward in absolute destitution. When they arrived at the next station they learned that the outlaws were a part of the regular road guard, who had deserted the service and were devoting the government arms and horses to a more lucrative avocation.

In 1876 a forced loan was levied by revolutionists upon the city of Chihuahua, apportioning $3,500 of the amount to an American banker and capitalist engaged in business there. Being absent at his *hacienda* outside the city, an armed guard was sent to collect it. He declined to contribute, in the belief that large sums which he had already paid were more than his share. He was thereupon taken prisoner, and the revolutionists having meanwhile lost the city, he was spirited away into the Sierra Madres, while a ransom of $50,000 was demanded from his family. He refused to permit the payment of so enormous a sum and followed his captors from one mountain fastness to another, as they were driven about by the government troops, sleeping on the bare ground, several times being under fire and suffering many great privations, until the demands of the outlaws were reduced to the original amount, upon the payment of which he was finally released. But this treatment was continued from time to time until his losses actually amounted to nearly $50,000, for none of which could he afterward obtain either satisfaction or compensation.

With robbery and anarchy rampant about the capital, it is hardly surprising to find outlawry, sedition, and murder prevalent upon the border. The condition of affairs is well illustrated by the fact that at one time, when the Mexican consul in San Antonio desired to go over to Camargo to visit his family, he asked for an escort of the despised *gringos* to protect himself from his own countrymen. The priests of the Roman Church have been accustomed to pass unmolested among the most savage tribes, but when the Catholic bishop wished to visit his parishes along the border he dared not make the attempt without an American military guard, to protect him from Mexican freebooters.

Cattle and horses being the chief products of Texas, and at the same time the most valuable and most easily transported, naturally most frequently formed the booty of the outlaws, but nothing was sacred at their hands. On several occasions United States post-offices were robbed and burned, custom-houses were looted, and churches ransacked. Even officers of the army were obliged to travel with large escorts, lest their guards should be overcome by superior numbers and robbed of their mounts and accoutrements.

The story of the border troubles is very closely interwoven with the history of General Juan Nepomuceno Cortina, a most remarkable individual, whose intense hatred of the Americans and his practical methods of displaying it, combined with exceptional force of character and energy of disposition, to render him a most redoubtable enemy. Cortina's career is a fine example of partisan warfare, and would have given him great glory in the ninth century, but is an anachronism in the nineteenth.

When hardly more than a boy in General Arista's army, during the Mexican War, he repeatedly ambushed and killed parties of American officers and soldiers. Legal limits could not restrain his energy, and the sentence of outlawry early fell upon him ; his character was nevertheless too strong not to exert a powerful influence over a large number of adherents, and he was too influential a political factor to be ignored, so that he was openly courted by politicians of all parties near an election. Although under indictments for murder and other offences, he was accustomed, armed to the teeth and surrounded by well-armed friends, to frequent the town of Brownsville, where, according to his own statement, in 1859 he entered into open hostilities with the American authorities.

Seeing the city marshal arresting one of his countrymen, in a paroxysm of patriotism he stretched the officer at his feet with a pistol shot and, mounting the prisoner behind him, rode off with his friends, defying arrest. Before daylight, about a month later, with a party

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of fifty to eighty equally desperate men, well mounted, whom his audacity had attracted about him, he took possession of Brownsville, posting sentinels at all the principal corners and establishing mounted patrols through the streets. The citizens were awakened by firing and shouts of *Mueran los gringos*—Death to Americans—*Viva Cheno Cortina, Viva Mejico*, and the like. Mexicans and foreigners, he announced, were to be unharmed, but Americans were to be killed. Establishing himself at Fort Brown, then temporarily abandoned by United States troops, his emissaries were sent through the town, searching for victims. He battered down the doors of the jail and recruited his band from the prisoners. The jailer and others who had offended his cutthroats were slaughtered.

He now encamped at a ranche belonging to his mother, near Brownsville, his forces being constantly augmented by admiring recruits, with whose assistance his property and stock were removed to the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. A few days later, his lieutenant, one Corbura, was captured by the sheriff and, in spite of Cortina's demand for his surrender, was hanged. Cortina, now thoroughly incensed, crossed the river with his force and pillaged the entire surrounding country. He repulsed troops sent against him on two occasions, once overcoming a combined force of volunteers and Mexicans, and once defeating a body of Texas rangers supported by volunteers, on both occasions capturing cannon.

Cortina was now the hero of the hour. He had overcome the hated *gringos* and become the champion of his race, who would wipe out the losses of the Mexican War, and push back the boundary to the Nueces, where it belonged. He intercepted all mails and, unable to read himself, had the contents read to him. He styled himself "*General en Gefe*," and never appeared unless accompanied by a body-guard. The Mexican markets were always open for the purchase of his plunder, and he and his band were rapidly enriching themselves with the spoils of the conquered Texans.

About this time, however, the American forces were strengthened by the arrival of Major (afterward General) Heintzelman with a detachment of over a hundred cavalry and artillery. When these troops approached Cortina fired upon them, but, yielding to the inevitable, soon made a hasty retreat. Now, moving rapidly from place to place, it became difficult to locate him, but he was finally discovered at Ringgold Barracks and in possession of Rio Grande City. Here he was first attacked by the volunteers, to whom he made a vigorous resistance, until he saw in the distance the train of white-topped wagons indicating the approach of the regular troops, when he hurriedly withdrew and, after a pursuit of several miles only, escaped with the loss of all his guns, supplies, and provisions.

During the time of this raid, Cortina laid waste the entire country from Brownsville to Rio Grande City, one hundred and twenty-five miles, and as far back as Arroyo Colorado. All American inhabitants were either killed or driven away, all their stock and property taken to Mexico, and their homes razed to the ground. During the struggle the American forces lost fifteen Americans and eighty friendly Mexicans, while one hundred and fifty of Cortina's men bit the dust. In addition Cortina had subjected the United States to the humiliation of having two towns and two military posts in the possession of armed bandits for a considerable time.

Retiring into the mountains for a few years, in various civil wars, Cortina's dash won recognition and power for him, and when he reappeared on the Texas border he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican army. He used his official position in 1863 to depose and imprison Señor Ruiz, governor of Tamaulipas, installing in his place one José Maria Cobos, a fugitive in Brownsville ; but Cobos did not prove pliant enough, and by order of Cortina, he and his second in command were executed. Ruiz was reinstated, but Cortina again drove him away and elevated to the dignity Jesus de la Serna, who was in turn deposed by Ruiz, who had meanwhile collected a military force to support his preten-

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sions. But Cortina's impatient spirit declined to submit to his authority and, two weeks later, he expelled him from the city and proclaimed himself governor. Tired of the rôle of Warwick, he assumed that of King. The central government weakly submitted to this bit of local tyranny, recognized Cortina as governor, and shortly after conferred the rank of general upon him.

While holding this position, and in later years when stationed on the Rio Grande, Cortina, both in person and through his partisans, continued his career of plunder and murder in Texas. He stocked four ranches mostly with cattle and horses stolen from *gringos*. He filled extensive contracts with great herds seized from American ranchmen. Wealth followed hard upon his efforts, and his only grievance in his latter days was the fact that, by the orders of a firmer and more judicious government, he was detained at the capital and debarred from further participation in predatory incursions in Texas.

Grand juries in frontier counties of Texas found no less than twenty-seven indictments against Cortina for murder, while governor of Tamaulipas, each indictment relating to a separate and distinct crime. When to this is added the fact that nearly a quarter of a million cattle were under his direction, the success of his lifelong war against the *gringos* may be estimated.

Cortina had many pupils, but perhaps the most successful was Captain Savas Garcia, at one time an officer of his brigade. Garcia's entire company, it is said, participated in his depredations, presenting the singular spectacle of an organized military force engaged in hostile incursions into a country with which its own government was at peace. He later organized a band of marauders, numbering over eighty men, who made a permanent camp on the Rio Grande with the avowed object of crossing into Texas to rob, murder, and plunder. They established a regular ford over the river and swept through the country in all directions, leaving poverty and desolation in their wake.

It would seem difficult for large parties of outlaws to cross the Rio Grande without detection and an alarm being raised. And for this reason it was the custom for the bandits to cross the river singly and at different times, and seek refuge with Mexican *rancheros* residing on the American side, whom they terrorized or bribed into representing them to be employees. A considerable band could in this way be located in the enemy's territory without fear of discovery, and when the hour for action had arrived, they could be concentrated at a preconcerted point in an exceedingly short time.

One of the boldest and most extensive forays, in design and execution, occurred in 1875, and is known as the Corpus Christi raid. Several hundred men were expected to participate, and it was proposed to overrun the entire country between the Rio Grande and the Gulf. The number in the party, however, greatly dwindled, and when they arrived within a few miles of Corpus Christi not more than thirty-five or forty remained, but these were thoroughly organized and completely armed. Nothing was sacred from their hands; homes were broken open and the young men carried off as prisoners; stores were pillaged, and their own countrymen who refused to desert their duty and join in the raid, were shot without mercy. Travellers over the road were stopped and stripped of their valuables; the women, after removing such of their personal effects and even clothing as they desired, they turned loose in the chaparral, so terribly frightening them that in their frenzy they hid so closely that nearly forty hours elapsed before their friends could find some of them. The men they forced to run with them for miles as they galloped through the country. They rode on to the town of Nueces, and surrounding the principal store, where the post-office was located, called upon Noaks, the proprietor, to surrender. He stoutly refused at first and fired upon the advance guard as they attempted to enter; but as the band came up with all their prisoners, their number appeared so formidable that he decided that the odds against him were too heavy, and, hastily barricading his doors and windows, crept away through a ditch which ran under the building. The marauders, after they had rifled the post-office and

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robbed the store of money and merchandise representing years of honest toil, set fire to the building, thinking that the owner, who had so boldly repelled them, was still there. The heroism of his wife, who repeatedly and at the very muzzles of their guns extinguished the fires they had kindled, won their respect sufficiently to save her life, but her home was doomed. When the conflagration was at its height an American, who had been asleep in the building, leaped from the flames and fell to the ground pierced by a dozen bullets. After watching the fire until they had no doubt that their victim was roasted, they set out with their wagon train of plunder for the Rio Grande, neglecting no opportunity by the way to increase it.

Meanwhile, the alarm had reached Corpus Christi, a few miles away, and a number of parties were formed to scour the country in all directions for the bandits, but they doubled on their track and pursued so devious a course that they were overtaken but by one party, which boldly attacked them although vastly inferior in number, and was easily beaten off with a loss of one man. The organization of the Mexicans, with advance and rear guards and flankers, showed that their leader was familiar with military methods, and gives color to a suspicion that officers of their army were involved in the affair. The whole raid was managed in a masterly way, and a long wagon train was required to carry over the boundary the spoils which they had torn from frightened women, murdered men, and burning buildings all along the way.

Except in pursuit of hostile Indians, American troops have found but few occasions to cross into Mexico, but at one time, Captain Randlett, with his troop, had tracked a band of cattle-thieves to the Rio Grande opposite Las Cuevas, where he found the herd just being driven up the Mexican side of the river. He made an official demand upon the alcalde of Las Cuevas for the stolen property, and went into camp for the night. The regular troops being forbidden to cross the boundary except under special authority or to save life, a company of Texas rangers undertook to go over and capture the thieves and their plunder, Randlett engaging to cover their crossing, and, if necessary for their personal safety, to follow and support them. The rangers soon found themselves confronted by a large body of Mexican troops and were compelled to fall back upon the river bank, where, after several slight skirmishes, they were obliged to call for the promised aid. Randlett promptly complied with the appeal, and the further attempts of the Mexicans to dislodge them were easily repulsed. The troops held this position for twenty-four hours, withdrawing only upon the positive assurance of the chief justice of the state of Tamaulipas that all the stolen cattle that could be found would be returned to the American side the next day, and that every effort would be made to arrest the thieves.

Human life is of comparatively little value in the eye of a Mexican desperado. It is almost a daily occurrence in a Mexican border town to find one or two murdered bodies lying in the streets. Murder, then, was a feature of every robbery. The roll of Americans who lost their lives in these raids is a long one. The list in the official reports runs up into the hundreds, and a very large number, if not the majority, of murders have never reached the Federal authorities; where any action at all was taken, it terminated with the local coroner. By threats of assassination the outlaws produced a reign of terror along the American side of the river. The courts were powerless, because the witnesses did not dare to testify, counsel feared to plead, and judges could preside only under penalty of death if a verdict of "Guilty" was brought in.

Cortina was not alone in his hatred of Americans, for the attitude of the higher officials in all the border States, a few years ago, varied from open hostility to studied indifference. With bandit chiefs, then, as governors of States and as officers of the army, and with no official restraint from other sources, it is evident that there was nothing on the southern side of the boundary but encouragement to outlawry. The peculiar diplomacy by which some of the authorities avoided giving satisfaction to persons wronged by marauders was shown by Colonel Cristo, commandant at Mata-

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moras, who, when requested to obtain restitution of certain stolen cattle, known to be in the city, cordially agreed to comply with the request, but by various specious pleas postponed his action until all the cattle bearing the brand of the complainants had been killed; and then, when none of them could be found in the pens, assured the owners, with a fine air of candor, that "he most deeply regretted that they could not discover their property, for it would have been the greatest of pleasures for him to have restored it and punished the offenders."

Senator Dwyer relates an incident which well illustrates the inefficiency of the Mexican officials at this time. Certain raiders having been captured, Mr. Avery, the United States commercial agent at Camargo, with great difficulty obtained permission from the Mexican authorities to inspect the stolen property. At the end of a long inventory he found noted a gold watch and chain, and, as he had been requested by the owner to look for such an article, he asked to see it:

Scene in Court. Camargo, Mexico, 1875.

MEXICAN JUDGE. Very well, sir; you shall see it. Mr. Clerk, show the gentleman the gold watch and chain.

CLERK. The gold watch and chain; si, Señor, hum! hum! (*Retires from court-room and then returns.*) Your honor, I don't know where the gold watch and chain are—hum! I believe—the—prisoner has got them yet.

JUDGE. Bring the prisoner in court. (*Prisoner, one of the raiders, brought in.*) Have you got the gold watch and chain?

PRISONER. No, sir; when coming through Reynosa Viejo, my comrades and myself, as prisoners, having no funds to buy food with, I sold the gold watch and chain for fifteen dollars.

JUDGE. (*To the prisoner.*) That was *very wrong*, sir. (*Turning to Mr. Avery.*) I regret this very much, sir; but is there *anything else* on the inventory you would like to see?

MR. AVERY. (*Withdrawing in great disgust.*) No, sir.

The large body of thoughtful Mexicans, however, had no sympathy with the freebooters, and during the period of uncertainty there were many instances of good faith and friendly disposition upon the part of their officials, while in more recent years, when the central government had mastered the situation, a more enlightened body of men were assigned to positions of honor upon the frontier, and by their conciliatory co-operation with the American authorities the evil of outlawry was readily suppressed.

But for a long period the highway presented so fascinating a career that there were many candidates for its honors, with varying results. Areola was long the terror of all parties; Garza's depredations ruined many a home and ended many a life; Cardenas grew rich by plunder; Garcia died a miserable death; and Cortina achieved rank, wealth, and authority.

The reverse side of the shield is nearly blank. Texas undoubtedly had at one time more than her share of criminals and fugitives from justice, many of whom naturally gravitated to the frontier, and some of whom undoubtedly considered the slaughter of a "greaser" a mere afternoon pastime. Aside from the early filibustering expeditions, Mexico has no ground of complaint of organized raids into her territory from her northern neighbor. Brigandage is not adapted to the colder blood of the North, and very few Americans have attempted it. One Martin, a picturesque scoundrel who had escaped from prison in Arizona, organized a mixed band of whites and Mexicans, with lairs in the mountains on both sides of the line, the latter disposing of the plunder on the southern side of the boundary, and the former finding a sale on the northern side. In more recent years an individual masquerading under the euphonious *sobriquet* of "Billy the Kid" became the subject of diplomatic correspondence between the two countries on account of exploits similar to those of Martin. In a few other instances offences against Mexicans have been committed by Americans on both sides of the Rio Grande, but American criminals, lacking the organization and wide support rendered possible by the revo-

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lutionary period in our sister republic, accomplished little and were quickly controlled.

The peace of the border has often been broken, also, by other bands of outlaws, natives of both countries and citizens of neither. The predatory excursions of the Comanches, Kickapoos, Lipans, and Apaches have at various times aroused the entire Mexican frontier, the savages seeking refuge in either country when pursuit became too hot in the other.

The topography of New Mexico and Arizona in the United States, and Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico, singularly adapts them to Indian warfare. The country is seamed in its entire length and breadth with mountain-ridges from one or two to nine or ten thousand feet in height, and abounds in magnificent cañons, chasms of tremendous depth, and inaccessible precipices. The sterile rocks and crags provide nourishment for neither plants nor animals. On old maps the central part of this region bears the name of Apacheria, indicating the impression upon old geographers made by the numbers of the Apache tribe and its affiliations. Always at war with the whites, their facility in concealing themselves in the fastnesses of their native hills rendered them almost unconquerable.

The wonderful endurance of these savages was shown in the campaigns against Victoria and his Apaches in 1879 and 1880, when they defied the United States and Mexican armies for two years, until Victoria himself was slain in Chihuahua by a detachment of volunteers raised under the authority of that State. During this time the Indians met our troops in more than twenty engagements, killing a hundred or more of their pursuers and losing even more of their own number. Constantly recruited by the disaffected of the various Apache tribes, losses in number affected neither their energy nor force. Even after the death of the chief, his place was assumed by Nana, who whirled through Texas and New Mexico, leaving a trail of smoke and blood behind him, and during the following two years terrorized the settlements until, by a fortuitous combination of the United States and Mexican troops, the band was dispersed and nearly annihilated.

For many years the Mexican authorities persistently objected to the entrance of United States troops into their territory, even in pursuit of hostile Indians whose presence was a menace to both nations. Mackenzie's dash into Mexico, in chase of the Kickapoos and Lipans under Costilietos, whom he surprised in camp near Remolina, created much excitement and was the subject of extensive comment by the Mexican press, which affected to believe that it was the opening wedge to an invasion of their country. As a more enlightened disposition was developed in the Mexican authorities it became possible to adopt from year to year mutual agreements by which the forces of either country were permitted to enter the territory of the other in pursuit of hostile Indians. Recently this agreement has been made permanent.

Without such an international understanding it would have been absolutely impossible to have brought to a successful termination the campaign against Geronimo and his Chiricahua Apaches in 1886. The savages had been pressed hard on all sides by Crook's forces, so that they fled into Mexico, taking refuge in their old haunts in the Sierra Madres. They were hotly pursued, however, by Captain Emmet Crawford's company of Indian scouts, who overtook them at Teopa, in Mexico. Nightfall ending the fight, the tired campaigners lay down to rest, and slept as only men can sleep after twenty-four hours of fighting and riding without food or rest. The officers' slumbers were disturbed just before daybreak the following morning by cries from the scouts, followed by firing, and they discovered that they were attacked by Mexican troops. In spite of all efforts to assure the Mexicans that they were "*soldados Americanos*," and not enemies, they continued firing, a shot in the brain during the *mêlée* ending the career of the gallant Crawford. The command now devolved upon Lieutenant Maus, who, with consummate judgment, made peace with the Mexicans and persuaded Geronimo to return across the Rio Grande, there to sur-

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render to Crook. After their interview with the General, however, the leaders became suspicious, and again fled to the mountains.

About this time General Crook was relieved by General Miles, who once more drew around the savages a cordon so close that they were again driven across the boundary, whither they were closely followed by a battalion of cavalry under Major Lawton, who pressed them hard through the mountains for nearly three months. In this remarkable campaign the endurance of the troops met with a test of the utmost severity. Picking their way over mountain peaks nine and ten thousand feet in altitude, creeping down their sides into cañons so deep that not a breeze ever entered to agitate the tropical air, suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst for days at a time, worn and sore from incessant climbing over beetling crags and shifting sands, they clung patiently to the trail. At times it apparently ended—the savages practised their usual resort for mystifying their pursuers when hard pressed, and separated, each man proceeding alone to a preconcerted rendezvous; the pursuit became slower, for the trail of a single galloping pony could be followed only by the closest scrutiny, but the trailers rarely faltered and a plain path again rewarded their search. The Indians were surprised in camp on the Yaqui River, in the district of Moctezuma; they escaped, but their camp was destroyed. Committing many depredations and several murders in the districts of Ures, Arizpe, and Moctezuma, the savages hurriedly made off to the North by a march of nearly three hundred miles, and were finally run to cover at Skeleton Cañon, formerly a favorite resort of the Indians, and, as remarked by General Miles, "singularly suited by name and tradition to witness the closing scenes of such an Indian war."

If credit be given to the troops for the courage and endurance which animated them during this campaign, what can be said of their foes? For more than a year they made a running fight through the most rugged and barren portions of the Sierras, without subsistence of any kind except what they could rapidly snatch from the valleys as they swept from mountain to mountain, alternately scorched by the midsummer sun and chilled by the frost of snow-clad peaks. At last, broken in spirit and worn in body, they buried the hatchet at the feet of their gallant pursuers. If the strategical skill and physical force manifested against the government by these outlaws can be directed to its advantage, no portion of our military establishment could be more efficient.

The halcyon days of outlawry upon the Mexican border have passed. A new and more prosperous era has dawned in the history of our next-door neighbor. Under the hand of wise and strong leaders, her most distant districts can be held in restraint. Numerous lines of telegraph connect the outlying States with the capital, so that an alarm can reach the chief executive in a few moments, and frequent railways ramify in various directions, so that the means of suppressing an uprising can be commanded within a few hours. The same influences have co-operated to secure tranquillity on the American bank of the Rio Grande. Justice on both sides of the border is swifter and surer, and the lawless exploits of the present day may be regarded as the fitful glimmer of an expiring flame.

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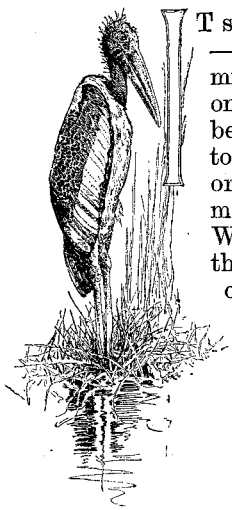
AN OLD DANISH TOWN.

By Jacob A. Riis.



IT seems such a brief span—a single life with the midday sun yet full upon it—to bridge the gap between that quaint old town of venerable memories and the stirring metropolis of the New World. But more than thirty years and two oceans separate that yesterday from to-day. The old town has passed away, as I knew it. The snort of the iron horse, hitched to the nineteenth century, awoke it from its sleep, and at its summons to life and work the ghosts of a day long dead fled over the heath and vanished.

But at the time of which I write it slumbered still. No shriek of steam whistle, scarce a ripple from the great world without, disturbed its rest. There was indeed a factory in the town, always spoken of as *the* factory, a cotton mill of impossible pretentions, grotesque in its mediæval setting, and discredited by public opinion as a kind of flying in the face of tradition and Providence at once that invited sure disaster. When disaster did come, though it took the power of two empires to bring it about—it was an immediate result of the war on Denmark that drew the boundary line and built custom-houses within sight of the factory windows—it was accepted as a judgment anyone could have foretold. But even that bold establishment had never been guilty of the impropriety of whistling. The clatter of mill-wheels on the creek was the only sound of industry that broke the profound peace which had settled upon the town when, centuries before, it had been deserted by the pageantry of royalty and courts, and left to moulder amid its memories; a quiet that had continued uninterrupted since, save in the periodical struggles for the soil upon which it had stood a thousand years, a lonely sentinel with its face to the Southern foe. The very mills were among the privileged traditions of the town. They had been handed down from father to son in unbroken succession since the exclusive right and charter to grind the flour of the community had been granted to them by the early kings. No one had ever disputed that right. Perhaps it was not worth contending for; anyhow, it would have been useless. Could a clearer title to possession be imagined than that the thing had been there before anyone could remember?

If I have not yet introduced my old town by name—it is my town by right, because I was born there—the reader will have no trouble in finding it on the map from what I have already said, though there the enemy has succeeded in corrupting its Danish name into the meaningless German Ripen. The softer Ribe (Reebé) had reference either, according to the pedagogues, to the near beach by its Frisian name *rip*, or, according to the unlearned, to the great quantity of hay its citizens rake (rive) on the meadows. For here, where the northernmost boundary post of the German Empire, shaken by the rude blasts of the North Sea, points its black finger threateningly toward the little remnant of stricken Denmark, begin the rich marshlands that stretch southward through Slesvig and Holstein into Hol-

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land, shut in by great dikes with thousands of homes and lives in their keeping. "Preserve, O Lord! the dikes and dams in the King's marshlands; watch over the widows and the fatherless," reads a line in my Danish prayer-book that was forgotten on no Sunday in the year. The attention of the youngest in the pews was not likely to stray when that prayer was said, for if the northwest storm was not even then shaking the old Dom, and bellowing about its gothic gables, there was still in plain sight on one of the granite pillars, far above the reach of us boys, the mark that showed how high was the water in the church, though it stands on the highest point in town, on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas night two hundred and fifty years ago, when the sea broke through all along the coast and desolated ten thousand homes.

In this old Gothic cathedral, a noble granite pile with nine centuries upon its head, centred the life of the town. It was its pride, its one ambition, its only reason, in fact, for existing at all. It had been so from the days when orthodox zeal saved heretics by boiling them in oil at a cost to the parish of five dollars for each ransomed soul. The reformation that spent for whitewash to hide the pictures of sacrilegious saints what it saved in oil, thus unintentionally preserving for future generations treasures it little understood or appreciated, and put a fluted collar around the neck of the priest in place of the *beretta* on his head, wrought few other visible changes. The narrow streets with their cobble-stones and their ruts still bore the names of the Black-friars and the Grey-friars of a forgotten day. Their cloisters still stood, become hospital or school, or in their decay had furnished building material—monk-bricks we called them—for the houses that had grown up upon their ruins. The church-yard in which the Dom once stood had been turned into a market by the simple process of paving over the mounds which time had levelled. But the gloss was only skin-deep. Once when they were cleaning the town-pump that stood in the market place, I looked down into the well and saw its walls studded with grinning skulls and bones.

Red-legged storks built their nests securely as of yore on cart-wheels fixed for their exclusive occupation on the roof-tops of the quaint old houses, whose owners had been dust so long that their very names were forgotten with their deeds; and swallows reared their young under the broad eaves, protected, like their loftier neighbors, by the superstition that assigned sure misfortune, even if nothing worse than a plague of boils, to whomsoever should lay profane hand upon them. Ponderous whale-oil lamps swung across the streets in rusty chains that squeaked in every passing breeze a dismal accompaniment to the cry of the night-watch. In such surroundings tinder-boxes and quill pens seemed quite the thing, odd as they would appear to the schoolboys in an American town of to-day. I well remember the distrustful astonishment—resentment would hardly be too strong a term—that was aroused by the appearance of "English" (steel) pens and "Pennsylvania oil," so labelled and sold, bottled like beer, at eight skilling a bottle. Envelopes were a still later discovery. Letters were folded and sealed with wax in those days, and we boys collected seals as the boys of our day collect stamps; and a good deal more of variety and human interest there was in the collection.

The effective police force of the town consisted of two able-bodied night watchmen and a beadle with a game leg, but with a temper and an oaken staff that more than compensated for the defect in his physical make-up. In ordinary times, always excepting New Year's Eve, when everybody broke all the cracked crockery there was about the house unhindered on everybody else's door, as a mark of neighborly affection and esteem, this force was quite sufficient to preserve the public peace. Crime was almost unknown in the town. The severity of Ribe justice had been proverbial since the days when each town was a law unto itself, and law-breakers had given it a wide berth. An old saw that had come down from the days when they burned witches at the stake, put the matter tersely in this form: "'You may thank your stars, sonny, that you weren't judged by Ribe

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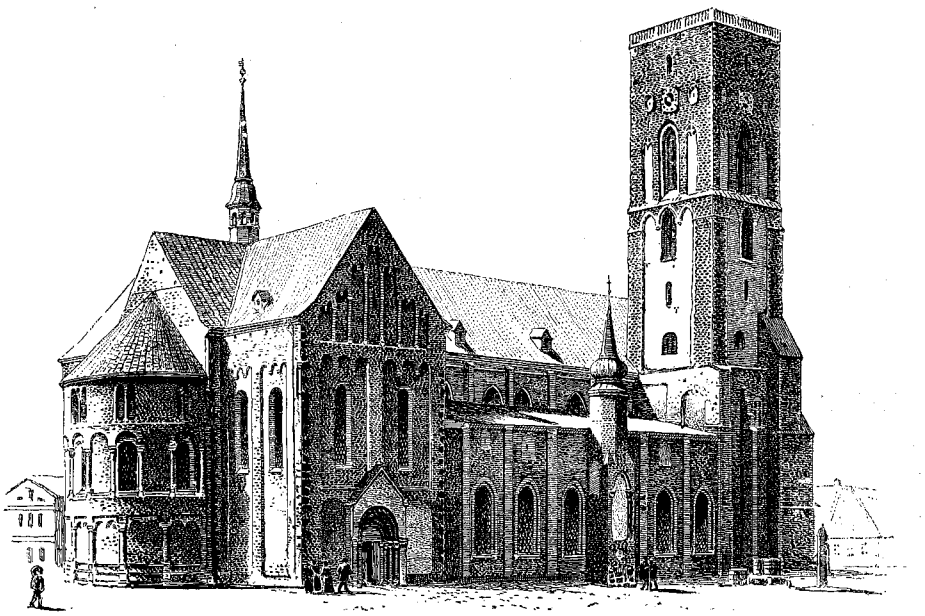
law,' said the old woman when she saw her son hung on the Varde gallows." Varde was the next town, a little way up the coast.

The commotion that was caused by a real burglary when I was a little lad can therefore be understood. As a matter of fact there was nothing very alarming about the crime. The thief had merely forced a door that was fastened after the simple fashion of the day and place, only with a wooden whirl, and taken some money from an open drawer; but he had cut his hand in doing it, and there were smears of blood on the wall that made the mystery ever so much more dreadful to us all. The whole community was aroused and the town council met promptly to consider the emergency. It is fair to state that it distinctly rose to it. The records of that meeting are still in existence. The business in hand, so they state, being to catch the thief, it was suggested by a member that this could not be done while the watchmen clattered about at night in wooden clogs and cried the hours. To this the meeting agreed and it was resolved that they must henceforward cease bawling, and put on boots —and rubbers. The sum of four daler (about two dollars) was voted to buy them these police accoutrements and was solemnly entered in the budget of the town to be raised by taxation. The thief, if I remember rightly, was never caught, but the event proved that the departure from ancient landmarks was too radical. Thief or no thief, the town could by no possibility sleep without being awakened hourly by the cry of the watchmen, or if it did go to sleep it didn't know it, which was almost, if not quite, as bad. Universal insomnia threatened to wreck its peace. Within a month the entire community, headed by the councilmen themselves, petitioned the municipality to unloose again the watchmen's tongues. A compromise was made on the basis of the boots, and to this day it has been religiously kept.



The Old Dom.

This nocturnal chant was not a mere cry, or senseless shout. In its mournful melody, that took kindly to the cracked and weather-beaten voices of the singers, I live over again those long and lonesome nights when I lay awake, listening to the buffeting of the winds, and wondering what the great bright world without, that to me was as yet a closed

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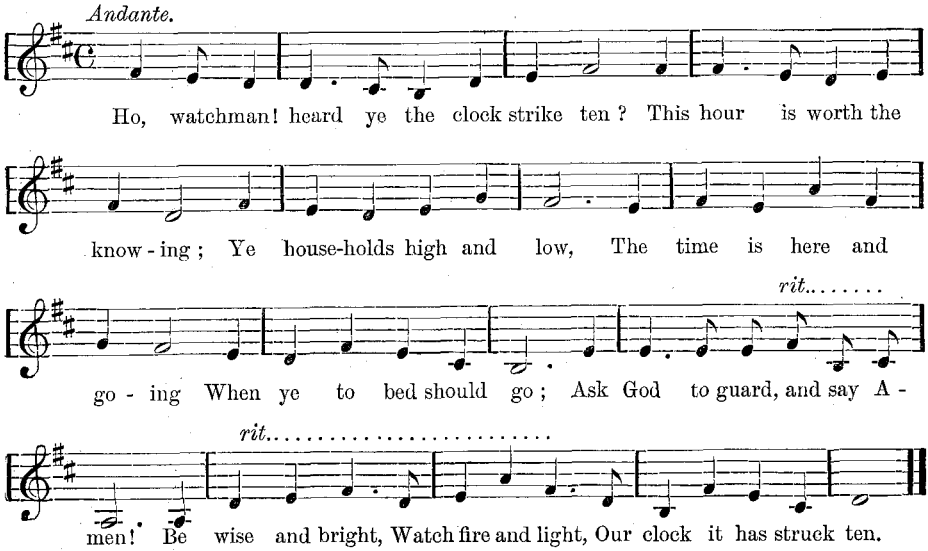
Within Sound of the Mill.

book, might be like. People went to bed early in those days, and the watchman raised his voice at eight o'clock. From that hour until five in the morning he sang his song, every hour a new verse supposed to have some special reference to the time of night. The curious mingling of pious exhortation with wholesome advice on the current affairs of domestic life was characteristic of the time and of the people. At ten o'clock he put in a pointed reminder to the laggards that it was time to turn in, thus:


Andante.
Ho, watchman! heard ye the clock strike ten? This hour is worth the
know-ing; Ye house-holds high and low, The time is here and
rit.....
go-ing When ye to bed should go; Ask God to guard, and say A-
rit.....
men! Be wise and bright, Watch fire and light, Our clock it has struck ten.

At one o'clock he sang:

Ho, watchman! Our clock is striking one.
Oh, Jesus, wise and holy,
Help us our cross to bear.
There is no one too lowly
To be beneath thy care.
Our clock strikes one. In darkest night
Oh, helpful friend,
Thy comfort send,
Then grows the burden light.

How merciless and unreasoning was the severity of the law which in my boyhood had left, as it were, only a leg and a half to stand on, is shown by some reports of proceedings before the Ribe town "thing" three hundred years ago. They tell of the conviction of a woman for *stealing* the hand-iron, which her husband, a thief, carried off with him when he broke jail and finally got rid of at home. And not only the poor woman, but an innocent neighbor into

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whose yard she had thrown the tell-tale fetter to get rid of it, was convicted of theft from the public. A man was arrested for knocking another on the head with a spear. There was no evidence against him, but the "jury at the Northgate," on the principle that for an eye an eye was due, found him guilty anyhow and he was sentenced to pay fines to the complainant, to the king, and to the town, and to be under the ban of the law "until such time as he catches another in his place." Hard lines, truly, for an innocent man.

It seems fairly human by comparison, certainly it has a more modern, not to say familiar sound, to find another jury acquitting a malefactor, in the face of convincing evidence of his guilt, upon grounds that are delicately suggested in the question from the bench, "why they (the jurymen) had demanded a keg of beer of the prisoner?" The record mentions one obstinate juryman who entered an ineffectual protest against the verdict.

With all their staid solemnity there is a comic vein in some of these old town records. As for instance, when Jep Bennedsen, appearing to prosecute a horse-thief, swears that "the dappled mare which is here present, he bought of Anders Munk, and it is God's and his own horse." Or when a man charged with the theft of a neighbor's axe, proceeds to swear "on his soul and salvation and his uplifted hand, and asks God to curse him and push him in under the foot of Lucifer if he ever had the axe;" then, suddenly reflecting, adds, "wait! if I did, I will give it back to her." But the musty pages in which these facts are set down with minutest care betray no appreciation of their humor.

Those quarrelsome old Jutes cut the spear-shafts with which they knocked each other on the head—prodding was the fashion of murder only—in woods of which only the names remained in the days of which I speak. Then Ribe stood on a naked plain, the fertile marsh between it and the sea, behind it the wide barren heath with no tree or shrub to break the sweep of the pitiless west wind. The very broom on the barrows, beneath which slept the old vikings, was cropped short on the side that looked toward the sea they loved so well. Summer and winter it piped its melancholy lay above their heads. At sundown the sea-fogs, rolling in over the lowlands in a dense gray cloud, wrapped them in their briny embrace. With the storms of winter or late autumn, sometimes when the summer crops were yet unharvested, the sea itself came often unheralded. The dikes end a few miles below Ribe, where a string of islands, torn within historic times from the mainland, protect the coast. But with certain conditions of wind and tide, the sea overleaped this barrier.

Morning broke then after a long night, through which we had lain awake listen-

The Village Express.

ing to the roar of wind and water and the smashing of roof-tiles on the cobble-stones, upon a raging ocean where at sunset there had been meadows and dry fields. Far as the eye reached only storm-tossed waves were in sight. The

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streets were strewn with perch and other fresh-water fish that were driven up on the pavement in shoals by the rushing tides. But on the great causeways that stretched north and south high above the flood-level, cattle, hares, and field mice huddled together in wretched, shivering groups. With the break of day the butchers of the town went out, if going was at all possible, to bleed the drowning cattle that could yet be saved for food. Sometimes the trip had to be made in boats, and even in the streets these were in demand when the "storm-flood" was at its height. I remember seeing more than once water run in through the first-story windows of the houses down by the "harbor." By ordinary tides we were there five miles from the sea.

If the flood came before the "mail" had got in, an anxious outlook was kept at the town-gates, whence the sea could be seen rising higher and higher, threatening with each swell to wash over the roadway. Though white-painted posts were set on both sides of it to mark out the way for the driver, even if water covered the track knee-deep, the trip was full of peril, a veritable race with death. For if the coach was blown over, or the team succumbed, the passengers had a slim chance of escaping. On these occasions a band of resolute men stood ready always to go to the rescue on the first warning of danger. It happened once that a newly appointed "Amtmand," the chief county officer, made his entry into Ribe as a passenger in the "mail" on such a night. The sensation was novel to him and apparently not pleasing. He waited only till the tide had fallen enough on the following day to clear the way, then fled the town, with

Down by the Harbor.

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the exclamation that "Ribe might be good for ducks and geese, but not for men." He never returned, but stayed out his term at another town, where he was out of reach of the North Sea. When after a "storm-flood" the waters receded, the fields were left covered with the drift of the gulf-stream, driven ashore by the northwest gale, and amid the snows of the northern winter we boys roasted our potatoes and an occasional dead bird over bonfires built of the bleached husks of the cocoa-palm, banana stalks, water-logged Brazil-nuts and other wreck of the tropics.

An Ancient Street—Little Changed in Five Centuries.

Even while I am writing this I read in the dispatches from Copenhagen that the sea is at its old tricks. That has not changed, though most other things have. The change came swiftly on the heels of crushing disaster. I remember it, that gray October morning when a gendarme, all dusty and famished from his long, hard ride, reined in his panting horse at the tavern in the market-place where the children were just then swarming with their school-books. I hear the clatter of the iron-shod hoofs in the quiet streets, the clanging of his sabre as he leaped from the saddle and spoke gravely to the inn-keeper. Far and fast as he had come, riding farther and rid-

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ing faster, ghostly legions were even then hurrying from the south on his trail to grieve the echoes of the old town. I see the sudden awe of the faces as the whispered message went from mouth to mouth: "The king is dead." The king whom the people loved as never king was loved before; last of his house, to whose life was linked inseparably the destiny of Denmark. I see the solemn face of our old rector, hear the quiver in his voice as he told us to go home, there would be no school; a great sorrow had come upon the land. I see our little band trooping homeward, all of two mighty empires. Then the flight of broken and scattered regiments, hunted, travel-worn, and desperate, through the town; the bivouac in the market with shotted guns pointing southward over the causeway. The smile that will come is followed by a tear as I recall the trembling eagerness, the feverish haste of faithful hands that packed our school arsenal—twenty-five historic muskets of the Napoleonic era — in boxes to be taken out to sea and sunk lest they fall into the hands of the enemy. They are rusting there yet. After we had seen the Prussian needle-guns they

The Mail Coach for the East.

desire to skip or play swallowed up in a vague dread of nameless disaster. I live over again the dark days when in the hush of all other sounds and cares we listened by night and by day to the boom of cannon down at the Eider, where the little Danish flock was matched in unequal combat against the armies were left to their fate. And when the last friend *was* gone on his way, the long days of suspense, the nightly vigils at the South gate where at last we heard the tread of approaching armies, which none of us should live to see return; for within our sight Denmark was cut in twain by German bayonets.

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Hauling Ashore the Black Sea-bass

THE HAUNTS OF THE BLACK SEA-BASS.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

It is said that when the purchase of the Northwest coast was contemplated by the United States Government, an old English *raconteur* and fly-fisherman remarked, "Oh, let the Yankees have it; the salmon won't rise to a fly."

Southern California might go by default in this way, as fly-fishing, compared with that of the East, is not to be had, though the San Gabriel, Aroyo Leco, and other cañons have many pools where gleams of light and color flash, telling of the living rainbow lurking in the shadows. If southern California is deficient in black-bass streams and salmon pools, it possesses the finest marine fishing in North American waters; not only in the size and gamy qualities of the fish, but in the variety of forms which follow each other as the seasons advance, adding new and constant zest to the sport.

The striped-bass fishing has its prototype here in the gamy yellow-tail, *seriola dorsalis*, which attains a weight of forty or fifty pounds, and is as rapid in its movements as the tarpon. An important personage is he who lands a yellow-tail on an ordinary striped-bass rod, reel, and line. Equally gamy as the yellow-tail is the sea-bass, ranging up to sixty pounds, while the barracuda, tuna, albicore, and others afford the sport esteemed by blue fishermen in the East.

From the Santa Barbara Islands to the Coronados, and beyond, is the field of the southern California Walton; the islands of the Santa Barbara channel, Santa Catalina and San Clemente being particularly famous in the piscatorial annals and the Mecca of lovers of this sport—winter and summer. The island of Santa Catalina is the principal rallying-point, being the largest, possessing the small town of Avalon, a popular summer resort, with numerous bays and harbors protected from the in-shore

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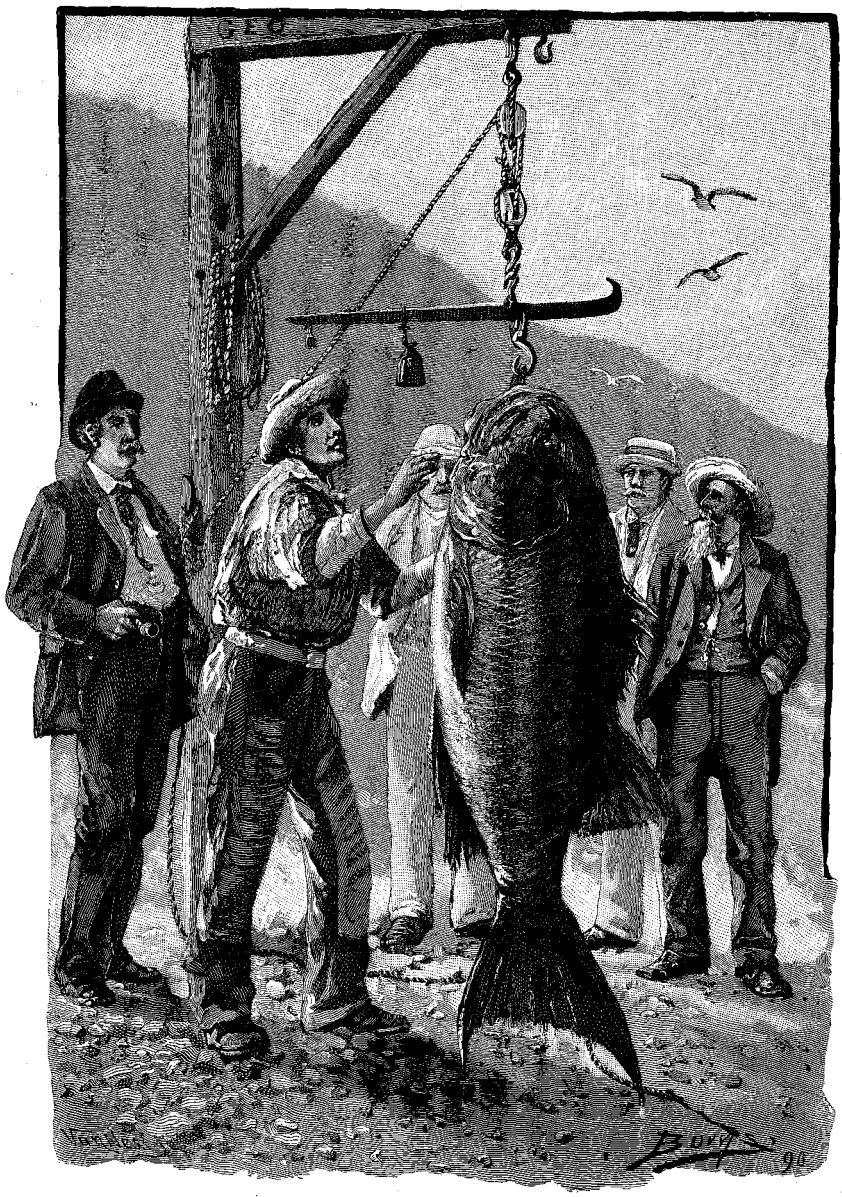

"Three hundred and forty-two and a half, sir."

wind that blows in beneath the steady trade. An ideal spot it is—a series of mountain ranges, from one thousand to twenty-six hundred feet, rising green-hued from the blue waters of the Pacific and extending twenty-two miles down the coast, and an equal distance from it. From the slopes of the Sierra Madre, forty miles away, the island appears formed of two lofty peaks, sloping gently to the sea; but standing upon its highest summit I looked down upon range after range, cutting the island into a maze of cañons that wound in every direction to the sea. Near its northern portions two harbors extend in from opposite sides; the island evidently at one time having been separated, the isthmus, as it is called, being but a few hundred feet across; from this it widens

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out to six miles or more. The island seems in reality a gigantic mountain projecting from the ocean. The cliffs are majestic, beetling, rising sheer from the sea, broken into strange forms, and tinted with folds and splashes of color. The only beaches are at the mouths of the cañons, or perhaps where the continued falling of rocks in land-slides caused by the winds have formed a vantage-ground for waves. On the west coast the sea assails the cliffs with sullen roar, and the in-shore wind whirls up the cañons, beating the fog against the rocks and bearing it aloft, where it is dissipated by the radiating heat of the mountains. On the east the water is calmer and often like glass, affording favorable conditions for boating and fishing.

The air of this island in the sea seems redolent with romance. Three hundred years ago Cabrillo, a Spanish adventurer, cast anchor in one of its harbors and named it La Victoria, after one of his vessels. In 1602 Viscaino visited and gave it the present name of Santa Catalina. Father Ascencion, who accompanied him, describes the inhabitants as sun worshippers, one of whose temples he found near the two harbors. In these early days the island had a large and prosperous native population; every well-watered cañon had its village, and I have found evidences of them on some of the highest ranges.

One of my first visits to Santa Catalina was for the purpose of opening some of the ancient graves of these people, and while thinking the matter over with "Mexican Joe," who has lived thirty years on the island, I took out an old bass-rod that had seen service on the St. Lawrence, and began looking it over.

"What you catch with that?" asked my companion, with a curious look on his strong Indian face.

"Bass, black," I answered, nonchalantly, whirling the reel and listening to the music.

"What!" retorted Joe, laughing; then, "how much he weigh?"

"Five pounds," thinking of a certain afternoon on the river.

"Oh!" continued Joe, "I thought you mean black sea-bass."

"Well, how much does he weigh?" I asked.

"How much he weigh? You want catch with that?" said Joe, pointing to the rod with scorn. "Why, man, he weigh five hundred pounds. Yes, black sea-bass run from seventy-five to five hundred, seven hundred pounds."

I ran over in my mind the various heavy-weight tackles—the tarpon, striped-bass, salmon rods, and came to the conclusion that a flag-staff with a donkey-engine reel attachment might do; yet decided, then and there, to take a black sea-bass, if it was among the possibilities. I announced my determination interrogatively to my guide and oarsman.

"Of course you catch one if you know how. I show you where he live. It take patience, if you have it," was the reply.

I was well supplied with this necessary, and a few days later found myself gliding away in the deep shadows of the rocks, headed for one of the haunts of the deep-sea bass. The water here was so clear, objects forty feet below could be distinctly seen, glances into the depths showing an almost tropical condition of things. Bright-hued fishes, yellow and orange, darted by, while patches of wiry sea-weed gleamed with blue and iridescent tints. In the watery space fairy-like *medusæ* moved lazily about, rising and falling, while here, there, and everywhere flashed a veritable gem in red, gold, blue, green, and amber, the minute crustacean sapphirina.

When off a point which juts boldly into the sea, the keeper of the fortunes of the black sea-bass ceased rowing, cast anchor, and we swung in the current that ran along the rocky shores to the north. The tackle produced by my oarsman was not æsthetic. The line was almost as large as that employed in the halibut fisheries of the East, while the hook was perhaps twice as large as a tarpon-hook, arranged with a well-working swivel. Live bait, a white fish which we soon caught, was attached, with a sinker sufficient to carry it down. The line was then dropped over, and that patient waiting, which makes all successful fishermen philosophers, begun.

Three hundred — yes, one hundred years ago, a boat could not have dropped anchor here without being the object

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of hundreds of eyes, and the news would have been flashed from hill-top to cañon to the various camps; now the only observers were the shag that flew along near the boat, its long, snake-like neck extended, startling the flying-fish into the air in fright, and a wondering pair of eyes that stared at us, telling of a sea-lion making the grand rounds; while the leaping forms near shore were seals, bound for their rookery around the bend. The whistle of the plumed quail came softly over the crags from the neighboring cañon, and the gentle musical ripple of the waves lulled us to fancied repose.

I had been watching the interesting face of my Mexican guide, wondering at his life, when I noticed his eyes suddenly grow large; then he lifted the line gently with thumb and forefinger. It trembled, thrilled like the string of a musical instrument touched by some player beneath the sea. Slowly it took his fingers down to the water's edge.

A bass? Yes. No snap, no sudden rush, no determined break for liberty as I had seen the black bass make. I was disappointed; a simple drag. But the Mexican smiled and passed me the line, arranging with the other hand the coil in the bottom of the boat.

"He's a young one," he remarked. "Pay him out ten feet, then jerk an' stan' clear the line."

These instructions took but a few seconds, yet the line was now gliding through my hands like a living thing—four, eight, ten feet. Suddenly it tautened, and for a single second the tension hurled the sparkling drops high in air; then, leaning forward, I jerked the line with all my strength. I have watched the silvery form of the tarpon as, like a gleam of light, it rushed into the air, shaking, quivering before the fall, and have handled large fish of many kinds, but I was unprepared for the deep-water tactics of this king of the bass. For a brief period there was no response, as if the fish had been stricken with surprise at this new sensation; then a smoke, a succession of snake-like forms rising into the air—nothing but the line leaping from its coil. "Ah, he only a young one," said Joe; "take hold."

In some way I had lost the line in this rush. Watching my opportunity, I seized it again, and by an effort that thoroughly tested the muscles, brought the fierce rush to an end. Then came heavy blows distinctly given, as from the shoulder, evidently produced as the fish threw its head back in quick succession.

"Take it in!" said my companion, excitedly, and bending to the work I brought the line in, fighting for every inch that came; when the Mexican shouted a warning. Whizz! and the coils leaped again into the air. Nothing could withstand the rush—a header directly for the bottom and away.

The anchor had been hauled up by the Mexican at the first strike, and now, with line in hand, we were off, the boat churning through the water, hurling the spray over us, and bearing waves of gleaming foam ahead.

"Take in!" cries Joe, who stands by the coil, and again, slowly fighting against the dull blows, the line comes in. Ten feet gained, and, whizz-eee! as many more are lost. In it comes once more, hand over hand, the holder of the line bending this way and that, trying to preserve a balance and that tension which would prevent a sudden break. Now the fish darts to one side, tearing the water into foam, leaving a sheet of silvery bubbles, and swinging the boat around as on a pivot. Now it is at the surface—a fleeting vision followed by a rush that carries the very gunwale under water. This, followed by a sudden slacking of the line, sends despair to the heart: he is gone, the line floats. No, whizz! and away again, down. All the tricks of the sturdy black bass this giant of the tribe indulges in, except the mid-air leaps which gladden the heart of the angler. Quick turns, downward rushes, powerful blows, mighty runs this gamy creature makes, fighting inch by inch, leaving an impression upon the mind of the fisherman that is not soon forgotten.

With a large rope, and by taking turns, the fish could have been mastered, but such methods were not considered sportsman-like here. It must be taken free-handed, a fight at arm's-length, and being such, the moments fly by; it is half an hour, and we have not yet seen

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the outline of our game. Gradually the rushes grow less, the blows are lighter, and what is taken is all gain.

"It take your wind," said Joe, with a low laugh.

So it had, and I stood braced against the gunwale after a final dash—a burst of speed—to see a magnificent fish, black, lowering, with just a soupçon of white beneath, pass swiftly across the line of vision, whirling the boat around end for end.

"You've got him," from astern, is encouraging; yet I have my doubts; an honest opinion would have brought the confession that I was in the toils. But the flurry was the last. Several sweeps around the boat, and the black sea-bass lay alongside, covering boat and men with flying spray with strokes of its powerful tail.

"It is a small one," ejaculates my man, wiping the spray from his face. Imagine a small-mouthed black bass enlarged, filled out in every direction until it was six feet long, and plump in proportion; tint it in rich dark lines, almost black, with a lighter spot between the pectoral fins; give it a pair of eyes as large as an ox, powerful fins and tail, a massive head, ponderous, toothless jaws, and you have the black sea-bass, or Jew fish — the best fighter, the largest bony deep-sea fish in Pacific waters. Too large to be taken into the boat, it had to be towed in, and finally, after being stunned with an axe after the quieting method applied to muskallonge in the St. Lawrence, we got underway, the huge body floating uncomfortably behind, materially retarding the progress.

The entry to Avalon harbor was one of triumph, as at that time the capture of a bass was a new thing to visitors; and as the magnificent creature was hauled up on the sands by willing hands, the entire population gathered about to listen to the details of the sport. Then came the weighing. "Three hundred and forty-two and a half, sir," said a Mexican youth who had triced the fish up; "better than the average." Glory enough for one day.

During this summer, at Catalina, about twenty of these fish were caught, ranging from eighty pounds to three hundred and fifty. All were females, ready to spawn, and had come in to Pebble Beach for this purpose, depositing their eggs in August and September. This locality has always been a famous place for them, and ten thousand pounds were taken there in a single day four years ago. At that time there was a systematic fishery, the meat being dried and —tell it not in Gath!—sold as boneless cod. My oarsman informed me that the bass had been frightened off. These fishermen killed the fish on the spot, throwing the heads overboard, and so the bass left, only comparatively few having been seen since.

This is a native version. The fish undoubtedly migrate, going into deeper water during the winter, or possibly to the south.

It is often said that there is little pleasure in taking deep-sea fish; but to capture the black sea-bass, free-handed, play it fairly, and bring it to the gaff, is an experience that well compares in sport and excitement with hand-line tarpon fishing on the Gulf coast.

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MY UNCLE DICK.

By John Elliott Curran.

IT was late in the afternoon and nearly dinner-time when we arrived at my Uncle Richard Kelliard's house. *We* were I myself, just turned fifteen, Ralph ten, and Eliza eight, and our nurse, Jane. The house was in the Kelliard hundred of Delaware, about three miles from the sea in a straight line, and behind it there was a stretch of woods. It was a large stone house, built in colonial times, of a noble sort, with high ceilings, broad and deep in its proportions, a large porch in front, and a balustrade around the roof. There was a grove of large white oaks in front and behind; in the rear, behind them, were the slave quarters and the large buildings for the stock and crops.

My Uncle Richard occupied this estate as a bachelor. We had come from New Orleans, where our mother, his only sister, had just died. Our father had died about the time Eliza was born, and we had come now to make our home with Uncle Richard. I remember so well just how he looked when Jacob, the negro coachman, drove us up to the door and he met us on the porch, and how the old house impressed me. My uncle looked old to me then, though he was but thirty-eight. He was bald a little, and while his short curly hair and a certain roguishness in his blue eyes made him look young, yet there were lines on his face; the muscles on it were strongly marked, and there were little wrinkles on his forehead, and here and there a spear of silver was in his hair. His face was quite red. His mustache was not at all severe, but curled in a sort of boyish way down over the ends of his lips, which were full; his mouth seemed to me a particularly good-natured one; perhaps it was because when he opened it such pleasant, gentle, hearty words of welcome came from it. Uncle Dick opened the carriage-door, looking as glad as could be, and when he saw us all dressed in black—he had seen us only in colors before—he seemed suddenly to feel a shock. He lifted me first, tenderly, in his arms; and he was so kind, and his embrace was so warm and father-like that I suddenly burst into tears on his breast; and Uncle Dick would not set me down till he had quite soothed me. I loved him from that minute. Being the eldest of the children I felt a responsibility upon me, and it seemed to me all at once that I had found a loving friend. He was just as kind to Ralph and Eliza, and led us all in, in a group, to the big hall and took off our wraps for us. Old Mrs. Hackett, the housekeeper, was there too, and she was kind. She had been Uncle Dick's and mamma's governess when they were children.

After we had been taken to our rooms Uncle Dick led us all down into the dining-room. When the lamp was brought in and the shades were drawn, I saw how large and high it was, with great windows at each end and a huge fireplace behind me, where some long sticks were sizzling. It was wainscoted and had paper on the walls; but the ceiling was of dark wood and beams.

The linen of the table was very white and fine, and the dishes were of silver; and the dinner was served in courses by the black man Harrison, who wore a black jacket and white apron. Two or three decanters were on the table. No one used them but Uncle Dick, who

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seemed to me not to stint himself; though I learned afterward that he helped himself less than usual that night. When we rose from the table he asked us all to come and kiss him good-night, and we left him there.

The next morning when I woke and looked out of my window I saw all around us fields of brownish-green. That was the corn and wheat, with which the country was mostly sown; and off at one end there was a vast sweep of clear green; this, I afterward learned, was a peach orchard. The fields were all divided by hedges of still another shade, and out beyond them all stretched the salt marsh. It was very wide, and extended up and down as far as I could see. There were a few little objects on it, like a hut or a post, and they were very conspicuous, jutting up out of the dark-brown level. There must have been a navigable creek winding through the meadow, for I saw a gray sail creeping hither and thither over the expanse. It looked strange and wraith-like, for I could see no water, and it seemed to be moving on the land. It looked the more mysterious because, with the winding of the salt creek, it moved about uncertainly and seemed to be restless and brooding. I knew it afterward well for the sail of the freighting scow of old Sam Rathbone, who kept a tavern at the head of tide-water, by the bridge. I could see the white shanty of a tavern now, and the white lines that were the timbers of the bridge, from my window. At them the upland began. Beyond the brown marsh was the strip of sea, shimmering in light blue and silver under the morning sun, and melting away into the hazy sky. From the other side of my room I could see a mile or two of fields running back, and then the woods with their sombre, rough-cut edge.

I used to think that Uncle Dick must have been lonesome here, at least before we came. The country was so flat, with only very gentle undulations here and there. There was nothing abrupt in the whole landscape; everywhere it was expanse; only the woods chopped it. Even the clouds seemed to be flat above all this flatness; and when it was overcast I used to feel as if I were between two wide sheets of something or other that were near together. But my uncle seemed to like it. The land paid him a comfortable living. The fields were well tilled, and the slaves were well used and happy.

There was a large library in the house, and Uncle Dick read a great deal. He had been to Congress. He was fond of horses, and had some good hunters as well as road horses. He loved the water too, and kept a little sloop in the creek. Altogether, overlooking the field work and all, he was in the open air full half the day. Mrs. Hackett told us he seldom had company staying at the house; the nearest neighbor was Doctor Hargan, and he was four miles away.

The day after our arrival Doctor Hargan called and paid his respects to us, and stayed to dinner, and sat opposite me at the table. He was a very old friend of Uncle Richard's, and had been his college mate. He, also, was born in Delaware. I was fascinated by his face. There was something diabolical in it. His cheeks were thin, but quite florid, and a short, shiny, black beard went round his face. His forehead was narrow, but high enough, and his stiff, black hair grew close around it. His eyes were dark and restless, and seemed to shoot glances this way and that all the time. Under his beard his lips were very red. Indeed he was handsome, but with a kind of wicked handsomeness; and he seemed always so intent and restless that he almost scared me—as if his eyes were looking through me and everywhere else all at once. But he laughed, and talked, and was bright—quite like men of the world I had seen in New Orleans. When we left the table he rose and bade us good-night very politely.

As we left the room Mrs. Hackett took my hand, and I asked, "Who is Doctor Hargan?"

"Why, Fannie, are you afraid of him?" she answered, as I pressed against her.

"Oh, no," I said; "only I like Uncle Richard better."

"He and your uncle are great friends," said she. "You will see a great deal of

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him here. You see they haven't much company in this part of the country, and so they are company to one another; he has no wife. He is a great doctor," she added.

"Is he?" I asked. It seemed to me he must know everything.

"Oh, yes! he has a diploma from the great university at Philadelphia, and he has made wonderful cures. He is very energetic and never gives a patient up. Why, he seems fairly to fight with Death sometimes. Yes, when he gets his little bottles out and broods over the desk, and fixes his little black eyes on I don't know what, and is silent and thinks, you might think he was getting advice from the devil and the nether world. He always wins."

That about the little bottles and the devil expressed exactly what was in my mind, and I asked, "But is he good, Mrs. Hackett?"

"I never heard of his doing anything wicked," she answered; "but — why, you wouldn't suspect a friend of your Uncle Richard of being wicked, would you?"

"No," I said, quickly; "but perhaps he has got him in his power or something" — I had read blood-curdling stories of that sort. "Are they really friends?"

"There is no doubt about that," said she.

That night it was windy and something kept banging about the house so that I could not sleep well, and every time I woke up I had been dreaming about a black man and a little black bottle.

The last time I woke up I heard horse's hoofs going down the drive — that was Doctor Hargan's horse, I thought — and the light, which had been coming from the library window on the pink trunk of the oak-tree outside my window, went out. Then there were footsteps on the bare hall below, and they came up the stairs. I was sure it was my uncle's step, but it was heavier than his ordinary step, as if his foot was weighted and hardly under his control. But I was too sleepy to think much about it then.

As the days went on I used to notice that Uncle Richard was drowsy sometimes. But he was always very kind to us. He used to take us out with him in his sloop, the Curlew; and many a day we cruised off the shore, and saw how different the upland and the marsh looked from the water.

Sometimes he would be very grave and we could not get him to laugh. At dinner he used to drink a great deal of wine; and toward the end of the meal he would generally go sound asleep and not wake up when we went out. I heard Mrs. Hackett say once to Jane that "his evenings were just as bad as his dinners." Sometimes Mrs. Hackett, going out of the dining-room with us, would take our hands with a kind of convulsive grasp, and I could feel her arm trembling. From week to week it went on worse and worse.

Doctor Hargan was at the house a great deal; and though he seemed so much like a black-art man to me, yet as he was such a good friend of Uncle Richard, and as I grew so oppressed thinking about my uncle — crying about it at night — and although we three children were noisy and Uncle Dick was kind to us, yet, when I stopped to think, the big house seemed so desolate and everything going wrong, I found at last I could stand it no longer and made up my mind to speak to the doctor. So one afternoon I stole away for a ride, and as soon as I got out of sight of the house I galloped over to Doctor Hargan's as if the witches were after me.

It was a hot summer afternoon and I found him lying on a big lounge in his office, smoking a cigar and reading. His house was large like ours, and he had even more land. He got up quickly as I came in — for I suppose I looked warm and excited — and asked if anybody was sick. I said "No," and calmly sat down in a large arm-chair. Doctor Hargan sat down on his lounge again. I tried to appear composed, but I never yet had been able to get over my first feeling of fright at the doctor. "Doctor Hargan," I said, "I have come to you on business."

"Yes, madam," he replied, looking at me quizzically.

But I did not care for that. "I wish to know," I said, "about our Uncle Richard."

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The doctor's face grew sober, and he looked as if he had been confronted with a question which had been bobbing about before him and which he was now obliged to answer.

"I am a friend of Uncle Richard," I said, "and I wish to help him and make everything right. It must be done."

He smiled a little at my emphasis, but then grew grave again.

"You are a good little maid to think of him," he said; and he got up and came and pushed my hair back from my forehead where my rapid ride had left it, and looked at me. I did not feel so much afraid of him any more. "Look at that picture," he said; and he opened the blind wider, so that the light came in on it. I looked at a painting on the wall, and saw a portrait of what might have been Ralph and myself if he had only been the elder and I the younger. "The girl is your mother," he said; "do you see how you look like her?"

I felt myself blushing and said I did not know.

He looked back and forth from me to the picture, and said, as if he were by himself, "Just the same yellow hair, the same outline of nose, the same——" but he said no more, and went and closed the blind again. "We are all old friends down here," he said, "down here in this out-of-the-way place. There are old ties. I am a friend of your Uncle Dick's."

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

He was silent awhile and looked at me, and here and there. I thought he was not going to answer; but all at once he said, "He is heart-broken." Then he started up and walked up and down the room.

"My dear little friend," said the doctor, in his quick way, "will you think me cruel if I talk to you as if you were grown up? These are grown-up people's affairs. I think you ought to know." He paused a moment and then he said, as if measuring his words, "Your uncle had a sort of a knock-down blow a short time before you came." The doctor's brow was knit. "It is sometimes a credit to a man, Miss Fannie, to be susceptible to a knock-down blow."

"I know what you mean," I said. "Uncle Richard is very loving, and if somebody——"

"Your uncle," interrupted Doctor Hargan, "is a man of character; he has worked well at Washington, and no one considers him a baby. Nevertheless, Fannie, down here in the heart, if—if a friend—uses him unjustly, in an unfriendly way—stop! I must tell you the story. Did you ever hear of Agnes Forrell? Doubtless never. I knew her; she is a second or third cousin of mine. Your Uncle Dick never knew her until she was married—the Countess Coronna—when they were in Washington one winter. Hers was the most brilliant wedding there had been in Baltimore in many a day. Count Coronna was the bridegroom, an Italian. He had been a soldier—creditably, for aught I know; was said to have property. Whether he did have any, I don't know. At all events he had none a few years later. He was forty and she nineteen. But he was handsome, and an adept; it was not difficult to win her and her estate—an estate due by inheritance from her grandfather when she should be twenty-one. They went to Philadelphia to live."

Doctor Hargan stopped a moment.

"Well, various things happened. The Countess Coronna grew, and grew older, and found that she was something that the Count in no way responded to. This is how it was: Count Coronna was an iceberg; what passion he had was ambitious. He was a queer mixture. He had married her for her money and her station. She was very beautiful. Her money he spent, her beauty he wore as he might have worn a military decoration on his breast. But he did not pretend to give her any love—after the first phantom of it was gone. He was punctilious. He would hand her out of a coach as if she was somebody else's wife. But it was all enamel, glitter. You may imagine she was not at peace. He exacted her devotion, a kind of wicked devotion, born of a resolution to win him. She received great attentions from men in society. He became rabidly jealous. I have seen finger-prints on her throat, black and blue, which she had tried to cover up with a ruffle; but, poor starved heart that she was, this

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was sign of *some* sort of affection for her —so she imagined—and she forgave it on the instant and was only the more devoted. At this time she met your uncle. There—there was no wickedness of relation. The poor girl was young yet. She gave her deepest confidence to Richard. There was friendship there, as well as—— It was all truth.

"I think it was four years she knew your uncle, and there were letters between them; and he saw her in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore at the usual parties; and there was always an undefined expectation somehow; this relation of hers to her husband was so false, so superficial. So there was some understanding, as between real friends. She was not to do anything great without conferring with Richard. He—his life was staked on her. She brightened, inspired, made him. In the midst of it Count Coronna had preferment offered him in Italy. She went with him. Was it still the pique? the determination to conquer him? She went; and not one word to Dick. Here was the truth. Coronna wished to bring back the American girl to Italy as a mere matter of idle pride, capture, and money. She went. But mark, it was to *live* there for good. She understood that. But she did it. Now I judge her leniently. Habit is strong. But if she stays there, is content to, agrees to—I am mistaken. Dick—you know what he is; you see how he loves you children. Here is the woman he had faith in—and to have faith in a woman was the essence of Dick's life."

I sat in utter silence, inwardly agape at the narrative and this picture the doctor had drawn, comprehensible to me in part, being fifteen, and incomprehensible to me in part, being only fifteen. The heart-matter I understood, the being friends; but the rest I could only imagine vaguely. I only knew that I believed in Uncle Richard, and believed that he loved us children.

But Doctor Hargan came before me and smiled; yes, smiled. "I am a doctor, you know," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"And Richard is my patient."

"Yes, sir."

"I am going to take you a drive this afternoon. You can leave your pony here and ride him home after you come back. I am going to drive you down to Sam Rathbone's tavern, with your consent. This is why." He took out a letter from his pocket and unfolded it. "I am going to send this letter to the Countess Coronna. It is from me to her. I tell her that Dick is on a very steep road down to his grave; and that if it is her purpose to be a woman she should mend her slight to an old friend. I say that I should be happy to see her. You perceive there may be music. Hence I decline the mail and choose Ike Williams as my messenger. Ike carries brains, his schooner can carry a passenger if need be, and her commander is a valiant fellow. Behold me, Miss Fannie Merchant, a cloven-foot of a devil before you."

"I always thought you were a devil," I said, bursting into a fit of mixed laughing and weeping.

"Come," he said, seizing both my hands; and with that he danced about the room, holding me at arm's length, kicking his legs and twisting his feet in a sort of devil-like fashion, and laughing at me, until I only laughed and my tears stopped. When we went out to the piazza he gallantly gave me his arm. The wagon was there, and we got in and drove away.

As we drove up to the little whitewashed tavern Sam Rathbone, the keeper, came out to meet us. He had a long gray beard and was in his shirt sleeves. Sam was one of those characters indigenous to our thinly populated part of the world, who had but little conscience toward the government when his pocket was on the other side—and a poor old pocket at best—but who felt a deal of duty toward old friends. What I mean to say is—and I found it out that very day—Rathbone turned a penny sometimes by a little smuggling, with the help of Ike Williams. His granddaughter, Sallie Rathbone, lived with him.

"That is Sallie," said Doctor Hargan, "standing there talking with Ike Williams. He is the valiant commander I spoke of; yonder, out there," pointing seaward with his whip to a schooner riding at anchor two miles away, "lies

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the Scud, his vessel; she is a smart boat. Ike is one of us here, younger than we; but we have seen him grow up from a poor farmer's lad to the ownership of this vessel. He trades on his own account—bolts for staves from our white oaks here to Italy, and wines back to Philadelphia."

The doctor tied his horse and talked some time apart with Captain Williams before he presented him to me. Then he said I was Richard Kelliard's very dutiful young niece, and the captain gave me his hand. His warm pressure seemed to denote friendship for Uncle Richard. Captain Williams was a rather prepossessing-looking young man. He was tall, even somewhat lank, with a thin, hatchet face very much bronzed, a full brow, and a quick pair of eyes like a hawk's. But his face was pleasant. "I am going to set out," said he, "on Doctor Hargan's errand to-morrow morning."

"I am glad you are going so soon," I said. My situation made me feel old, and I may have seemed old-fashioned.

He looked at me a moment, as if he would like to be successful in his errand for my sake as well as Uncle Richard's.

"And I hope, miss, I shall be back soon. The Scud is a lively chip, and if we have no very bad weather I could almost take a race with one of the clipper packets; and yet she stows and isn't a yacht either." There were no ocean steamers in those days, you know.

"There is nothing more, then?" said Doctor Hargan, addressing Williams.

"I can think of nothing. With the picture and your written direction I shall get along all right."

"Naples is your port?"

"Yes, sir."

Then they shook hands. As we drove away the doctor pointed out to me the dark-brown line crowning the deck of the Scud. "That is her cargo of shooks," he said; "she has cleared and is all ready."

The next morning when I looked out of my window the Scud was gone.

It was now the malarious midsummer and August weather, when Uncle Richard should have kept indoors at night; yet he was often along the coast alone in the Curlew, when the moon was out, or even the stars only. This would keep him more or less on the flats, and he would often arrive home only in the early morning. That was very unhealthful. Doctor Hargan told him so, and told him he would be down with a severe fever. But Uncle Dick did not change. Only he grew more affectionate to us children, if possible.

One afternoon when I was out driving with Uncle Richard, I looked up and saw his eyes fixed on me. "You look like your mother, Fan," said he, "as I remember her about your age."

"Perhaps that will make you like me," I said; and I sat a little closer to him.

He smiled and put his hand on mine and said, "I like you, Fan."

He was dejected and solemn that afternoon, and I kept quiet. The mare walked at her ease along the road. My uncle's thoughts were evidently far away, and when we got home and he lifted me down from the cart, I put my arms round his neck and kissed him; and he started and the tears came in his eyes, but only for a second. I thought he wanted a friend, and that he was glad.

One day—it was the middle of September then—Uncle Richard had a violent chill and then a raging fever. Doctor Hargan was sent for, and when he arrived the patient was delirious.

It proved that the fever was a malarial fever, but complicated with other things; and after a few days Doctor Hargan took me aside and told me that he doubted very much whether Uncle Richard would get well. "It is all true, just as I told you," he said; "he doesn't fight at all, but just gives up. I wish I had sent my message by Ike Williams on his last voyage." But he seemed irritated with his friend too. On the alternate days Uncle Richard would come out of his delirium for a while, and the doctor, still believing in the efficacy of Captain Williams's errand to Italy, said he believed if that woman would come even now Dick would get well; that it was primarily a moral disease, of lost faith; that if she should turn out his friend he would regain faith and be cheerful. "And I am not speaking as

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a layman, sentimentally," said he, "but pathologically, as a physician." He was deeply provoked with his patient, though. "Dick is a fool!" he said; "a fool! If she had really understood him, as he imagines she did, it is incredible that she would have left him that way, as no friend should leave another."

After a minute I asked, "Have you seen her husband?"

"Yes," he snapped out; "there is bad blood between us."

"What if he should come?"

"With her?"

"No."

"Both come separately?"

"Yes."

"Admirable—a climax."

The doctor made me feel healthy.

"The hardship of it is," he said, "she is a noble woman, to whom things come hard. But the hardest of all for her will be if she survives Dick Kelliard in this way;" and he pointed to the sick room. "No," continued the doctor, seriously, taking my hand and looking into my eyes, "you think I have a hard nature——"

"Not toward Uncle Dick," I said, sobbing.

He was silent. Finally he said, "My dear child—"and he put his arm around me—"I have my religion, and my faith; would you believe it? Affection is worth something in this world."

Then he left me.

Doctor Hargan was staying at our house all the time; and that afternoon he said to me that if the Countess Coronna, or Agnes—he never seemed to know which to call her—did come, he wished to know it at once; that the next day would be the patient's critical day; would I take one of the horses and the two-wheeled chaise and go and stay at the tavern; that Sam knew about it, and Sallie would take care of me.

That night I was down at the tavern, in the care of Sally and old Sam, with the horse and gig stabled in Sam's shed, my lodging was up in the loft of the cabin, curtained from the space next the ladder by a piece of figured drab calico. It had one window, to seaward—a pane of glass that would not open. My head was right by it.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the rain beating angrily against my pane of glass. It had been clear when I went to bed. A storm from the south-east had come up over night. I could not see a mile across the grass of the marsh. I dressed myself and went down the ladder. The wind was howling dreadfully; and when I pushed open the door of the cabin it was slammed to again violently and I had a bruise on my forehead. "There's no anchorin' in this storm," said Sam, as he came in, with the salt air rushing in after him; "and I hope Ike is nowheres near the coast." It seemed then as if Heaven had intervened against us, for I was ready at any moment to hear bad news from the house.

The storm was the first September hurricane. Sam kept shaking his head. No vessel could come near shore in such a tempest unless she was blown on; and then——

We had our dinner at noon—that was Sam's hour—of fish chowder and potatoes, and one of Sam's hens, in honor of me, I suppose. The storm had only increased since morning. We were all mournful. Nothing could be done for two or three days. All at once Sam, who was leaning by the window looking out, muttered, "Good God!" and staggered backward. "Good God!" he said again.

"What is the matter, grandfather?" asked Sallie, running to him.

His eyes were fixed as he leaned on her. "Tell me, child," he said; "there are spirits abroad! spirits!" and his frame shook and he pointed through the window.

We looked out, and saw, just shadowy in the gray rain a mile off, a schooner running up the creek with half her mainsail set. "Do you see it, Sallie?" asked the old man, mournfully; "the spirit?" But suddenly he straightened up. "It's her!" he cried. "It's Ike! I saw her jibe! jibe! God save us! I saw her jibe! A devil is Ike! Clear away, there!" and he was out of the door.

We ran out with him and saw the vessel come running up the crooked creek at a terrific pace, jibing with a report like a cannon at every sharp bend. It seemed not to take a minute before

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she was right at hand. Then all at once, as we looked, the vessel ran slower, sliding over the mud, then came to a sudden standstill, with her stem burying itself in the water while the stern lurched up. The gale slammed the mainsail round loose from the blocks, and it blew forward with the wind and kept snapping there like the rattle of musketry. The man who had been at the wheel disappeared down the companion-way.

"Bless my heart!" muttered Sam, in awe; "he jibed her all the way up the creek. What a boy!"

Two sailors were lowering a boat over the side. "I'd go to 'em myself," said Sam, "but they'll get here quicker that way."

We stood on the string-piece of the dock watching everything, though the fine rain was half-blinding our eyes and dampening our clothes. The waves were angry, but still only choppy in the narrow creek, and Captain Williams had embarked a female passenger and himself safely and was pulling over the water. As he rounded the sheltered side of the dock, Rathbone shouted, "Hurrah, Ike! hurrah! But what a lad you are, Ike! Why didn't you stand off the shore?"

"There was no standing off the shore," answered Ike; "it was finding the creek or going ashore."

"Well, you're a smart boy to find it, and a smarter boy to stick her nose into it. And you jibed all the way up—Heaven bless us!—and with this gale! Well, the Scud never was up here before."

"Would you have had me go ashore on the mud banks? What was there to do but jibe?"

"Thank the Lord your mainmast's standing," answered Sam. "But you're a smart sailor, Ike."

All this was going on while Rathbone with his pole-hook was guiding the boat's nose to the rickety ladder that went down into the water. But though I heard the words my eyes were fixed on the lady. This was she, then! Somehow I was not at all startled that she had come. Things that we keenly expect find us dull at the moment of their coming. From the stern-sheets of the boat she, with a piece of tarpaulin drawn over her head and figure, was regarding us all with a look half-distressed, half-dazed. I comprehended that the vessel had escaped very probable shipwreck less than an hour ago, and it was easy to understand what a strain they had all been under; and I did not wonder at her wan, frightened appearance. All the more so when she saw only us, all strangers. And on what an errand she had come! She had come for Uncle Richard's sake. Ah! the tears would have been in my eyes anyway for him.

So there I stood, when Rathbone's hand helped her from the ladder, the tears running down my cheeks. I suppose that marked me out for some one interested, for she came toward me; but I ran to her and buried my face in her dress.

This must have been to her a revelation of the distress we were in. It seemed to give her a clue; for surely in such a storm I would have led her to a shelter if I had not been prepossessed with some great thing. I felt her hands stroking my head. She bent over me. "You are Fannie Merchant." Then she said, rapidly, "What about your Uncle Richard? Is he alive? Is he very ill?"

"He is alive," I said; "I hope he is." I ran to the stable. But Sam was already there, and had harnessed the horse to the chaise.

"Why, my girl," he said, "I ought to drive you over in this rain."

"No," I said, "we can go faster."

He had backed the horse out, and I ran to Madame Coronna. "Come, please," I said.

But she stood there perfectly still, with changing expressions of pain going over her face. "Where is Doctor Hargan?" she said, quickly. "I thought I should meet him."

"He is at our house," I said.

"Richard Kelliard's?"

"Yes."

She clasped her hands and turned her face to the sea, as if to look back at what she had left, as if she would have sought counsel from those things in Italy. But seaward there was no sea, only the thick of the driving southeast storm that blew in from it. It swept pitilessly past her, blowing out her garments behind her, whistling around the

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old cabin, and darting off across the uplands—one bunch of rain after another, like a gray gauze veil wrenched off somewhere and whirled away. Old Sam stood watching her, as he held the horse, snorting at the tempest. The old man's face was reverent and wondering. For aught he knew she was in prayer. When at last she turned, her face was calm and pale, like that of one in a determined venture, who has just stilled the appeal of old habits, old scenes. She stepped into the chaise, and I followed.

Sam let go the horse's head, and we were off, the storm seeming to lift the chaise along and driving the horse's tail fast under his legs. The rain beat, in sharp, fierce blasts, on the carriage top. The fields seemed to smoke. The trees all bent inland with us. The road was a sloppy pudding, and the high chaise wheels flung the yellow loam far out beyond the horse's nose. Slap, slap, slap, went Ned's hoofs.

For a time we said not a word, and my eyes were straight on the road. At last my companion shivered. I bethought me. "You are cold," I said.

"No," said she, "Captain Williams gave me some hot broth and tea. The cook was sent below as soon as we entered the creek."

There was something soft and soothing in her voice, and it led me to steal some glances at her. Her hair had escaped at the sides of her hood. What I saw was brown, a little darker than Uncle Richard's; and her eyes were browner than his, though they had looked on the dock like blue eyes. All the expression about her eyes was handsome, and I liked the shape of her forehead. The lower part of her face was inviting and sweet, and yet it looked strong too. Then I thought of all Doctor Hargan had told about the treatment her husband had given her, and how she had behaved to him; and I thought I saw it all in her face. And did I see this coming to Richard in her face? I don't know, but I saw what gave me faith and made me believe in her.

"You had a narrow escape from being wrecked," I said.

She smiled a little and answered, "Yes." After a moment she said, "You mean shipwreck;" then she added, "this is a severe storm."

I thought she really meant the storm that had been going on in herself. "You are sorry for Uncle Richard?" I said.

"Sorry?" she repeated. "I would not be here if I were not sorry for him and for all things."

As she did not ask about him I said "He is very sick. He is delirious most of the time. But Doctor Hargan thought you might make him get well, if he should think again that you were a good woman."

"Good?"

"Yes, the kind who do what is right and make people healthy and want to live, you know, friends. That is why I am hurrying so. He wasn't sick when Doctor Hargan wrote to you, only the other thing. We all love Uncle Richard." I felt the tears running down my cheeks, and Ned's ears were blurred.

She might have taken offence at my defiance, but she did not. I felt a kiss on my cheek. When I looked around suddenly she was smiling. I believe it made her feel good to think she was among people again who had hearts.

We now entered our gate and in a few seconds more pulled up at the porch steps. Doctor Hargan was there.

"Doctor Hargan," she said.

"Madam."

Her face was anxious now. She did not seem to know what to say first. "I thank you for your letter, I have answered it. I ran away. Do you despise me? I had to do it." She paused a moment. "There was so much truth in my understanding of *him*, and his of me, that I was bound, Cousin Harry! My self-respect made me come. I wish you to understand—" the tears rolled down her cheeks—"whatever happens to me cannot harm me, if—if——"

Doctor Hargan held her head to his breast.

"There will be a judgment-day," she sobbed; "surely friendship is good. I wish to be a good woman."

I had never seen Doctor Hargan so moved.

"You are good enough," he said.

"I had to come."

"You have friends here."

"And papa and mamma——"

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"They too; all are your friends."

She was sobbing quite audibly as he helped her out of the chaise and gave her his arm. I then saw a gentleman standing in front of them, tall, strong-looking, and dark. Doctor Hargan started. Madam's face became crimson as she straightened up.

"I shall be delighted with your company, madam," said the stranger.

"Madam Coronna is here at my invitation and under my protection," answered the doctor, quickly.

Count Coronna's eyes flashed, and he said, "The Countess Coronna shall not enter the house."

"If she will, she shall," answered the doctor. "Will you allow your wife at least temporary shelter from the storm?"

The porch was toward the sea, and the storm was beating on them all furiously.

"My carriage is waiting," said Count Coronna; "that will be sufficient shelter."

Doctor Hargan said nothing, but escorted her to the door and took her in, and left her with me. Then he went out again.

What happened outside the house for the next ten or fifteen minutes I was not an eye-witness of; but I can tell you the story.

When Doctor Hargan returned to Count Coronna the latter said: "You have affronted me, and will give me the usual satisfaction?"

Doctor Hargan was very earnest in this matter. "With inexpressible pleasure," he answered; "now."

There could be no seconds. There was not another white man about the place. It was more like a battle than a duel.

"Have you pistols?" asked the doctor.

"Most certainly."

They went to the count's carriage, which was standing in the driveway at the side of the house. He took out the pistol-case from his luggage, and then Doctor Hargan conducted the way to the stable. Both men seemed in a hurry to begin. In the stable the doctor found Jacob and the hostler, Cicero. The pistols were loaded there and then, and the two negroes were commanded to come out and be witnesses. They left the stable and came forward to a stretch of turf which ran behind a high, thickset hedge of arbor vitæ, not a great way from the house, but where they were perfectly screened. Beyond the turf the vegetable garden began. Jacob and Cicero were stood up side by side. The men paced away from each other five paces each, and turned.

"Jacob," called the doctor, "say 'one, two, three,' slowly and then say 'fire.'"

"Please, sah!" begged Jacob.

"Do it!" thundered the doctor.

"One, sah; two, sah; three, sah——"

"Damn you!" interjected the doctor, whether at Count Coronna or the hesitating negro no one ever knew.

"Fire."

The reports came and the rising smoke was whisked off on the gale. The pistol fell from the count's hand. As for the doctor, he took one quick step backward, turned pale a moment, and then stood fast. "We shall load and fire again," he said.

"Your pardon!" said the count.

"Sir!"

"My finger is damaged." Then it appeared that the end of the count's trigger-finger was gone at the top joint.

"We will fire with our left hands then, if it is your pleasure," returned the doctor.

"With pleasure, yes," said the count, "if that is your wish."

"My wish!"

"Yes; your American method."

"American method?"

"Yes. It may differ from the continental usage."

"Which is?"

Count Coronna shrugged his shoulders. "The risk executes the satisfaction."

Doctor Hargan stood still a moment. He afterward said that he thought a whole hour's time in one second. To be sure! He had been stupid. It was only punctilio! And why bring blood, and poison his cousin's life with one shade of regret? There was another way besides killing a man off. He flung his pistol in the air and beckoned the count into the stable. The two sat down on a couple of rude stools. Count

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Coronna's gaze was fastened on Doctor Hargan's left shoulder—something marvellous to see. He said nothing, but eyed it with ill-disguised wonder. It was a little round hole in the doctor's coat, in front of the shoulder, a little below it. Was he talking with a devil?

The doctor ordered Jacob and Cicero out of hearing. "Count Coronna," said he, "we are gentlemen, can take one another's word?"

The count nodded.

The doctor proceeded. "I own some miles of land down here, as you know, free from encumbrance, and I have other property."

The count nodded.

"You would be pleased, in the first place, to name a sum not in excess of my ability? And in the second place, to give me your word to inviolable secrecy?"

The count still looked at the bullet-hole in the lapel of his antagonist's coat. Time was precious. A moment might spoil everything. "I will," he said. He tore a strip from his pocket-book, wrote figures on it and handed it to the doctor.

"Agreed," said the doctor, and wrote his initials under it, and handed it back to Count Coronna. He then wrote out a Philadelphia lawyer's address and handed it to him. Then he walked with Count Coronna to his carriage, bandaged his finger with his handkerchief, bade him good-by, and closed the door. And still Count Coronna looked at that hole in the coat lapel and at Doctor Hargan's unchanging countenance.

Then Doctor Hargan came back to us. Madam had seen the two men descend from the porch together. She knew nothing more. Doctor Hargan stepped up to her. "Madam," said he, "I have arranged that you may see Mr. Kelliard without the objection of Count Coronna. It is an amicable affair. He appreciates everything." Then he gave her his arm and escorted her to our uncle's chamber. I went in with him. As we entered, Uncle Richard's eyes turned to us, but oh! so very slowly; yet he knew us. He knew the doctor and me. He looked strangely at Madam Agnes, and frightened too. Doctor Hargan stepped forward, "Dick, old boy," said he, "here is Cousin Agnes come back to be your friend again."

My uncle's eyes closed. Doctor Hargan bent over, listened, and watched him—cat, hawk, human being, all combined. He felt his pulse, sat by him, gave him a spoonful of brandy, watched and watched. Then he left him. Uncle Richard was sleeping peacefully.

As Doctor Hargan left the room he beckoned to me, and I went out with him. When the door was closed he leaned on me trembling, and sank on one knee, and fainted there on the floor. Not until his collar was pulled aside to dash cold water on him did any one see the blood-stain on his breast, his side, oh! far and wide.

But he lived, and Richard lived, and Agnes lived.

And I became, in time, Mrs. Harry Hargan.

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TRAINING A TROPIC TORRENT.

AN ENGINEER'S GLIMPSE OF HAYTI.

By Foster Crowell.

THE traveller from the temperate zones approaching equatorial regions is often bewildered by the apparent contradictions of nature. Accustomed to the recurrences of sunshine and storm, wind and calm, heat and cold, at frequent and more or less regular intervals, and with well-defined forerunning signs of the impending changes, these dead-levels of the unexpected wear out his patience and exhaust his energies.

Tropic heat means, to him, a hope deferred, and in the rainy seasons he may spend fruitless days in vain imaginings of the welcome "clearing-up shower" that so often cheers him after the wet spells in his own habitat. By and by he learns by experience certain disturbing meteorologia; that very hot days, for example, follow the cooler nights; that clear weather multiplies mosquitoes; that refreshing night-winds bring malaria, and so on; but not until he has been resident for several seasons and his capacity for trusting the future is fatally impaired, will he be able to endure tropic weather, and it will be longer still before he shall understand it; and even then if he dwells at the sea-level, where unfortunately most tropic towns are placed, he will endure it as one submits to a fever, and understand it as the prisoner learns routine. He will by that time, if he began with a good stock of facetiousness of the traveller's variety, be prone to assure you that it rains thirteen months in the year, or that there are annually two seasons each one hotter than the other; but he will not attempt weather prognostication.

In different localities in the same latitude, with apparently similar prevalent conditions, there sometimes will be found wide variations both in rainfall and in temperature that to the ordinary observer are inexplicable; of course there are fixed laws, unalterable in operation, but their system is too complex for him who runs to read.

Among the most interesting indices of the great variation in the matter of rainfall are the so-called torrential streams, which are, in fact, not streams at all, but immense courses provided by nature for exigencies that may occur only at long intervals of years, or repeatedly in some one season; such channels are not peculiar to the tropics, but are found in any mountain region where there are great fluctuations in the rainfall. The island of Hayti and Santo Domingo contains some marked specimens of these "torrentieles," and furnishes a clear exposition of their function.

An examination of the map of Hayti shows that nearly all the rivers of continual flowage are on the northern sides of the several mountain ranges; the western end of the island is almost entirely mountainous with a comparatively very small area of plain, so that it may be said to consist of two lofty ranges running east and west, separated by the Gulf of Gonaive; in proportion to their height these mountains are very narrow at the base; their southern slopes are short and steep and receive little rain, even though the contemporaneous precipitation directly upon and along the southern coast-line may be very great. This may in part be attributed to the fact that the temperature on the southern slopes is normally higher than that on the northern, which are longer and not so exposed to the sun's action.

When the south winds blow the currents of moisture-laden air from the Caribbean Sea are deflected upward where they strike the heated mountain flanks, and drop little of their load there; but on the cooler northern slope precipitation occurs much more frequently, and rivers of considerable

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size are kept supplied ; when the colder winds blow from the north there is obviously less moisture and consequently less rain.

It is quite clear then, the above being granted, that to produce heavy rainfall on the southern slopes there would have to be : *a*, lowering of the temperature of the mountain surface by unusually cold air-currents aided by the interruption of the sun's rays because of continual cloudy skies ; *b*, sudden change of winds to warm water-bearers from the Caribbean ; *c*, violent electrical disturbances to cause sudden precipitation.

Now, any of these three causes is likely to occur frequently in any season, but their coincidences may be extremely rare. Any one of the three would produce rain in greater or lesser quantity, but it is only when all act together, probably, that the terrific floods occur which bring the torrentieles into play.

This culmination, too, would result in setting up for the time being new conditions of temperature, and so the result would not be momentary, like the "cloud-bursts" of the temperate regions, but when once produced would continue with gradually decreasing energy until the normal was once more restored. And this in fact is what follows when a tropic flood "lets go."

Along the extreme south coast is the mountain range of La Hotte, whose crest, roughly speaking, runs parallel with the sea ; one of its principal peaks is Mount Macaya with an elevation of 7,500 feet. In the foot of the range, facing toward the sea and near the base of Mount Macaya, is a gorge opening into a transverse valley with a number of short branches radiating like the fingers of a glove.

Under other conditions than those above described this topographical formation should furnish catchment for a constant river ; as it is, however, the discharge is usually small and intermittent.

This gorge and its prolongation down through the Plaine à Jacob to the Bay of Cayes, twenty-four kilometres distant is the Ravine du Sud, one of the most famous of the torrentieles, which has more than once carried destruction to the city of Cayes and is always a constant menace to the inhabitants, liable at any moment to become swollen with a terrible torrent, yet usually and for periods of years a gentle brook in which the women are wont to sit all day and wash the scanty Haytian clothing.

The word *ravine* is here to be taken in its French significance, implying a raging torrent, and not necessarily indicating topographical configuration. In the mountains and among the foothills its course is through a wild and romantic glen ; lower down it spreads out over the plain in devious and shifting channels, and this is especially the case in the immediate vicinity of Aux Cayes.

Whether there had been great floods in earlier times, or whether its original bed was able to accommodate the waters until gradually it became filled with the silt and gravel brought down by the torrent, is not definitely known ; tradition speaks of another bed, the "*ancien lit*," near the city, and its supposed position and outline can still be traced, but there are topographical reasons for not crediting the story fully ; probably there was a time when some of the flood water passed along the ancient bed, thus relieving what is now the channel : at least it appears that the old colonial improvements, the aqueduct and the buildings and the beautiful streets, were in use for a long time without being injured.

About 1840 a devastating flood occurred ; the waters cut through the town and partly destroyed it ; later floods added to the injury, practically effaced the aqueduct, and ruined the roadways. The citizens, not knowing how to repair the damage, at first allowed the ravages to continue, but at length, after the injury was well-nigh irreparable, a more than usually progressive President called in engineers from France to devise protection against future overflow, and they constructed, at great expense, a somewhat primitive and entirely inefficacious *revêtement* of timber and earth : this went down utterly in the very next flood. Since then there have been several minor floods, but, disheartened and convinced of the almost insuperable difficulties of confining the torrent to its bed, the several "governments" that have kept up the merry-

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go-round of Haytian history have had no inclination to repeat the attempt to save Aux Cayes until the present * administration of President Hippolyte came into power. In his cabinet, at first, was a very progressive and intelligent gentleman, Monsieur Clément Haentjens, Secretary of State for Public Works and Agriculture, who, impressed with the practical utility of preserving a city which brought into the government twenty per cent. of its annual income, at a cost considerably less than one year's revenue, signalized his advent to office by soliciting plans and tenders for permanent works of protection. He had not advanced very far in this effort before he was replaced by Monsieur Hugon Lechaud, who, however, took up the matter where his predecessor left it, and the President as well as the military authorities of the Department of the South became interested. For the first time, perhaps, in their history the Haytians turned toward the United States for advice and assistance in various matters, and those most nearly concerned were not without hope that this tentative effort would be the beginning of more intimate relations between the two republics, which should prove valuable to their own countrymen willy nilly. It was in this way that the writer happened to become acquainted with the characteristics of the problem.

To detail the method by which it is proposed to control the future floods and lead them harmless to the sea, involves too much of the technical for these pages; but of Aux Cayes itself, the *raison d'être* of the project, a description may prove not uninteresting; a description of what it was as well as of what it is —for like most of the cities of this beautiful island, Aux Cayes is a defaced and battered monument of suspended civilization, a sad and terrible unlearned object-lesson for those who spell freedom with a capital; for it teaches that a people who assume to govern themselves, as with a right divine, but without knowledge, principles, or purpose are foolish and blind, and that the end of their effort is confusion, consternation, chaos.

If we take the testimony of the ground plan of La Ville des Cayes, with its regularity of street alignment that would delight a Philadelphian, its public squares and market places, its separation of commerce, trade, and residency into different districts, and its grand avenue of approach from the interior along the spacious Quatre Chemins—if we note the remnants of the fine stone aqueduct and the fountains and the triumphal arches—we can readily believe the tales that are told of the energy and the prosperity, the comfort and the opulence of the French colonists who, in the days of the old régime, before the republic of Hayti was established with its travesty of liberty and fraternity, founded on that fertile coast a rich and charming dwelling-place, and replenished their fortunes from the bountiful stores of the island's natural wealth. Their buildings were substantial and ornate; their extensive works for irrigation and for conveying water to the town, constructed by the clever Jesuit priesthood, caused the Plaine à Jacob to bloom again and again through all the year; they had a fine roadstead for the shipping, and salubrious retreats in the near-by mountains to retire to when the weather became too stifling by the sea. Good roads, wide and smooth, led to the mountains whence the logwood came, where the coffee grew best, and on whose verdant sides fruits and vegetables from nearly every clime were planted; stone bridges, vestiges of which are still to be seen, spanned the streams. Aux Cayes of to-day presents a very different aspect: the skeleton of the once beautiful city alone remains; the few foreign residents, the *strangers*, as they are suggestively called, who control the commerce, occupy substantial buildings of a modern type, but all else has fallen into decay. Flood and fire and disuse have obliterated most of the evidences of the former prosperity; where one would look for progress is retrogression, notwithstanding that this port stands second in commercial importance and yields in customs duty nearly one-fifth of the entire revenue of the Government. The only conservative force is in the little band of foreigners, and they, naturally, are chiefly concerned with those mat-

* May, 1891.

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ters on which their business depends. Five thousand people live in the town, and fifteen thousand in the tributary *arrondissement;* they have churches and schools and weekly communication with the outside world; the mail steamers of England and Germany, and Holland and France, and the Atlas liners from New York and Kingston, make regular trips, besides occasional sailing vessels; from Jacmel, one hundred miles distant, a regular courier service, maintained by the strangers, connects with the Royal West Indian Mail boats; the West Indian Telegraph Cable is within ten miles of them, though not connected, because of political reasons. And with all these opportunities the *citoyens* of Aux Cayes continue to dwell in ignorance, and many of them in what might be termed disdainful unconsciousness of nearly all that makes life worth living to other nations; with sources of natural wealth beyond count right at hand, and with all the means of transporting that wealth to the markets of the world, they are content to eat the banana of idleness and worship the delusion of their liberty.

The aqueduct was broken years ago by the flood, but the greater part of it was uninjured; yet it was never restored. The town was visited with a conflagration that destroyed many buildings, but no steps were taken to guard against another, which soon came and nearly completed the destruction. The foreigners now have two hand-engines with which they have so far averted further disaster, but when the fires break out the entire populace rushes to the scene, and looks on while the strangers man the pumps.

The irrigation works, which seem to have been admirably planned, were so well built that for fifty years they continued to render good service; but in 1854 they broke down for lack of slight repair and have ever since been inoperative. An almost stagnant river meanders through the town, into which the drainage pours, but rarely is there sufficient current to discharge it. Open ditches to drain other parts are receptacles, but their outlets to the sea are choked by sand-bars, and there is no discharge for most of the putrefying contents; the streets are not paved, nor guttered, nor provided with sidewalks. One understands the significance of shaking the dust off one's feet as a testimony against them after a promenade in Aux Cayes. The rural roads, excepting in naturally favored localities, are impracticable now except for pedestrians, horses, and the ubiquitous donkey—the Haytian locomotive; bullock-carts are used in the vicinity of the towns, but cannot penetrate very far into the interior; as a consequence the area of coffee cultivation is very limited and confined to the lower elevations, where the best results are not attainable; there is comparatively little cultivating even where the coffee is grown; where nature has done so much, man will do little or nothing; the system of peasant proprietorship which obtains in Hayti, and the native hatred of innovations, render impossible the large plantations which are common in the coffee-growing countries: otherwise the Haytian product would probably equal in quality, if it did not even surpass, any other in the world.

The absence of proper roads or other means of access to the interior, restricts also the exportation of logwood; individual owners cut it off piecemeal wherever it can be packed to the port, but there are immense forests of it entirely out of reach. Coal, of a semi-bituminous variety, is well known to exist within twenty miles of the harbor: its workings have never been developed, notwithstanding that the people in its neighborhood burn it, that the country is especially adapted for easy railroad construction, and that the port could dispose of a large output.

Metalliferous signs are not wanting, but mining is unknown. Fruits and vegetables and other products can be, and have been, cultivated with but little effort of the husbandman, but the Haytian peasant prefers the natural growths and cannot be induced to add to his menu anything that requires exertion. Naturally, the foreigners see the opportunities, but they are powerless to take advantage of them; the "*égalité*" of the Haytian trinity is only intended for the native, if for anyone, and the strangers are debarred from engaging in any pur-

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suits excepting only of conducting mercantile business; they are not even permitted to deal directly with the native producers of coffee and the like, but must employ a favored class of native middlemen; under the law they cannot become owners of real estate.

As for any systematic enterprise, such as railroad building or mining, they are almost beyond the pale of possibilities, because of the variable policy, or perhaps we should say the politics, of the various administrations which replace one another with such frequency that there would be scarcely sufficient time to formulate any project, even if the national feeling was not so entirely and immovably arrayed against foreign establishment, and if concessions in good faith could be secured.

Between Aux Cayes in its present condition and the plans for its rehabilitation there would almost seem to be no correlation; not only is protection from flood necessary to save the town, but other and kindred measures are hardly less so: adequate drainage, filling up the stagnant water-courses, restoring the harbor, which has been greatly impaired by the washings from the ravine, and other improvements. These measures are costly; too costly in the aggregate to appear at all applicable at first sight, and the general reader will probably question seriously whether the project will "pay," *i.e.*, in the abstract. "Here," he may say, "is a worn-out, scarcely habitable town, whose chief claim to distinction is that it was a long time ago the abode of rich colonists, afterward cruelly murdered by their slaves, who thus took their first lesson in government in a revolution which has never since ceased. Manifestly," he continues, "the populace have no purpose, no ambition, except perhaps for more revolution, no arts to foster, no homes to preserve, nothing to make life worth while. Why not let the rains descend and the floods come and beat upon that city, till it is eventually washed away?"

It may be said in reply that six per cent. of the revenue now collected at this one port will meet the interest on the cost of an improvement without which the revenue itself must dwindle and in time cease; also, that Aux Cayes has the only safe harbor on the whole southern coast, and is of great importance to Hayti on many accounts, so that if rendered habitable and safe it might become a *point d'appui* for great physical developments, such as the island has never known; and the natural wealth then gathered would every year amount to several times the first cost of the necessary works. On the whole it would pay handsomely in a utilitarian sense, and from the humanitarian's point of view as well. The necessity is so vital and the advantage so obvious, that it would seem as if the issue must be met, and, in truth, were it not for the peculiarities of the people, it doubtless would have been met long ago as a matter of course.

And these peculiarities, to call them by no harsher name, are the potential causes of the retrogression of this make-believe republic. It would not be difficult to guide the waters of the Ravine du Sud, turbulent and uncontrolled though they be; but to train that other tropic torrent, the passion of the ignorant, undisciplined mass of malcontents and confine it to the safe and peaceful channels of enlightened progress—who shall rise to that high and noble work? Who shall convince them of the value of the arts of peace, and induce them to disband forever the opera-bouffe armies of the party in power? What Richelieu shall teach them that the spade is mightier than the musket? There are those among them who know this well, who deplore the struggle that is ever going on between the thousands with antiquated arms in their hands and the rest of the population, who want to carry them and so to control in their turn the public purse. The Haytians are not a warlike people, not even soldierly, but they are fond of the drum-beat and eager for parade.

It would be unfair to many of their best men, and suggest a false apology for the masses, to claim that the political condition is altogether the effect of ignorance; the leaders often are men of brains, and there is always a sufficient number of the educated and able to fill not only the civil and military offices under the newest government, but also the ranks of the exiles who in foreign

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lands are plotting always for a still newer one. But if not ignorance, what is it that marks the genius of the people? Distrust of one another, hatred of the stranger, disregard of responsibility, repudiation of obligations, in all these the successive "governments" are much alike; they differ chiefly in their staying powers.

It is commonly held that foreign influences are often dominant in the revolutions; it is openly charged that the revolution of 1889 was rendered successful, if not brought about directly, by certain parties in the United States who have since been greatly aggrieved because their bargain with the conspirators was soon afterward utterly repudiated; it is said, too, that some of the strangers find heavy emolument in their pecuniary dealings with the tottering government, and still greater profit in the scaling down of liabilities, which is not an infrequent recourse when a new party comes into power.

While there is no reason to doubt the truth of the allegations, it nevertheless could probably be shown that these nefarious practices are oftener consequences than causes, although it cannot be denied that without the material aid of the foreigners the revolutions would less often be successful.

It is not so much the individuals who are to blame for the condition as the spirit of the people at large. Perhaps, after all, blame is hardly the word, and perhaps, too, an impartial observer would not see much practical difference between the Haytian way and the American way of office-seeking; the effect in each case is to impede progress and cause stagnation; but in Hayti the intervals are so short that there is no advance, while we, in the United States, through the wisdom of our forefathers, stand still only two years out of every four.

But whatever the ethics of the question may be, Hayti spends nearly all her revenue in maintaining internal feuds, and nothing *pro bono publico*. "Millions for dissension and not one centime for improvement" might be her motto. In the whole country there is not a railroad; nor a common road worthy of the name; no wharves in many of the ports, and the few there are practically useless except for lighterage; no telegraph lines; absolutely no public improvements, and practically no public weal. A telegraph cable was laid, several years ago, from Cuba to the Mole St. Nicholas, in the northern part of the island; but strange as it may appear, it could not be connected by a land-line with Port au Prince, one hundred miles or more distant, because the "outs" would surely have cut the wires; so when it was necessary for the Government or anyone else to cable, a courier would ride three days with the despatch. When those particular outs became the present government, they continued the submarine cable along their own coast and through the Bay of Gonaive to the capital, and so in a way they are secured against the depredations of their fellow-citizens in this particular, or will be until the opposition party employs a cable-cutter.

And this is a Republic!

There are kind friends in Hayti who extended to the writer welcome and courtesy, both official and personal, to whom criticism of this kind might seem but a poor return; if by any chance it should meet their eyes there is this to offer as apology: that the interest he learned to take during his brief sojourn among them, in the struggles of the few for good government and permanency and progress, had its foundation in the belief that there is no organic reason why their high aims cannot some day be realized; the failure of Hayti to govern itself can yet be redeemed. Revolutions will not do it, nor strong governments *per se;* but internal communication, the blending of opposed communities through the creation of common interests of a material nature, the substitution of the locomotive for the donkey, are the means to be used.

Hayti has no enemies outside her borders except the exiles she has sent away; her worst foe is not the stranger within her gates, but the spirit of national lawlessness engendered by the menace of her standing army.

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MRS. MANSTEY'S VIEW.

By Edith Wharton.

THE view from Mrs. Manstey's window was not a striking one, but to her at least it was full of interest and beauty. Mrs. Manstey occupied the back room on the third floor of a New York boarding-house, in a street where the ash-barrels lingered late on the sidewalk and the gaps in the pavement would have staggered a Quintus Curtius. She was the widow of a clerk in a large wholesale house, and his death had left her alone, for her only daughter had married in California, and could not afford the long journey to New York to see her mother. Mrs. Manstey, perhaps, might have joined her daughter in the West, but they had now been so many years apart that they had ceased to feel any need of each other's society, and their intercourse had long been limited to the exchange of a few perfunctory letters, written with indifference by the daughter, and with difficulty by Mrs. Manstey, whose right hand was growing stiff with gout. Even had she felt a stronger desire for her daughter's companionship, Mrs. Manstey's increasing infirmity, which caused her to dread the three flights of stairs between her room and the street, would have given her pause on the eve of undertaking so long a journey; and without perhaps, formulating these reasons she had long since accepted as a matter of course her solitary life in New York.

She was, indeed, not quite lonely, for a few friends still toiled up now and then to her room; but their visits grew rare as the years went by. Mrs. Manstey had never been a sociable woman, and during her husband's lifetime his companionship had been all-sufficient to her. For many years she had cherished a desire to live in the country, to have a hen-house and a garden; but this longing had faded with age, leaving only in the breast of the uncommunicative old woman a vague tenderness for plants and animals. It was, perhaps, this tenderness which made her cling so fervently to her view from her window, a view in which the most optimistic eye would at first have failed to discover anything admirable.

Mrs. Manstey, from her coign of vantage (a slightly projecting bow-window where she nursed an ivy and a succession of unwholesome-looking bulbs), looked out first upon the yard of her own dwelling, of which, however, she could get but a restricted glimpse. Still, her gaze took in the topmost boughs of the ailanthus below her window, and she knew how early each year the clump of dicentra strung its bending stalk with hearts of pink.

But of greater interest were the yards beyond. Being for the most part attached to boarding-houses they were in a state of chronic untidiness

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and fluttering, on certain days of the week, with miscellaneous garments and frayed table-cloths. In spite of this Mrs. Manstey found much to admire in the long vista which she commanded. Some of the yards were, indeed, but stony wastes, with grass in the cracks of the pavement and no shade in spring save that afforded by the intermittent leafage of the clothes-lines. These yards Mrs. Manstey disapproved of, but the others, the green ones, she loved. She had grown used to their disorder; the broken barrels, the empty bottles and paths unswept no longer annoyed her; hers was the happy faculty of dwelling on the pleasanter side of the prospect before her.

In the very next enclosure did not a magnolia open its hard white flowers against the watery blue of April? And was there not, a little way down the line, a fence foamed over every May by lilac waves of wistaria? Farther still, a horse-chestnut lifted its candelabra of buff and pink blossoms above broad fans of foliage; while in the opposite yard June was sweet with the breath of a neglected syringa, which persisted in growing in spite of the countless obstacles opposed to its welfare.

But if nature occupied the front rank in Mrs. Manstey's view, there was much of a more personal character to interest her in the aspect of the houses and their inmates. She deeply disapproved of the mustard-colored curtains which had lately been hung in the doctor's window opposite; but she glowed with pleasure when the house farther down had its old bricks washed with a coat of paint. The occupants of the houses did not often show themselves at the back windows, but the servants were always in sight. Noisy slatterns, Mrs. Manstey pronounced the greater number; she knew their ways and hated them. But to the quiet cook in the newly painted house, whose mistress bullied her, and who secretly fed the stray cats at nightfall, Mrs. Manstey's warmest sympathies were given. On one occasion her feelings were racked by the neglect of a housemaid, who for two days forgot to feed the parrot committed to her care. On the third day, Mrs. Manstey, in spite of her gouty hand, had just penned a letter, beginning: "Madam, it is now three days since your parrot has been fed," when the forgetful maid appeared at the window with a cup of seed in her hand.

But in Mrs. Manstey's more meditative moods it was the narrowing perspective of far-off yards which pleased her best. She loved, at twilight, when the distant brown-stone spire seemed melting in the fluid yellow of the west, to lose herself in vague memories of a trip to Europe, made years ago, and now reduced in her mind's eye to a pale phantasmagoria of indistinct steeples and dreamy skies. Perhaps at heart Mrs. Manstey was an artist; at all events she was sensible of many changes of color unnoticed by the average eye, and dear to her as the green of early spring was the black lattice of branches against a cold sulphur sky at the close of a snowy day. She enjoyed, also, the sunny thaws of March, when patches of earth showed through the snow, like ink-spots spreading on a sheet of white blotting-paper; and, better still, the haze of boughs, leafless but swollen, which replaced the clear-cut tracery of winter. She even watched with a certain interest the trail of smoke from a far-off factory chimney, and missed a detail in the landscape when the factory was closed and the smoke disappeared.

Mrs. Manstey, in the long hours which she spent at her window, was not idle. She read a little, and knitted numberless stockings; but the view surrounded and shaped her life as the sea does a lonely island. When her rare callers came it was difficult for her to detach herself from the contemplation of the opposite window-washing, or the scrutiny of certain green points in a neighboring flower-bed which might, or might not, turn into hyacinths, while she feigned an interest in her visitor's anecdotes about some unknown grandchild. Mrs. Manstey's real friends were the denizens of the yards, the hyacinths, the magnolia, the green parrot, the maid who fed the cats, the doctor who studied late behind his mustard-colored curtains; and the confidant of her tenderer musings was the church-spire floating in the sunset.

One April day, as she sat in her usual place, with knitting cast aside and eyes

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fixed on the blue sky mottled with round clouds, a knock at the door announced the entrance of her landlady. Mrs. Manstey did not care for her landlady, but she submitted to her visits with ladylike resignation. To-day, however, it seemed harder than usual to turn from the blue sky and the blossoming magnolia to Mrs. Sampson's unsuggestive face, and Mrs. Manstey was conscious of a distinct effort as she did so.

"The magnolia is out earlier than usual this year, Mrs. Sampson," she remarked, yielding to a rare impulse, for she seldom alluded to the absorbing interest of her life. In the first place it was a topic not likely to appeal to her visitors and, besides, she lacked the power of expression and could not have given utterance to her feelings had she wished to.

"The what, Mrs. Manstey?" inquired the landlady, glancing about the room as if to find there the explanation of Mrs. Manstey's statement.

"The magnolia in the next yard—in Mrs. Black's yard," Mrs. Manstey repeated.

"Is it, indeed? I didn't know there was a magnolia there," said Mrs. Sampson, carelessly. Mrs. Manstey looked at her; she did not know that there was a magnolia in the next yard!

"By the way," Mrs. Sampson continued, "speaking of Mrs. Black reminds me that the work on the extension is to begin next week."

"The what?" it was Mrs. Manstey's turn to ask.

"The extension," said Mrs. Sampson, nodding her head in the direction of the ignored magnolia. "You knew, of course, that Mrs. Black was going to build an extension to her house? Yes, ma'am. I hear it is to run right back to the end of the yard. How she can afford to build an extension in these hard times I don't see; but she always was crazy about building. She used to keep a boarding-house in Seventeenth Street, and she nearly ruined herself then by sticking out bow-windows and what not; I should have thought that would have cured her of building, but I guess it's a disease, like drink. Anyhow, the work is to begin on Monday."

Mrs. Manstey had grown pale. She always spoke slowly, so the landlady did not heed the long pause which followed. At last Mrs. Manstey said: "Do you know how high the extension will be?"

"That's the most absurd part of it. The extension is to be built right up to the roof of the main building; now, did you ever?"

Mrs. Manstey paused again. "Won't it be a great annoyance to you, Mrs. Sampson?" she asked.

"I should say it would. But there's no help for it; if people have got a mind to build extensions there's no law to prevent 'em, that I'm aware of." Mrs. Manstey, knowing this, was silent. "There is no help for it," Mrs. Sampson repeated, "but if I *am* a church member, I wouldn't be so sorry if it ruined Eliza Black. Well, good-day, Mrs. Manstey; I'm glad to find you so comfortable."

So comfortable — so comfortable! Left to herself the old woman turned once more to the window. How lovely the view was that day! The blue sky with its round clouds shed a brightness over everything; the ailanthus had put on a tinge of yellow-green, the hyacinths were budding, the magnolia flowers looked more than ever like rosettes carved in alabaster. Soon the wistaria would bloom, then the horse-chestnut; but not for her. Between her eyes and them a barrier of brick and mortar would swiftly rise; presently even the spire would disappear, and all her radiant world be blotted out. Mrs. Manstey sent away untouched the dinner-tray brought to her that evening. She lingered in the window until the windy sunset died in bat-colored dusk; then, going to bed, she lay sleepless all night.

Early the next day she was up and at the window. It was raining, but even through the slanting gray gauze the scene had its charm—and then the rain was so good for the trees. She had noticed the day before that the ailanthus was growing dusty.

"Of course I might move," said Mrs. Manstey aloud, and turning from the window she looked about her room. She might move, of course; so might she be flayed alive; but she was not likely to survive either operation. The room, though far less important to her happiness than the view, was as much a part

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of her existence. She had lived in it seventeen years. She knew every stain on the wall-paper, every rent in the carpet; the light fell in a certain way on her engravings, her books had grown shabby on their shelves, her bulbs and ivy were used to their window and knew which way to lean to the sun. "We are all too old to move," she said.

That afternoon it cleared. Wet and radiant the blue reappeared through torn rags of cloud; the ailanthus sparkled; the earth in the flower-borders looked rich and warm. It was Thursday, and on Monday the building of the extension was to begin.

On Sunday afternoon a card was brought to Mrs. Black, as she was engaged in gathering up the fragments of the boarders' dinner in the basement. The card, black-edged, bore Mrs. Manstey's name.

"One of Mrs. Sampson's boarders; wants to move, I suppose. Well, I can give her a room next year in the extension. Dinah," said Mrs. Black, "tell the lady I'll be upstairs in a minute."

Mrs. Black found Mrs. Manstey standing in the long parlor garnished with statuettes and antimacassars; in that house she could not sit down.

Stooping hurriedly to open the register, which let out a cloud of dust, Mrs. Black advanced to her visitor.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Manstey; take a seat, please," the landlady remarked in her prosperous voice, the voice of a woman who can afford to build extensions. There was no help for it; Mrs. Manstey sat down.

"Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am?" Mrs. Black continued. "My house is full at present, but I am going to build an extension, and——"

"It is about the extension that I wish to speak," said Mrs. Manstey, suddenly. "I am a poor woman, Mrs. Black, and I have never been a happy one. I shall have to talk about myself first to—to make you understand."

Mrs. Black, astonished but imperturbable, bowed at this parenthesis.

"I never had what I wanted," Mrs. Manstey continued. "It was always one disappointment after another. For years I wanted to live in the country. I dreamed and dreamed about it; but we never could manage it. There was no sunny window in our house, and so all my plants died. My daughter married years ago and went away—besides, she never cared for the same things. Then my husband died and I was left alone. That was seventeen years ago. I went to live at Mrs. Sampson's, and I have been there ever since. I have grown a little infirm, as you see, and I don't get out often; only on fine days, if I am feeling very well. So you can understand my sitting a great deal in my window—the back window on the third floor——"

"Well, Mrs. Manstey," said Mrs. Black, liberally, "I could give you a back room, I dare say; one of the new rooms in the ex——"

"But I don't want to move; I can't move," said Mrs. Manstey, almost with a scream. "And I came to tell you that if you build that extension I shall have no view from my window—no view! Do you understand?"

Mrs. Black thought herself face to face with a lunatic, and she had always heard that lunatics must be humored.

"Dear me, dear me," she remarked, pushing her chair back a little way, "that is too bad, isn't it? Why, I never thought of that. To be sure, the extension *will* interfere with your view, Mrs. Manstey."

"You do understand?" Mrs. Manstey gasped.

"Of course I do. And I'm real sorry about it, too. But there, don't you worry, Mrs. Manstey. I guess we can fix that all right."

Mrs. Manstey rose from her seat, and Mrs. Black slipped toward the door.

"What do you mean by fixing it? Do you mean that I can induce you to change your mind about the extension? Oh, Mrs. Black, listen to me. I have two thousand dollars in the bank and I could manage, I know I could manage, to give you a thousand if——" Mrs. Manstey paused; the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"There, there, Mrs. Manstey, don't you worry," repeated Mrs. Black, soothingly. "I am sure we can settle it. I am sorry that I can't stay and talk about it any longer, but this is such a busy time of day, with supper to get——"

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Her hand was on the door-knob, but with sudden vigor Mrs. Manstey seized her wrist.

"You are not giving me a definite answer. Do you mean to say that you accept my proposition?"

"Why, I'll think it over, Mrs. Manstey, certainly I will. I wouldn't annoy you for the world——"

"But the work is to begin to-morrow, I am told," Mrs. Manstey persisted.

Mrs. Black hesitated. "It shan't begin, I promise you that; I'll send word to the builder this very night." Mrs. Manstey tightened her hold.

"You are not deceiving me, are you?" she said.

"No—no," stammered Mrs. Black. "How can you think such a thing of me, Mrs. Manstey?"

Slowly Mrs. Manstey's clutch relaxed, and she passed through the open door. "One thousand dollars," she repeated, pausing in the hall; then she let herself out of the house and hobbled down the steps, supporting herself on the cast-iron railing.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Black, shutting and bolting the hall-door, "I never knew the old woman was crazy! And she looks so quiet and ladylike, too."

Mrs. Manstey slept well that night, but early the next morning she was awakened by a sound of hammering. She got to her window with what haste she might and, looking out, saw that Mrs. Black's yard was full of workmen. Some were carrying loads of brick from the kitchen to the yard, others beginning to demolish the old-fashioned wooden balcony which adorned each story of Mrs. Black's house. Mrs. Manstey saw that she had been deceived. At first she thought of confiding her trouble to Mrs. Sampson, but a settled discouragement soon took possession of her and she went back to bed, not caring to see what was going on.

Toward afternoon, however, feeling that she must know the worst, she rose and dressed herself. It was a laborious task, for her hands were stiffer than usual, and the hooks and buttons seemed to evade her.

When she seated herself in the window, she saw that the workmen had removed the upper part of the balcony, and that the bricks had multiplied since morning. One of the men, a coarse fellow with a bloated face, picked a magnolia blossom and, after smelling it, threw it to the ground; the next man, carrying a load of bricks, trod on the flower in passing.

"Look out, Jim," called one of the men to another who was smoking a pipe, "if you throw matches around near those barrels of paper you'll have the old tinder-box burning down before you know it." And Mrs. Manstey, leaning forward, perceived that there were several barrels of paper and rubbish under the wooden balcony.

At length the work ceased and twilight fell. The sunset was perfect and a roseate light, transfiguring the distant spire, lingered late in the west. When it grew dark Mrs. Manstey drew down the shades and proceeded, in her usual methodical manner, to light her lamp. She always filled and lit it with her own hands, keeping a kettle of kerosene on a zinc-covered shelf in a closet. As the lamp-light filled the room it assumed its usual peaceful aspect. The books and pictures and plants seemed, like their mistress, to settle themselves down for another quiet evening, and Mrs. Manstey, as was her wont, drew up her armchair to the table and began to knit.

That night she could not sleep. The weather had changed and a wild wind was abroad, blotting the stars with close-driven clouds. Mrs. Manstey rose once or twice and looked out of the window; but of the view nothing was discernible save a tardy light or two in the opposite windows. These lights at last went out, and Mrs. Manstey, who had watched for their extinction, began to dress herself. She was in evident haste, for she merely flung a thin dressing-gown over her night-dress and wrapped her head in a scarf; then she opened her closet and cautiously took out the kettle of kerosene. Having slipped a bundle of wooden matches into her pocket she proceeded, with increasing precautions, to unlock her door, and a few moments later she was feeling her way down the dark staircase, led by a glimmer of gas from the lower hall. At length she reached the bottom of the stairs and began the more

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difficult descent into the utter darkness of the basement. Here, however, she could move more freely, as there was less danger of being overheard; and without much delay she contrived to unlock the iron door leading into the yard. A gust of cold wind smote her as she stepped out and groped shiveringly under the clothes-lines.

That morning at three o'clock an alarm of fire brought the engines to Mrs. Black's door, and also brought Mrs. Sampson's startled boarders to their windows. The wooden balcony at the back of Mrs. Black's house was ablaze, and among those who watched the progress of the flames was Mrs. Manstey, leaning in her thin dressing-gown from the open window.

The fire, however, was soon put out, and the frightened occupants of the house, who had fled in scant attire, reassembled at dawn to find that little mischief had been done beyond the cracking of window panes and smoking of ceilings. In fact, the chief sufferer by the fire was Mrs. Manstey, who was found in the morning gasping with pneumonia, a not unnatural result, as everyone remarked, of her having hung out of an open window at her age in a dressing-gown. It was easy to see that she was very ill, but no one had guessed how grave the doctor's verdict would be, and the faces gathered that evening about Mrs. Sampson's table were awe-struck and disturbed. Not that any of the boarders knew Mrs. Manstey well; she "kept to herself," as they said, and seemed to fancy herself too good for them; but then it is always disagreeable to have anyone dying in the house and, as one lady observed to another: "It might just as well have been you or me, my dear."

But it was only Mrs. Manstey; and she was dying, as she had lived, lonely if not alone. The doctor had sent a trained nurse, and Mrs. Sampson, with muffled step, came in from time to time; but both, to Mrs. Manstey, seemed remote and unsubstantial as the figures in a dream. All day she said nothing; but when she was asked for her daughter's address she shook her head. At times the nurse noticed that she seemed to be listening attentively for some sound which did not come; then again she dozed.

The next morning at daylight she was very low. The nurse called Mrs. Sampson and as the two bent over the old woman they saw her lips move.

"Lift me up—out of bed," she whispered.

They raised her in their arms, and with her stiff hand she pointed to the window.

"Oh, the window—she wants to sit in the window. She used to sit there all day," Mrs. Sampson explained. "It can do her no harm, I suppose?"

"Nothing matters now," said the nurse.

They carried Mrs. Manstey to the window and placed her in her chair. The dawn was abroad, a jubilant spring dawn; the spire had already caught a golden ray, though the magnolia and horse-chestnut still slumbered in shadow. In Mrs. Black's yard all was quiet. The charred timbers of the balcony lay where they had fallen. It was evident that since the fire the builders had not returned to their work. The magnolia had unfolded a few more sculptural flowers; the view was undisturbed.

It was hard for Mrs. Manstey to breathe; each moment it grew more difficult. She tried to make them open the window, but they would not understand. If she could have tasted the air, sweet with the penetrating ailanthus savor, it would have eased her; but the view at least was there—the spire was golden now, the heavens had warmed from pearl to blue, day was alight from east to west, even the magnolia had caught the sun.

Mrs. Manstey's head fell back and smiling she died.

That day the building of the extension was resumed.

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LANDOR ONCE MORE.

By W. B. Shubrick Clymer.

OCCASIONAL attempts have been made to popularize Landor. By publishing well-chosen passages, and by pointing out his good qualities, Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Havelock Ellis, and perhaps others, have tried to increase the number of his readers. That they have in part succeeded is doubtless true; but that Landor can ever become popular in any but a very restricted sense of the word, may be assumed to be wholly unlikely. He says that he loved nature, "and next to nature, art." He did, indeed, genuinely love nature, but largely as a background to art rather than solely for itself; and the art he practised is of a sort which to many people appears remote from nature. Elsewhere he writes, with the pen of Anaxagoras, "If anyone should note to you my singularities, remembering me a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, '*He neither lived nor died with the multitude.*'" Without echoing De Quincey's denunciation of the numerous public as "a well-known character, particularly disagreeable, though slightly respectable, and notorious for affecting the chief seats in synagogues," one who at all sympathizes with "the born artist, the born solitary" that Landor was, may fairly question the applicability of Mr. Leslie Stephen's somewhat picturesque conclusion that his "wanton quarrel with the world has been avenged by the world's indifference," and may venture to doubt, not, indeed, that "the world has a very strong case" against him, but whether that undoubted fact be not in some degree irrelevant to a matter on which the world is incompetent to form an intelligent opinion. Good and significant as popularity may be, failure to achieve it need not imply either quarrelsomeness or inferiority, for, in literature as in life, amiable qualities of a high order may coexist with inability to impress a wide circle. Landor may not have been an easy man to live with, and his writings may not be easy reading; yet, if neither he nor his few admirers much regard the world's opinion, how can it greatly matter whether his unpopularity diminish or increase? Why should one who takes pleasure in an author inquire how many other people take pleasure in him? Surely you cannot prove that this or the other author ought to please; you can, at most, merely show why he does please you and a greater or less number of others of similar taste. The appeal, then, to the majority for or against an author whose talent or genius is of an unusual or exceptional cast, is unsafe. In the case of "perhaps the most striking instance in modern literature of a radical divergence of opinion between the connoisseurs and the mass of readers," as Landor has not inaptly been called, such an appeal is suggestive rather of dogmatic assertion than of that critical fairness which strives simply and clearly to set forth the grounds on which rests the high esteem of the "connoisseurs," or knowing ones. Without

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calling in question the sincerity of the occasionally excessive praise of some of these, nor taking up in detail every count in the indictment against him, an unprejudiced reader may yet find, in considering Landor's lofty and wayward genius and the conditions under which it grew, abundant material for profitable study.

Of the sort of comment on Landor which his admirers find true in detail and false in total effect, Mr. Stephen's able, though in some respects paradoxical, essay is the best instance. The truth of almost every charge therein made may be cheerfully admitted, and the critic may even be thanked for bringing into evidence some rather obscure parts of the subject; yet the tone of the criticism is such that the qualities which entitle Landor to more sympathetic treatment than he gets, are half hidden. In criticism, as in any other pursuit, the point of view is everything. In the article in question, the point of view twists the perspective, spoils the pattern; though all the parts are more or less clearly visible, the arrangement of them is mistaken, the emphasis is misplaced. The effect produced by Landor will be one thing or another according as one or another view is taken of certain traits of a writer to whom an intelligent reader can scarcely be quite indifferent. It is only for the sake of suggesting the golden side of the shield, that it is worth while to mention again two or three of the faults commonly laid to his charge.

He is, it is urged, difficult to read through, and is therefore best shown in a volume of selections. Warmly as Arnold admired Wordsworth and Byron, yet he saw and undertook to meet the same difficulty in the case of each of them; and it may be that he has thereby served Wordsworth's fame, at any rate, a better turn than Mr. Morley with his complete edition of the poems and all the rest of the verse. If Wordsworth and Byron need sifting, how is Landor shown to be of small account because he cannot be taken unsifted? Is he not in the same boat with Browning, the most illustrious recent instance of "matter and impertinency mix'd"? Had the ninety dramas traditionally attributed to Æschylus come down to us, instead of only seven, he, too, might appear best in a book of selections. In fact, the necessity of either choosing, or getting someone else to choose for you, from the work of a voluminous writer, has slight bearing, if any, on the value of his work. Just now, indeed, the fashion is carried to absurd lengths. When skilfully made, however, selections and extracts deserve everybody's good word. It is difficult to see where, in this era of manifold books, we should be without them, for there are probably few of us who have not been, by their means, brought better acquainted with numerous classics. When we are at home with the classics, we like to wander at will, ignoring the friend who introduced us. Human, but uncritical.

Among the chief hindrances to reading Landor are the exactions he makes of a reader; whether these are too great depends largely on the reader. With regard to his alleged excessive condensation, wherein lies one difficulty, it is to be said that we who skim novels and newspapers are so in the way of expecting from writers all kinds of useless help, so-called, are so thoroughly accustomed to diffuseness which professes to be explanatory, that we often do not feel, as we read, with what a dead weight of words we are burdened. Verbal prodigality is generally more injurious to style and more tiresome than verbal parsimony. De Quincey, whose habit in this respect is the direct converse of Landor's, I find at least as hard to read for two or three hours on end. Landor's fault—for he sometimes, though by no means always, carries compression too far—makes for greater alertness of mind and keener discrimination in the reader. If he incline to exercise too often our goat-like power of leaping over spaces usually bridged for travellers on foot, it is equally true that mountain-climbing from which all difficulties have been cleared loses its charm. That in the region, picturesquely indicated by Mr. Swinburne, through which he asks us to follow, people in general are not mentally agile enough to keep him long in sight, in no degree diminishes the exhilarating effect of the climb on those blessed with legs and wind—rather the reverse.

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In a word, Landor needs a trained reader, able to tell the best and the second-best apart, and fully to enjoy the best. Such a reader must know more history and more literature than most people know. For Landor's usual method is to presuppose in the reader a knowledge of everything that concerns his speakers, and to put them on the stage not in any scene recorded of them, but in scenes not inconsistent with what is recorded of their lives and characters. Whereas Shakespeare is apt, in his historical plays, to follow history more or less closely, Landor is apt, as it were, to invent history; where Shakespeare tells what happened, Landor would tell something implying a knowledge of what happened. Thus, a reader ignorant of history misses much of the subtlety of Landor's best work. Again, one unfamiliar with classical literature loses the flavor of a style conformed to classical models. Latin and English were almost equally Landor's mother-tongues; to Latin, which was perhaps his favorite, his English owes, as does Ben Jonson's, both merits and defects. It may be that each of them introduced into an uninflected language too many constructions native to an inflected language; it is certain that one who knows no Latin cannot see in the style of either all that a student of Latin can see.

Greater compactness of phrase than we are accustomed to, greater demands on historical and literary knowledge than are usually made, and a certain holding of himself aloof and above the crowd, are barriers to the reading of Landor, even at his best. They are barriers worth scaling, at whatever outlay of effort. Once within them, that is to say, a taste once acquired, the competent reader cannot fail to find in Landor a great deal to satisfy him intellectually.

Landor had not, it is true, any weighty "message" to his own nor to any later generation. He was not a Carlyle nor an Emerson. His chief concern was with art as he conceived it, rather than with nature or with man directly. Coming at the beginning of the period of romantic activity in England, the period of Scott and Wordsworth, he is more conspicuously isolated than he would have been in the prose age of Dryden; for, whereas his distinguished contemporaries sympathized with the past and with nature as means whereby to put new life into the present and into literature, his sympathy with the past was innocent of humanitarian or other ulterior purpose. In his devotion to beauty he was nearer of kin to Keats than to the other poets of the first quarter of the century. His treatment of the antique and Keats's were as different as two things could be. Keats's was romantic and excited; Landor's, whether classic or not, was controlled. But, though otherwise unlike, the two men were alike in seeking in the past beauty for its own sake, not for the sake of anything else; each held that "beauty is truth," and each tried, in his own way, to present his conception of beauty impersonally, leaving it to work as it would on men's minds. Beyond that, neither Keats nor Landor had any "message" to the world at large; but that steadfast purpose would of itself suffice to save the work of each from the imputation of futility. Landor's work had real meaning to himself, no doubt; it is the artistic expression of his deepest thoughts and emotions. How far it may have real meaning for other people is stated by the most recent, and by no means least appreciative, of his critics, Mr. Woodberry, who says that only intellectual literary men of leisure will ever care for it. That it may hold a high place in the estimation of cultivated men, is usually accounted by critics insufficient praise; the approbation of the untutored is deemed needful. But there is another view. The cultivated minority of a minority may be looked on as supplying the sole ground for hope as to matters of art and literature at a time when the popular estimate of qualities of form is so freakish as at present it is. Granting, then, that Landor was not in the main current of his time, and that therefore his time was not sensibly affected by his rare powers, we may yet find in his best work a mastery of detail and an imaginativeness which, though not the whole of art, are organic elements of art, as essential and as effective as any. It is desirable, not that everybody should be

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cultivated to the point of being able to comply with the requisitions he makes, but that the discriminating few should, even though accused of snobbishness and of disingenuousness, continue to believe that the voice of the undiscerning many does not in his case utter the final word. It is true that his command of detail is greater than his command of mass, that he is often desultory, that his sense of unity is defective. That is the most serious fault of his work as a whole, the point wherein he differs most from the Greeks with whom he is so often, and so lightly, compared. It is a fault which does not impair the beauty of separate parts, however much it may interfere with the effect of their beauty. Landor must be considered in bits, rather than in bulk. The quality of his genius, its limitations, and the character of his fame are obvious on an examination of a comparatively small part of his total product.

Of the three periods into which his extended literary life falls, the second, containing the "Imaginary Conversations," the "Examination of Shakspere," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron," is more important than that of "Gebir" and "Count Julian" which preceded, or than that of miscellaneous writing in prose and verse which followed. Mr. Swinburne, to be sure, places the poetry midway between Byron's and Shelley's —wherever that may be. But Landor was a formative influence with Mr. Swinburne when he was just not a boy; so even more than usual allowance must be made for the disciple's eloquent enthusiasm. Landor's poetry, as far as I know it, seldom transports, like Byron's and Shelley's. Though not pedestrian, as Arnold's has rather unfairly been called, it might usually be as effective in the form of prose. Occasional detached passages in "Gebir" and "Count Julian" are exceptions; and some of the short things can scarcely be too highly praised, though they have sometimes been praised wrongly. It is as a writer of prose, however, that Landor is chiefly memorable. The best "Conversations," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron" are, I think, the tripod on which his fame rests.

The only reasonable classification of the "Conversations" is that which divides them into dramatic and non-dramatic. Of the first class a list might easily be made of scenes really dramatic in the sense that the speakers are felt behind the words, and that the effect of each speech is felt in calling forth the reply. Moreover, there is sometimes in these scenes dramatic movement; incident, though not mentioned, is sometimes implied. Instances will occur to every reader. The beautiful conversation between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways, a gem not so often spoken of as it deserves to be, contains a great deal of such implied incident, as well as of implied landscape, so to speak; and there are dozens more. In such scenes Landor is at his best. In others, though, as was once said of Mr. Henry Irving, he does not get quite out of himself, he yet gets pretty completely into the character. Irving's "Louis XI." and his "Hamlet" may serve roughly to illustrate the distinction: the one is the French king as you feel he must have been; the other is the English actor in an interesting version of the Danish prince. So Leofric and Godiva live as individually as you or I; whereas Lucullus and Cæsar are to a great extent Landor's mouthpieces—interesting mouthpieces, and to some degree dramatically conceived, but not, like the Lord of Coventry and his Lady, inevitable creations. Still other "Conversations" do not move at all. Some of these contain engaging matter; but some are dull and heavy discussions, which there is no more occasion to read than there is to read "Sordello"—a task that an intelligent man may, I take it, indefinitely defer without thereby disqualifying himself to speak aright meanwhile of the author of "Men and Women."

"Pericles and Aspasia" throbs with beauty, which it is the custom to call Greek. Whether the clear, simple, straightforward, dignified, graceful treatment of Athenian life is Attic, perhaps admits of discussion. In the face of Goethe's opinion that "Samson Agonistes" was the only modern work which had "caught fire from the breath of the antique spirit," it may be prudent to think

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twice before accepting the snap-judgment of every stripling reviewer as to the Greek or Homeric character of much recent work. Pains have been taken to show that Kingsley's "Andromeda," and that Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta," and particularly his "Erechtheus," are Greek. All three are delightful; the last, especially, can be called no less than a splendidly successful imitation. But whether it, or any such attempt to embody in English the Greek spirit, can rightly be called more than an imitation, may be questioned. It is true that the author of some of the most pertinent recent criticism of Homer calls Clough Homeric, and that one of the authors of the translation of Homer accepted by the present generation of Englishmen calls Dumas Homeric, and that each makes out a fairly good case. But it is unlikely that Homer would have suggested Dumas to Arnold, or Clough to Mr. Lang. The contention is not that there are no points of resemblance, but that the bandying about of such epithets by the half-informed tends to blur real distinctions, and so to perplex criticism. It does not enhance the value of a work to call it Greek, nor advance us a step toward an understanding of its value. If a Homeric Clough and a Homeric Dumas are difficult to accept together, it is still more difficult to reconcile either with Mr. Lowell's judicious remark that "between us and the Greeks lies the grave of their murdered paganism, making our minds and theirs irreconcilable."

As to the excellence of style of "Pericles and Aspasia," there is less room for two opinions. "Though not alien to the treatment of modern life," writes Lord Houghton, a critic of Landor at once sympathetic and discreet, "it [his style] is undoubtedly more at home in the old world; and in such 'Conversations' as those of Lucullus and Cæsar, Epictetus and Seneca, Epicurus and the Grecian Maidens, Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero, and in the 'Epistles' of Pericles and Aspasia, there is a sense of fitness of language that suggests the desire to see them restored, as it were, to the original tongues." And he goes on to say that they would be the best possible things from which to select passages for translation into Latin and Greek—so at one are the thought and the expression of it. There are in "Pericles and Aspasia" dull passages, which anyone is at liberty to skip; and there are anachronisms, inaccuracy in detail, and such like handles for pedants, which no one else need grasp. The story, which is slight, is in the temper of the time; it is founded, in the main, on incidents recorded of the classic lovers, and to these are added others which are in keeping. The passion is pagan and free from self-consciousness, deep in tranquillity of expression, absolute in devotion, restrained by a sense of beauty. The vitality of the book is to some degree shown by a comparison of it with Becker's "Charicles" and "Gallus," which are by contrast dead restorations of the times they treat of; it may also be compared, in this respect, with Bulwer's popular "Last Days of Pompeii," with Hamerling's "Aspasia," and with the clever and learned archæological exercises of Mr. Ebers. The spirit of its period quickens none of these as the spirit of beauty, whether Hellenic or Landorian, quickens "Pericles and Aspasia," where, if anywhere, one is disposed to allow that

> "through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece."

It may be added, as a crown of grace, that here, for once, despite irrelevance and digression, Landor constructs well.

In the "Pentameron" it is likewise a fact that tedious passages occur—from which escape is as simple as in the other case. I think there are not so many. At any rate, I can read it straight through with less frequent desire to skip than I can "Pericles and Aspasia." The most obvious handle for pedants is the perverse estimate of Dante. The delight I take in the "Pentameron" comes from the great charm of the relation between the two friends, from the exquisite picture set in an exquisite frame, from the episodical characters introduced now and then with a skill unusual in Landor, from occasional passages unsurpassed even by Landor, from the quality of the English throughout. Whether the spirit is Florentine, I do not know. The lan-

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guage, I think, is a web, closely woven, strong, flexible, brilliant, visible in every detail of texture, in every detail disclosing new beauties the more carefully it is examined.

Such, very briefly, are the works which led Emerson to welcome Landor as "one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature," and therefore "a friend and consoler of mankind." That verdict, very different from the one commonly rendered, is not invalidated by the gratuitous comment that Emerson and other Americans felt a certain complacency in "rescuing an English genius from the neglect of his own countrymen;" nor does acceptance of it allow regret that "rare qualities have been cruelly wasted," nor admit of the view that regards Landor as a "warning to the artistic school." Criticism which, impaling an author on a rigid theory, requires him to be something else than he is, rather recalls inquisitorial than adopts rational methods. Of that sort Landor has had more than his share, and less of the sort which is content to take him for what he is—one more instance of instinct refusing to follow the fashion. He somewhere speaks of "pictorial grace quite independent of the gracefulness of the forms represented." His own literary quality is to a great extent independent of the quality of his subjects, but none the less real for that. Like other original writers, he has to create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. Judicial criticism has often affirmed his obvious faults, mentioning his merits parenthetically. It is the subtle merits that need affirmation, for it is by them that he differs from other writers. By them he may, in the long run, come to be known. For, whereas Dickens, George Eliot, and Browning show signs of losing, from lack of a sense of form, the pre-eminence which their strength seemed to command, Landor is perhaps gaining recognition as the possessor of a faculty which in them was subordinate. Not that he is gaining many readers, nor that his writings can all be read by anybody. His best is unmatched in its kind, however; not to know it is to be a loser. Its chance in the struggle for existence rests on the likelihood of there being in future generations a few men with Emerson's unjaded taste for "pure literature."

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE, in my time, listened to many glowing speeches upon the inestimable blessings conferred on mankind by the increased ease, certainty, and rapidity of communication between the different parts of our vast country, and between our country and others widely separated in distance from us. This is a favorite topic for clergymen when invited to address the Chamber of Commerce of this city, at its time-honored (and, perhaps, most important) function, the annual dinner. I have heard Commerce toasted as the "handmaid of religion," and the modern freight and passenger steamers referred to, with slightly *passé* eloquence, as "the white-winged messengers of peace." I even recall a quotation from the Scriptures—I am bound to say it was from the Apocrypha—which came near enough to describing the locomotive engine, to suggest to the orator that the modern railway was a definite part of the prophet's vision of a perfected world. But I venture to suggest to the thoughtful moralist, that there is one consequence of the facility of communication that is not wholly satisfactory to him who puts honest dealing above anything else in commerce. It has, I am convinced, distinctly lessened the responsibility of manufacturers and tradesmen, and our poor human nature is such that when the bond of responsibility is loosened there is a tendency to dishonest gains. Naturally, easier and wider communication has made more numerous and greater markets, and in these markets competition tends toward cheapness rather than toward excellence. That most interesting of economists, Mr. Edward Atkinson, has said that a difference of a small fraction, I believe one-eighth of a cent per yard in the cost of cotton goods, is sometimes enough to decide whether an extensive market shall be controlled by one or by another nation. Now in the strenuous contest for that eighth of a cent per yard, and the possible millions of dollars that may accrue to the victor, it may happen—in fact it has happened—that clay and not cotton has found its way into the fabric to be sold, a device of which the old hand-loom was innocent, possibly because it was also incapable.

It is not necessary, however, to have Mr. Atkinson's amazing scope of vision to find evidence of the working of this tendency. Any householder, whose happiness it is to pay for the supplies of a family, must be aware of the extreme difficulty of getting with any certainty a steadily good article of almost any sort. It is easier in the case of luxuries, for the reason that for these the demand is more limited, the number of purchasers smaller, the number of producers correspondingly small, and the chance of tracking bad work or untruthful statements greater. But for the things which everyone must have, and which most must have as cheap as may be, buying is a lottery, with a miserable prevalence of blanks. You can get virtuous butter for a dollar a pound, but the search for eatable butter at forty cents a pound is a weary and depressing pursuit. It is the same with the innumerable articles of clothing and

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materials of clothing. From the hat that grows gray in a month's service, to the shoe-soles that will not stand a day's rough tramping, the things that are turned out in large quantities for "the million" are not trustworthy.

I think the chief reason is that in our complex and widely ramified system of exchanges the producer and the consumer rarely come into direct relation with each other; the former rarely knows, and still more rarely cares, for the opinion the latter may have of him, of his methods, his character, and his goods. The seller deals to-day with one set of buyers, to-morrow with another, and so on, and the buyers change their places of purchase with the greatest frequency. The relation indicated by the old-fashioned words "custom" and "customer" is dying out, and with it the possibility of accountability, and the hope of profitable honesty. The type of modern retail dealing is that most abominable device the "bargain counter," where cheapness, real or imagined, is the main thing considered.

Now it must be remembered that retail sales are not only the final process of commerce, but the one that is kept in view from the beginning, and is the controlling object of the whole series. It is because the retail sales, the one stage at which the consumer appears in person and exercises whatever influence he may, take place over such a wide territory and so remote from the producer, that it is so difficult to hold the latter to a definitely honest standard. If commerce were ever, then, the "handmaid of religion," so far as religion still concerns itself with morals, she has become almost a suspicious character, whose service is of doubtful value, and her behavior the source of infinite vexation, if not of scandal.

To one interested in the progress of the Fine Arts in the United States the exhibition of pictures by American artists held in Paris this month is of importance. The collection of about one hundred and fifty pictures has been brought together by M. Durand-Ruel, and is shown in his spacious galleries in the rue Laffitte, so well known to lovers of good pictures. M. Durand-Ruel is that *rara avis* among picture-dealers, a man who in the face of popular indifference championed the cause of the so-called Barbizon school in the days when none were so poor as to do it honor. He has had the pleasure of seeing the works of Millet, Daubigny, Corot, Daumier, Dupré, Diaz, and Bonvin acclaimed by the many, and then, still in the interest of *la peinture militante*, has espoused the cause of the impressionists. Fifteen years ago, in these same galleries of the rue Laffitte, side by side with pictures like Millet's "Sower" and Corot's "Orpheus," were displayed Manet's "Boy with a Sword," now in the Metropolitan Museum, and works by the then virtually unknown impressionists Monet, Pissaro, Sisley, and Caillebotte. It was through M. Durand-Ruel that the first of the impressionist pictures were seen in New York a few years ago, and now, in pursuance of his desire to be the first to introduce a new phase of art, this exhibition is taken to Paris. This taking of coals to Newcastle is for many of the exhibitors a return, if not to the land of their birth, at least to that of their childhood in an artistic sense. The men most prominent in American art to-day are, in the majority, of Parisian training, so much so that the most familiar reproach directed against their work is that it lacks national character. That this criticism, if applied to a period of transition, has a basis of truth is undeniable, for nothing is more natural than that the first steps in any career should be directed by the influences which have presided over preparatory studies. But if we take ten years to be the shortest period in which a young painter on his return from Europe can gain a foothold here, it will be found at the end of that time that, subjected to the various influences of the intellectual and material life of his native country, he has taken on more of our national characteristics than he is given credit for. Modern art is essentially cosmopolitan, and as nations obey the iron rule of the general average, so in art the national characteristics become fused and blended until they are questions of detail more than of fundamental construction. Paris *fin de siècle* has a keen eye for detail, however, and we may depend upon it that, measured by its standards, our painters may be found wanting in many things rather than in the personality which results from race and temperament modified by conditions of environment.

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We can therefore count with some certainty on a respectful and appreciative judgment, which is all that the warmest partizan of home art desires or can demand. Our school of painting is too young to be deserving of more than encouragement. That it should get this at home is its right; that such attention and encouragement has been in a measure withheld is unfortunately true, and the little collection sent to Paris could bear witness that it was produced under circumstances and against obstacles which have been common enough in the history of art, but which are unparalleled in a country of such material prosperity as our own, which pours a flood of wealth with little discrimination on the accredited brands of pictures vouched for by interested dealers very much as it buys its champagnes and cigars. The seal of foreign approval therefore means much for our native art, and the generous proportion of medals won by our painters at the Exposition Universelle of 1889 augurs well for the kindly reception of their work in Paris. If such should be the case, it may have the result of reassuring many a doubting mind, and may suggest that a little Americanism diverted from the realm of politics to that of art would not be misplaced.

THE Director of the Mint, authorized by act of Congress, has recently issued a circular letter to artists inviting them to submit "new designs of authorized emblems or devices to be prepared or adopted for the coins of the United States." This on its face is highly to be commended, for our coinage at present is calculated to make the judicious weep, and the lukewarm patriot sympathize with the strictures of the foreigner on our degree of civilization. The criticisms on our coinage could indeed be applied with equal force to all our moneys, for the Treasury notes, with their wealth of turning-lathe tracery and their sign-painter's lettering, are no better than our coins. The one excuse for their existence has been the difficulty which they were supposed to oppose to counterfeiting; but this, it appears from late developments, is largely imaginary, and their ornate ugliness is therefore without extenuating circumstances. The notes, however, lie lightly on the artistic conscience of our legislators, and are, apparently, to be left undisturbed, while designs are invited for the obverse and reverse of the silver dollar, and for the obverse of the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, and dime. For this we may be thankful; but when we come to the method of inviting designs there is less cause for congratulation, though it must be said that the fault appears to lie with Congress rather than with the Director of the Mint. The invitation to the competitive submission of designs requires, in brief, that they should be completely finished models in low-relief, bearing, in the case of the obverse design for the dollar, an impression emblematic of liberty, with an inscription of the word "Liberty" and the year of the coinage, and on the reverse the figure of an eagle, with the words "United States of America" and a designation of the value of the coin. For the coins of smaller denomination, the reverse only of which is to be changed, the figure of an eagle, with the inscriptions "United States of America," "E Pluribus Unum," and the value of the coin are to be placed. The motto, "In God we trust," is also to figure on all coins except the dime. Here are limitations enough to fetter the originality of the designer and to bring his work into fatal similarity to that which for years has afflicted our long-suffering public. For each accepted design the Director of the Mint is authorized to pay a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars. No information is vouchsafed as to the person or persons who are to decide on the comparative merits of the designs, and the circular has, we believe, been widely distributed. Unlimited competitions are viewed with little favor by artists of established reputation, and when, as in this case, they are left in ignorance as to their judges, the disinclination amounts, as a rule, to abstention. Despite the necessity of repeating the existing emblems and inscriptions a designer of talent might so compose his work as to make a beautiful coin; but the necessity of submitting, from the first, a finished model would bear hard on one who might wish to submit several alternative designs with a view of completing that which was found best. The compensation, as compared to what a rich country like ours should offer for so important a work, or, indeed,

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for the market value of such a design when made for a private purpose, is inadequate at the best, and when equal labor must be bestowed by all competitors in making these finished designs, the plea that patriotic feeling should be considered in part compensation is, to say the least, undignified. There are, perhaps, three or four artists among our sculptors and painters to anyone of whom a commission to make these changes might be safely intrusted, with a certainty of improvement on the present designs, and there may be a dozen who would, with self-respect and due consideration for kindred talents, enter into a competition limited to themselves and work with patriotic zeal for the amelioration of our coinage. Whether these men would, or rather, whether our government should ask them to attempt so serious a task without definite compensation for each competitor, is another question. It would require a special act of Congress to enable the Director of the Mint to put the matter on this, the only dignified, basis. The judgment of the designs should then be made by specially competent men, the presidents of accredited art institutions in the United States, for instance, in conjunction with the Director of the Mint. As it is, with the judgment left as an unknown quantity, the irksome amount of completed labor perhaps vainly expended, the insufficient compensation offered, in case of success, to men who have possibly gained reputation but not fortune, the outlook is not a bright one. On the other hand, the universal suffrage principle applied to a matter of special and distinctive design, for which few in the nature of things can be fitted, awakens fear lest we may change the familiar profile of the young lady of Philadelphia, who now adorns our silver dollar, for a twin sister of the sleeping Iolanthe who (in butter) delighted vast numbers at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

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DRAWN BY ALBERT LYNCH. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

"SHE IS TALL AND FAIR."

—*The Anatomist of the Heart*, page 168.

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